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THE KAISER I KNEW

ARTHUR N. DAVIS

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The Kaiser I Knew

Ambassador Gerard, in his new work, lifts the veil again, revealing many facts that could not be disclosed before.

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DOCTOR DAVIS'S OFFICE IN BERLIN.

DOCTOR DAVIS'S RESIDENCE.

The office was on the first floor. The windows face the Tiergarten.

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The Kaiser I Knew

My Fourteen Years with the Kaiser

BY

ARTHUR N. DAVIS

DENTIST TO THE KAISER AND FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
A RESIDENT OF BERLIN

WITH FRONTISPIECE

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
PUBLISHERS: LONDON
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TO

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

FRANCES

PREFACE

For fourteen years the Kaiser was my patient. All I know of him and all that he told me came to me while the relation of patient and dentist existed between us.

For that reason I felt at first that no matter how vital to the Allied cause might be the information I could give as to the Kaiser's viewpoint, ambitions, and plans, the requirements of professional ethics must seal my lips and compel me to withhold it from the world at large.

When, however, I considered the grave crisis that confronts the world and in which my own country is playing so important a part, and realised that what I knew of the Kaiser might prove of some value to my country, I concluded that my patriotic duty was paramount and rose superior to any of the ordinary demands of professional ethics.

In this conclusion I was strengthened by the urgent solicitation of the leaders of my profession, who were most emphatic in their

contention that my ethical qualms were entirely unwarranted in view of all the circumstances.

In presenting this book to the public I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Godfrey M. Lebhar for his assistance in preparing my manuscript for publication.

Arthur N. Davis.

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CHAPTER I

"AMERICA *MUST* BE PUNISHED!"

When war broke out between the United States and Germany, on April 6, 1917, I was in Berlin. I had lived and practised my profession as a dentist there for fourteen years, and the Kaiser had been one of my patients during all that time.

I do not know exactly how many visits the Kaiser paid to me professionally, but I know I am safe in saying they were not less than one hundred, and the probabilities are they were closer to one hundred and fifty. Almost invariably, after my work was done, the Kaiser remained anywhere from ten minutes to an hour and a half to discuss the topics of the hour with me, and in that way we developed a more intimate acquaintanceship than might otherwise have been possible.

When we declared war against Germany, therefore, while I was still an American citizen —as patriotic an American, I believe, as might

be found anywhere—I had lived in Germany so long, had developed so many professional friendships in Germany's most favoured circles, and was so generally regarded as a particular favourite of the Kaiser himself, that I found it hard to realise that, nevertheless, I personally had become *an alien enemy.*

Even when I was notified by the police authorities that it would be necessary for me to report every day at Police Headquarters and to remain in my home every night—from 8 p.m. until 6 a.m.—I had no fear for my personal safety or for that of my wife and child, nor did I imagine that I would experience any real difficulty in leaving the country when the time arrived for me to do so.

Indeed, when, some two months before, our country had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, and Americans were appealing frantically to our Embassy to get them out of the country, it never occurred to me that there was the slightest occasion for me to hasten my departure from Germany, although I had long before made up my mind to return home as soon as I could satisfactorily settle my affairs in Europe.

The same day the breaking off of diplomatic relations was announced, the German newspapers had published the provisions of an old treaty between Germany and the United States which gave Americans in Germany and Germans in America nine months after a declaration of war between the two nations

within which to settle their affairs and get out of the country.

"This treaty," the newspapers pointed out, "was made in the time of Frederick the Great. It has never been repealed. Germany will respect it." As there were so many more Germans in America than there were Americans in Germany, this prompt announcement of Germany's intentions regarding this treaty was quite understandable, and it seemed most improbable that Germany would adopt any harsh measures toward Americans and thereby invite reprisals.

Had the situation been reversed, of course, the Germans would undoubtedly have thought it expedient to intern Americans, no matter what happened to their own countrymen in America, and in that event this ancient treaty would have shared the fate of that which guaranteed Belgium's neutrality. One "scrap of paper" more or less would never have been allowed to interfere with Germany's "destiny."

Influential Germans who called to see me professionally during that period almost invariably expressed the hope that I was not planning to leave Berlin.

"No matter what happens, Doctor," they declared, "even if the worst comes to the worst and war is declared between America and Germany, you may feel quite sure the Kaiser will never let anyone harm *you!*"

I had not let the matter rest there, however. I had called at the American Embassy, where

it was pointed out to me that, while diplomatic relations had been severed, it was not at all certain that war would result immediately, and there was therefore no reason for me to leave Berlin precipitately.

Had the Kaiser been in Berlin at the time, I might, of course, have had an opportunity to put the question to him squarely as to what my fate might be if war were declared, but he was away. The Court Chamberlain had been appointed but a short time before and I did not know him personally, but his predecessor, Count August von Eulenburg, one of the wisest and most respected men in Germany, was one of my oldest patients. I decided to discuss the situation with him. Unfortunately, however, I found him too ill to receive me. He was eighty years old and, although unusually well preserved, was in no condition on this occasion to receive visitors.

Another influential patient of mine whom I sought out at this time was ex-Ambassador von Stumm. Although he was not retired from official life, he had formerly been a powerful figure in German State circles and still kept more or less in touch with the new Court Chamberlain and others in high office. His nephew was Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

I found the ex-Ambassador at his private apartment in the Adlon Hotel.

"What will happen to Americans," I asked, "if my country declares war against Germany?"

"That, Doctor, will depend entirely upon how America treats our subjects," he replied, somewhat more coldly than I had expected of him. "If America interns Germans, of course we shall undoubtedly treat Americans the same way, and you could hardly expect any special consideration, although, if you will write a letter to the Court Chamberlain, who is a personal friend of mine, I will see that he gets it."

"But, Excellenz," I replied, "there is a treaty between Germany and America, I understand, which gives the subjects or citizens of one country who happen to be sojourning in the other when war is declared nine months within which to close up their affairs and leave. Would not that protect me?"

"Of course, Doctor," he answered, "Germany will respect the treaty if America does, and then there will be no trouble. It seems to me you must await developments, and in the meantime you have no cause for worry."

"Suppose some of your subjects in America should start blowing up bridges or munition factories and should be lynched, which they probably would be," I suggested, "what would Germany's course be then?"

"What Germany would do then, Doctor," he replied, slowly and thoughtfully, as though such a contingency had never occurred to him before. "Really, Doctor, I don't know what we would do!"

This somewhat unsatisfactory interview with

von Stumm might have worried me more, perhaps, had it not been for a visit I received only a day or two later from Prince von Pless, one of the Kaiser's friends and advisers, who called on me professionally. For a year and a half the Kaiser had had his Great Army Headquarters at the Prince's Palace at Pless in south-east Germany, and I knew that he enjoyed his monarch's confidence.

When I asked him regarding the possible internment of Americans, he assured me that, come what might, I and my family had not the slightest reason for alarm.

"No matter what may befall other Americans, Doctor," he asserted, in a confidential manner, "the Kaiser has gone on record to the effect that you and your family are not to be molested."

Another incident which made me feel that I could proceed with my preparations for leaving Berlin without undue haste was the receipt early in the year of a most extraordinary post-card from the Kaiser, which, it occurred to me, was quite significant as to his intentions regarding my welfare. On one side was his picture, and on the other, written and signed *in English* in his own handwriting, was the message:

DEAR DOCTOR DAVIS:

Wishing you a very good year for 1917.

WILLIAM I.R.

This was the first message of its kind that I had ever received from the Kaiser. Even in peace times the picture post-cards which he had sent to me from time to time, and which were autographed by him, were always signed in German. When, on February 1st, the Germans resumed their ruthless submarine warfare—a move which was immediately followed by the breaking off of diplomatic relations—I felt that the Kaiser must have foreseen this consequence and had sent me the post-card as an intimation that he wanted me to remain in Berlin, nevertheless.

When war was declared, therefore, I was thoroughly satisfied that, while I had become an alien enemy, I was nevertheless a sort of privileged character and could remain in Berlin with more or less impunity until I was quite ready to leave.

Leaving Berlin was going to entail great personal sacrifice on my part. In my fourteen years' residence in that city I had built up a substantial and lucrative practice of a character that I would never be able to duplicate. Notwithstanding the strained relations which had existed between my country and Germany long before the diplomatic break actually came, few of my patients had deserted me, and even when war was declared this situation was not altered a particle. Perhaps the fact that the Kaiser himself continued to come to me for treatment restrained others who might otherwise have been disposed to give me up

from doing so, although some of my patients did not hesitate to express the opinion that while it was quite all right for them to visit me, it was most unpatriotic for the Kaiser to do so, in view of the fact that I was an alien enemy.

While, however, the fact that my personal safety was guaranteed, I had been led to believe, by no less a power than that of the Kaiser himself, gave me little cause to hasten my departure from Berlin, and, on the other hand, my flourishing practice gave me most persuasive reasons for remaining, there were three reasons which impelled me to settle up my affairs and return home just as soon as I could possibly arrange to do so.

When the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, living and practising in Germany lost much of their attractions for me. I made up my mind then that I would rather return home and commence my professional career all over again, if necessary, than remain in a country which could sanction such a hideous form of warfare—the wanton destruction of women and children. To that end, I came to New York in the summer of 1915 to investigate the requirements for the practise of my profession in that State. I had an Illinois licence, but I wanted to be in a position to practise in New York, and the following year I came to New York again and took the State dental examination. I returned to Germany late in the autumn of 1916, and later I learned that my certificate had been

granted. Then I commenced active preparations to dispose of my practice in Germany and return home.

My second reason for wanting to get out of Germany as soon as possible was the fact that food conditions there were becoming more precarious every day. My wife and I feared that our child, who was two years old, might suffer from lack of proper nourishment if we remained, and I determined that, no matter how long it might be necessary for me to remain in Berlin, my wife and child, at any rate, should leave at the earliest possible moment.

My third reason, however, was by far the most insistent of all.

I had become convinced that what I knew of the Kaiser and his plans, now that we were at war, ought to be communicated to America without delay, and that the only way to do that adequately would be to get home as soon as I possibly could, no matter what personal sacrifice might be involved in abandoning my European practice and interests.

It is true that in the early years of my relationship with the Kaiser our conversations naturally embraced only the most general of subjects, but in later years, when he came to know me better, he cast aside all reserve and talked to me on whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time. After the war started, that, of course, formed the principal subject of our discussions, and the part that America was

playing in the conflict was frequently brought up because of the fact that I was an American.

Besides the Kaiser, my patients included most of the members of the Royal Family and the German aristocracy, and through them, too, I came into possession of considerable information which, it seemed to me, might be valuable in helping America to gauge the German point of view.

I was not a spy. I had never made the slightest effort to pry into German affairs. Whatever I learned of the Kaiser's views, motives, plans, and ambitions was volunteered by the Kaiser himself, nor did he ever exact a pledge of confidence from me.

It is true that, as a matter of professional discretion, I made it a rule never to relate to anyone anything that I had heard from the Kaiser, because I realised that if it ever got back to him that I was repeating what he had told me, our friendship would not last very long. Undoubtedly, my policy in that respect was responsible for the wide range of subjects which the Kaiser from time to time felt free to discuss with me.

But now my country was at war with Germany, I had become an alien enemy in Germany and the Kaiser had become an enemy to America! I could not help feeling that what I knew of this monarch who had arrayed himself against the whole world ought, without question, to be conveyed to those who were guiding the destinies of my country in the

great conflict which will decide whether autocracy or democracy shall control the world.

I felt that I knew the Kaiser better, perhaps, than any other living American. Certainly I had come in contact with him more often and more intimately than any other American since the war had started, and I doubted whether he had ever unburdened himself as freely to any other foreigner as he had to me.

One memorable interview I had had with him influenced me perhaps more than any other single factor to hasten the settlement of my European affairs and return home.

It was in the autumn of 1916. The Kaiser had come to me for professional attention, and after my work was completed he remained to discuss some of the aspects of the war. Perhaps the fact that I had just returned from a visit to America made him more than usually eager for a chat with me.

We had discussed various phases of the war, when the Kaiser changed the subject abruptly with the question:

"Davis, what's the matter with your country?"

"In what respect, your Majesty?" I asked.

"Why is it that your country is so unfair to Germany? Why do you persist in supplying munitions and money to the Allies? Why doesn't your President treat the European warring nations the same as he treated Mexico, by putting an embargo on munitions and letting us fight this thing out ourselves? You do not

ship munitions to us. Why do you ship them to the other side?"

I was on such terms with the Kaiser that I did not hesitate to answer his question with another.

"I have always understood, your Majesty, that during the Russo-Japanese war Germany continually supplied munitions to Russia. Why was that any more justifiable than America supplying munitions to the Allies? Then again, in the Spanish-American——"

"Davis, you surprise me!" the Kaiser interrupted, rising from the operating chair, in which he had remained, walking toward me, throwing back his shoulders, and rising to his full height. "The cases are entirely different. When we helped Russia against Japan, we were helping a white race against the yellow race. Don't ever forget that—don't ever forget that! But with America that is certainly not the case. Your country is acting from purely mercenary motives. It is a case of dollars, dollars, dollars!"—and each time he repeated the word he struck his partially helpless left hand violently with his powerful right. "America values dollars more than she values German lives! She thinks it right to shoot down my people!"

He had worked himself up to a degree of indignation which I had seen him display only on two or three previous occasions, and I must confess I was reluctant to start a fresh outburst by answering his arguments. His eyes, usually

soft and kindly, flashed fire as he advanced toward me and slowly and incisively declared, "Davis, America—*must*—be—punished—for—her—actions!"

In that expression, which he repeated on subsequent occasions in precisely the same words and with the same measured emphasis, I knew that he revealed most clearly what his attitude was and will ever be towards this country.

CHAPTER II

THE KAISER AT POTSDAM

GETTING out of Germany proved to be a far more difficult proposition than I had imagined.

Because I was an American I thought I would be able to go whenever I was ready, as long as I did not overstay the nine months' period provided for in the treaty to which I have already referred; although I knew, of course, that I would first have to obtain certain credentials from the police and military authorities. I did not anticipate any trouble in that direction, however, particularly as it was generally known that I had long enjoyed the friendship of the Kaiser and other influential Germans.

In this, however, I was very much mistaken.

I had been in touch with Dr. Charles P. Haselden, of Hamburg, an American dentist, regarding his taking over my practice, twelve-year lease, and other responsibilities. To complete the negotiations it was desirable for us to get together in person, but several applications which Dr. Haselden made for leave to visit me in Berlin were flatly refused.

The restrictions placed on travel from one

city to another, especially where alien enemies were involved, were very severe, and if one of the cities happened to be a seaport it was increasingly difficult. Indeed, before an alien resident of a seaport was allowed to leave the country he was required first to spend at least two months in some interior town designated by the officials. The idea, of course, was to prevent his carrying away too much information as to conditions prevailing in the port of departure.

I took this matter up with the *Kommandantur* of Berlin—the military department controlling alien enemies—but they said they would not allow Haselden to come to Berlin because there were too many American dentists there already. The fact that Americans and other aliens were profiting by the absence of Germans at the front was naturally a thorn in the side of the Germans. As a matter of fact, however, out of some twenty-five American dentists practising in Berlin before the war, there were now less than a dozen left, the others having either returned to America or established themselves elsewhere in Europe.

Realising, therefore, that it would probably be several months before I could finally settle up my affairs, and that my child, who was anæmic, ought to be taken out of Germany with as little delay as possible because food conditions were fast going from bad to worse, I applied to the *Kommandantur* for leave to have my wife and child go to Montreux, on

Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, where I hoped to join them at the earliest possible moment and accompany them home. I did not relish the idea of their going across the ocean without me.

That was in May, 1917. Weeks passed while our application was going from one official to another, lying, perhaps for days at a time, under a pile of other applications of similar character, or awaiting the investigation of our personal histories, and it was not until the end of June that we received any word regarding it. Then we learned that it had been refused!

This was my first intimation that we might have difficulty in getting out of Germany.

A day or two later the Kaiser called on me professionally and I told him of our plight, hoping that he would intercede for us. It was the only favour of a personal character I had ever asked of him.

"My child is ailing, your Majesty," I said, "and I feel that she needs a change of climate. I applied to the *Kommandantur* for leave for my wife and child to go to Montreux, but I have just heard that it has been refused!"

"Davis, I will see what I can do in the matter," he replied, reassuringly; and as he was leaving my office he returned to me and said, in the presence of his two adjutants, "Regarding that matter you spoke of, leave it to me and I will see what I can do!"

The Kaiser's influence, I thought, would readily solve our problem, and I was very much relieved. Two days later, however, I received

a letter from Count von Moltke, one of the Kaiser's adjutants, stating that the Kaiser had spoken to him regarding the Switzerland project, but that, under the circumstances, it was out of the question. If, however, my child's condition were such as to make a change of climate really necessary, he added, the Kaiser suggested that a trip to the Austrian Tyrol might perhaps be arranged, as the climate there was just as good as that of Switzerland; but before permission would be granted for that trip it would be necessary to obtain a certificate from the district doctor stating that it was necessary.

As the food problem in Austria was just as bad as it was in Germany, if not worse, that idea did not appeal to me at all, and I went immediately to the *Kommandantur* and explained the situation to them.

When they saw Count von Moltke's letter the officer in charge threw up his hands.

"That's final," he declared. "That comes from a higher authority than ours. It is useless to pursue the matter any further. We received a communication from his Majesty regarding your case, but the matter was left entirely to our discretion. It was not a *command*, only a *request*, from his Majesty. A command, of course, would have been different."

Then I applied for a pass for my wife, child, and myself to go to America. They pointed out at the *Kommandantur* that as my wife's application to leave Berlin preceded mine, it

was possible she would be allowed to leave before me. I told the officer that that would suit me admirably, as I wanted the pass for Mrs. Davis and the child granted at the earliest possible moment, regardless of what action might be taken on my own application.

Again there followed a long period of anxious waiting while the German red tape slowly unwound, but eventually, in September, we received word that Mrs. Davis and the child might leave Berlin for Copenhagen between October 10th and 12th. They left on the 10th.

A day or two later commenced the German offensive against Riga, on the Baltic. Within three or four days the Germans captured successively the Oesel, Runo, Abro, and Moon islands in the Gulf of Riga and then carried their invasion to the mainland. Their apparent objective was Petrograd, and on October 19th the Russians announced that the seat of the Government would be removed from Petrograd to Moscow.

These successes on the Baltic failed to overcome the depression in Germany caused by the serious internal situation in Austria at this period. Munition-factories were being wrecked by hunger-crazed and war-weary strikers, and the populace was being shot down in great numbers in the food riots which developed in various parts of Austria. Not since the war began had the outlook been so discouraging for the Germans.

Then, on October 24th, just as things were

looking their blackest, the great Austro-German offensive against the Italians was started. In three days the Italians were swept out of Austria and the Teutons pressed forward to the passes west of the Isonzo River leading to the Venetian Plains. By the end of October the Italian armies were in full retreat. Before this offensive was over the Germans captured, they claimed, no less than three hundred thousand prisoners and several thousand big guns, besides vast stores of munitions and supplies.

The exultation of the Germans over the triumph of their armies in Italy knew no bounds. While it was at its height I had an interview with the Kaiser which will ever remain one of the most vivid in my memory.

It was about 3.30 one Sunday morning when I was aroused by a maid who, in an awe-stricken tone of voice, announced that the Neue Palais, the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, was on the telephone. I went to the telephone and was informed that the Kaiser was suffering from a bad toothache and would send his motor for me within an hour or so.

I got up at once and packed my instruments, and at 6.30 the car, a big, grey Mercédès landaulet, arrived. Besides the chauffeur there was an outrider carrying the bugle whose distinctive notes only the Kaiser may use.

It was a matter of only eighteen miles to the palace, but the weather was foggy and we travelled at a comparatively slow pace, traversing at one point a road which had been built

specially for the Kaiser's use ; and it was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived at the garden gates, where two armed sentries were stationed.

A whispered word from the chauffeur got us past the sentries without delay and we drove up to the front entrance of the palace. A couple of liveried lackeys came out and took charge of my baggage, which consisted of three bags containing my equipment.

I was led through the famous Shell-room. This room, familiar enough to tourists, is, perhaps, a hundred by seventy-five feet in area. Its ceiling, walls, and floor are richly embellished with shells, precious stones, and other minerals from all over the world and of every period. It was in this room that the royal Christmas had been celebrated for many years.

While the Shell-room and other state rooms were accessible to visitors before the war, no one was ever permitted to visit the private apartments of the Kaiser upstairs. On this occasion, however, I was guided right through the Shell-room, through a door opening on the left, and up a wide staircase to the Kaiser's *garderobe*, or dressing-room.

There I found breakfast ready for me. It consisted of real coffee, real white bread, butter, marmalade, sugar, cream, and cold meats. It was the first food of the kind I had eaten for some time, and practically no one in Germany outside of the royal family and the Junkers was any better off than I in that respect.

I disposed of every morsel of the meal

except one slice of bread, which led Schultz, the Kaiser's head body-servant, who conversed with me while I breakfasted, to remark that I had better eat that too.

"Even here," he suggested, "we don't get any too much of that" And I followed his advice. *Spurlos versenkt!*

Schultz volunteered the information that the Kaiser had suffered pain the greater part of the night and advanced the opinion that his condition was all due to the war. As a matter of fact, however, when I came to examine him, I found him to be suffering from an affection which, while extremely painful, was common enough—an inflamed pulp, which would have resulted in a swelling and an abscess unless promptly treated, but which could hardly be attributed to the cares of war—no matter how heavily they may have weighed on the Kaiser's mind!

While I was breakfasting, the Kaiser was dressing. His valet entered several times, I noticed, to take out articles of clothing from the massive wardrobes which lined the room. I had just completed my meal when I received word that my patient was ready to receive me.

As I entered the Kaiser's bedroom he was standing in the centre of the room, fully attired in an army-grey uniform, but without his sword. He looked more haggard than I had ever seen him, except once in 1915. Lack of sleep and physical pain were two things of which he had had very little experience, and

they certainly showed their effects very plainly.

He did not seem to be in the best of humour, but greeted me cordially enough and shook hands.

"In all my life, Davis," he said, "I have never suffered so much pain!"

I expressed sympathy and started to improvise a dental chair out of an upholstered arm-chair, on which I placed some pillows, and as the Kaiser sat down he laughingly remarked:

"Look here, Davis, you've got to do something for me. I can't fight the whole world, you know, and have a toothache!"

I employed neither a general nor a local anæsthetic. At various times since the Kaiser had been my patient I had suggested that I could save him pain by the use of a local anæsthetic, but he had always refused it.

"The ladies like an anæsthetic, no doubt, Davis," he would say, "but I can stand it without. Go ahead!" And I may say at this point, that in all my experience I never observed him to flinch while in the chair. He was the best patient in that respect I had ever treated. It often occurred to me, after the war started, that in his own callousness to pain lay the secret of his disregard for the pain and suffering he was responsible for in others.

My work on this occasion occupied perhaps twenty minutes. During this time and also during the conversation which followed I had more or less opportunity to observe the con-

tents of the room. It left a very clear impression on my mind.

I had placed the chair opposite the windows which faced the front of the palace and commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding landscape. The Kaiser's bed was an elaborate brass affair set in an alcove, but, although it was unusually large, the room was so spacious —perhaps forty by fifty feet—that it was not conspicuous.

The furniture was white and gold, of a French design, and massive gold-framed mirrors adorned the walls. There were oil-paintings, and photographs of various members of the Royal Family and of the Kaiser himself, all around the room.

A large open fireplace, in which a log fire was burning, took up part of one wall. In the centre of the room was a table upon which there were several books. Two of them made a particular impression upon me. One was called *The World War*, the other *The Next World War*—both in German.

Between the fireplace and the table, attached to the floor, was a rowing-machine, and I noticed that it had a special attachment for the Kaiser's partially helpless left hand.

When I was through and his pain was relieved, his spirits seemed to revive appreciably, and he explained why it was he was so anxious to have his tooth trouble removed as quickly as possible.

"I must go down to Italy, Davis," he said,

"to see what my noble troops have accomplished. My gracious! what we have done to them down there! Our offensive at Riga was just a feint. We had advertised our intended offensive in Italy so thoroughly that the Italians thought we couldn't possibly intend to carry it through. For three months it was common talk in Germany, you remember, that the great offensive would start in October, and so the Italians believed it was all a bluff, and when we advanced on Riga they were sure of it. They thought we were so occupied there that we could pay no attention to them, and so we caught them napping!"

The Kaiser's face fairly beamed as he dwelt on the strategy of his Generals and the successful outcome of their Italian campaign.

"For months Italy had been engaged in planting her big guns on the mountain-tops and gathering mountains of ammunition and supplies and food and hospital materials in the valleys below, in preparation for their twelfth Isonzo offensive.

"We let them go ahead and waited patiently for the right moment. They thought that their contemplated offensive must inevitably bring our weaker neighbour to her knees and force her to make a separate peace!" By "our weaker neighbour" the Kaiser, of course, referred to Austria, and how accurate was his information regarding Italy's expectations and how easily they might have been realised were subsequently revealed by the publication of

that famous letter from Kaiser Karl to Prince Sixtus.

"And then," the Kaiser went on, "when their great offensive was within a week of being launched, we broke through their lines on a slope three thousand feet high, covered with snow, where they couldn't bring up their reserves or new guns, and we surrounded them!

"We took practically everything they possessed—food enough to feed our entire army without calling upon our own supplies at all. Never before had our armies seen such an accumulation of ammunition. I must certainly go down to see it.

"We cut off their northern retreat and, as they swung their army to the south, we captured sixty thousand of them up to their knees in the rice-fields. One of the great mistakes they made was in carrying their civilian refugees with them—clogging their narrow roads and impeding the retreat of their soldiers. We had taken possession of their most productive regions, and their retreat was through territory which yielded them nothing. Just think of that retreating army thrown upon the already impoverished inhabitants of that section. Why, they'll starve to death!

"Everywhere we went we found their big guns abandoned. In one small village we came upon a gun decorated with flowers and surmounted with a portrait of Emperor Franz Josef. It had been put there by the Italian inhabitants of the village to show their happi-

ness at being released at last from the yoke of the intolerable Italian lawyer government! How terribly their Government must have treated them! Italy will never get over this defeat. For us this was *real* help from God!

"*Now, we've got the Allies!*" He struck his left hand with his right with great force to emphasise his apparent conviction that with what he seemed to regard as Italy's collapse the turning-point in the war had been reached.

Then he picked up a newspaper from the table—I could not see which one it was, but it looked like the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* —and remarked:

"Well, Davis, I must go in to breakfast. My wife is waiting for me!"

He shook hands with me again and walked out of the room to the rear.

How optimistic, enthusiastic, and supremely confident the Kaiser was at this conjuncture can be imagined only by those who are familiar with the depression in Germany just before this Italian offensive was launched. Everyone seemed to realise that Austria's abandonment of the cause of the Central Powers was imminent; her support then hung only by the flimsiest kind of thread. Had the Austro-German offensive against Italy fallen through or the twelfth Italian Isonzo offensive been successfully launched, a separate peace would almost certainly have followed. No one realised that more fully than the Kaiser and his Generals. His bubbling enthusiasm in success only em-

phasised in my mind the outward calm he had unceasingly displayed even when the outcome had looked so unpromising.

That the Kaiser now regarded himself and his armies as invincible I knew, and I felt sure that the success in Italy would be followed at the first favourable opportunity by a gigantic offensive on the Western front.

Indeed, on a subsequent occasion, when he called at my office for further treatment and again referred to the Italian triumph, he remarked, "If our armies could capture three hundred thousand Italians—and those three hundred thousand might just as well be dead as far as Italy is concerned—we can do the same thing against our enemies in the West!"

(This, by the way, was one of the interviews I was so anxious to report to the representatives of the American Intelligence Department at our Legation in Copenhagen, and, in fact, when I finally arrived in that city, I did relate it to them in great detail. I remained in Copenhagen eleven days, and during the greater part of that time I was being interviewed by one or other of the representatives of our Intelligence Department. Exactly two months afterwards, on March 21st, the Western offensive broke out as I had feared.)

I called at Potsdam a day or two later to attend the Kaiser again and found him still in the same triumphant mood, and so anxious was he to get down to Italy that he called at my

office three times that week to enable me to finish my work on his affected tooth quickly.

Up to this time I had been unable to complete my negotiations with Dr. Haselden. At last, through influence, I secured permission for him to visit me in Berlin, and he arrived early in November. He stayed with me three days and the matter was disposed of. After one or two trips back and forth, he arrived with his belongings on November 25th and installed himself in my house.

The following day the Kaiser called at my office for what proved to be his last sitting. I had received word on the 20th that my pass for America had been granted and that I could leave on the 30th, and I accordingly told the Kaiser that it was my intention to leave for Copenhagen on that day.

I explained that I was completely run down —and I certainly looked it—and that it was necessary for me to get to Copenhagen, anyway, so that I could get in touch with America regarding a porcelain-tooth patent which had been granted to me in July, 1915, but which a large dental company was seeking to wrest from me. The patent authorities had delayed action because of the fact that I resided in an enemy country.

I told him, furthermore, that I had arranged with Dr. Haselden to look after my practice while I was away and that I had great confidence in him because he had made a fine reputation for himself professionally. Dr.

Haselden was an amateur champion tennis-player, and a very popular man socially.

On the 28th I received a letter from the Court Chamberlain stating that the President of Police had made it known to the Kaiser that I had applied for a pass to America and demanding an explanation as to why I had told the Kaiser that I planned to go to Copenhagen and had not mentioned America.

I at once replied that it was indeed my intention, as I had told the Kaiser, to go to Copenhagen, but that I had applied for the pass to America because I wanted to be in a position to go there if my patent affairs demanded it, and I expressed the hope that nothing would be done to interfere with the pass which had been promised me for the 30th.

Nevertheless, the 30th came round and the pass did not, and the boat which sailed from Copenhagen on December 7th, which I had planned to take, sailed without me.

Again the weary weeks followed one another without the slightest intimation from anyone that I would ever be allowed to leave. Indeed, I had fully made up my mind that the authorities had decided to keep me in Berlin for reasons of their own, and that nothing I could do could mend the situation, when early in January I received the welcome tidings that I could leave on January 21st–23rd. I left on the 22nd, and as far as I have since been able to ascertain I was the last American male to leave Germany.

That afternoon when I landed in Denmark I was happier than I had ever before been in my life, and I heaved a deep sigh of relief as I reflected that I had at last shaken the dust of Germany from my feet and would soon rejoin my family in the Land of Freedom. And yet there was a slight tinge of regret in the thought that I had given up a unique position behind the scenes of history's most stupendous drama.

CHAPTER III

HOW I BECAME THE KAISER'S DENTIST

NEXT door to my boyhood home, in Piqua, Ohio, there lived a German named Diffenbacher. He was rather a grouchy individual, and none of us had ever had very much to do with him. Nevertheless, when, in 1899, I was preparing to leave home and the office of Dr. E. S. Fuller, where I had been working and studying, to take up the dental course at Lake Forest University, Chicago, Illinois, this man Diffenbacher came to say good-bye, and a remark he made at the time has always impressed me as having had a most uncanny significance in view of later developments, although, of course, I realise it must have been purely a coincidence.

"I hear you are going away to study dentistry," he declared, in rather broken English.

"Yes, that's so," I replied.

"Well, I wish you luck. Dr. Evans, the dentist who died recently in Paris, he was dentist to Napoleon III. He was an American, too. I prophesy that one day you will be dentist to the Kaiser!"

I did not pay much attention to his suggestion at the time, but it came back to me rather strongly a day or two later, when, in conversation with Dr. Truman W. Brophy, the Dean of the Chicago Dental College, he said he saw great opportunities for American dentists in Germany and advised me to take up the study of German.

Whether it was with these things in mind or not I do not now recall, but it is a fact that while I was still a dental student I organised a class in German at the Hull House, and with four other students plugged away at the language for three or four months.

During my first vacation while at college I went to New York to get more practical experience in dentistry, and became assistant to Dr. M. L. Rhein; it was through this connection that the opportunity to practise abroad subsequently came to me.

I graduated from college in 1902 and established myself in Chicago. About a year and a half later I received an invitation from Dr. Rhein to go to New York to meet Dr. Alonzo H. Sylvester, an American dentist practising in Berlin, who numbered the Kaiser among his patients. He had come to America to select an associate because his failing health made it impossible for him to give to his practice the attention it demanded.

It is needless to say the receipt of this message brought old Diffenbacher's strange remark

back to me with renewed force, but even then I did not realise how accurate his prophecy was to prove.

Dr. Sylvester had been in New York three weeks, interviewing a number of dentists, but had found no one to fill the position. The possibilities he held out to me were most alluring; but Berlin seemed very far away, and I allowed him to return to Germany without a definite acceptance of his proposition from me. Some days later, however, I decided to accept it and cabled him accordingly.

I sailed on September 15th, 1903, and on the 24th of that month arrived in Berlin.

Dr. Sylvester, I found, had been the Kaiser's dentist for more than twenty-five years, having treated him ever since he was a boy. At that time dentistry in Germany had not yet attained the dignity of a profession—indeed, the German dentist of that period was hardly beyond the barber class. American dentists were in general favour throughout Europe.

The success of American dentists abroad dates back to the time of Napoleon III., when Dr. Thomas W. Evans, that Emperor's dentist, not only earned a wonderful reputation for himself professionally, but played a most important part in European politics. It was through his advice and influence that the French remained neutral during our Civil War, and when the second French Empire collapsed the Empress Eugénie made her escape through

the gates of Paris in a carriage with Dr. Evans, disguised as his assistant.

Dr. Evans accumulated a fortune of several millions of dollars through profitable real-estate investments which had been suggested to him from time to time by the Emperor in appreciation of their friendship.

While Dr. Sylvester was less of a factor in the politics of Germany than Dr. Evans had been in those of France, he was very highly regarded professionally by the Kaiser and the royal family. He told me that some years before he had been summoned to the palace to attend the Kaiser's mother for some minor trouble, and that he had sent her carriage back empty with the message that if her Majesty wanted his services she would have to come to his office—like any other patient! Of course she did nothing of the kind, but Bismarck subsequently called on Dr. Sylvester professionally and explained that he did so because he admired the independent spirit which the doctor had displayed on that occasion—although, he added, for the doctor's information, it had very nearly resulted in his being sent out of Germany!

Dr. Sylvester's residence and offices were on the Tiergarten, and it was there that I commenced the practice of dentistry in Germany. It was understood that I was to attend the Kaiser right from the start, and although Sylvester explained to me exactly what I was to do when his Majesty arrived, I must confess

I looked forward to the ordeal with considerable trepidation.

It was almost five months after I had been established as Sylvester's associate that we received word from the Kaiser's *Kammerdiener*, or body-servant, over the telephone, that his Majesty would be at our place next morning at eight o'clock.

This meant that we must cancel all other appointments for the greater part of that morning, as it was the invariable practice to clear the way, so to speak, for the Kaiser, that he might not encounter other patients when he called.

I do not believe I slept very soundly that night. I know that I was very nervous when, at about 7.30 a.m., three or four Secret Service police arrived at our place and stationed themselves outside the premises to see that everything was safe for the Kaiser's arrival. A few minutes later a squad of uniformed police arrived and guarded the approach to the house. Shortly before eight o'clock I went to a window to watch the Kaiser coming down the Tiergarten, and I saw the familiar white cockade on his footman's hat, and in the carriage, which was drawn by two white horses with red plumes, the Kaiser himself. Another carriage followed, containing his adjutants. A great crowd of people was gathering in front of the house, waiting for the Kaiser, and they remained all the time the Kaiser was in the office, to greet him when he came out.

When he came into our office Sylvester re-

ceived him. A few moments later word was sent out to me and I went in to meet my royal patient. It was a memorable experience, though destined to become a familiar one.

He was in full uniform and wore a sword. His bearing was very conscious of his rank, although, as he extended his hand and grasped mine so hard that he nearly crushed the bones, he was making an effort, I knew, to appear as democratic as possible.

"Well, young man," he greeted me, rather effusively, "you have come to Berlin, I understand, to make your home. I hope you will have a happy life among us. You look a little pale. We'll have to feed you and fatten you up on good German food."

It was not lack of food that made me pale, but I did not tell him so. The fact was that I was not quite in the habit of being presented to kings—to say nothing of attending to their teeth! The prospect of having to work on this monarch rather unnerved me.

Dr. Sylvester asked him if he would go to my operating-room, which he readily consented to do. When he was seated in my chair I examined his teeth, and found them to be in rather a neglected condition. As I have mentioned, this was the first time in more than five months that he had visited Sylvester. It was during that period that he had undergone the operation on his throat which started the rumour that he was suffering from cancer. The report was not entirely unnatural, his

father having died from cancer of the throat. I subsequently learned from Count Taube, the Swedish Ambassador to Germany, whose physician performed the operation on the Kaiser, that no anæsthetic was employed on that occasion; obviously the operation hardly could have been of the character surmised.

I had to work on him steadily for an hour and a half, and once or twice he referred to a wrist-watch, but he showed no particular impatience. As a matter of fact, throughout all his subsequent relations with me he never seemed to mind how long he remained in my office after my work was over, although, after a more or less lengthy discussion on some subject of interest, he would sometimes say:

"Well, Davis, you have kept the Minister of Marine waiting for me just half an hour." Or, "Now, Davis, I've got to keep my appointment with the *Reichskanzler*. I'm forty minutes late already!"

On this initial occasion, I firmly believe I went through a far more severe ordeal than my patient. I recollect clearly how the mouth-mirror rattled against his teeth when I first inserted it in his mouth, because my hand was shaking so violently. Perhaps the fact that I was then only twenty-five years old partially accounts for my nervousness.

When it was all over, the Kaiser got out of the chair, shook hands with me again, and then, noting again my pallid countenance, cried:

"Well, young man, you'd better go out and

eat a beefsteak *that* thick!" With his thumb and finger he was indicating a thickness of about two inches.

Six times that month the Kaiser came to me, but his subsequent visits never disturbed me. I was never again ill at ease in his presence. On the contrary, I looked forward to his coming because of the extremely interesting views he almost invariably expressed.

On the morning of January 10th, 1905, Sylvester failed to make his appearance in his office, and as I wanted to speak to him regarding an X-ray picture for a patient who was waiting in my office, I went to look for him.

I found him in bed—covered with his own blood. In his hands was a long pistol with a gold-plated barrel and a pearl handle.

He had shot himself through the head.

His failing health and an accumulation of debts had caused him deep depression for some time, but I had had no idea that it would lead to such an act. The tragedy was a great shock to me.

The passing of Dr. Sylvester left me in full charge of his depleted practice. I was not at all sure that the Kaiser would continue as my patient. There were now a number of able German as well as many American dentists practising in Berlin, and I thought it likely that the Kaiser would select one of these, now that Sylvester was gone.

A day or two after the tragedy, however, I was looking out of the window when the Kaiser, walking with two officers, passed my house and, observing me at the window, waved his hand in such a friendly manner that I thought he might continue to come to me as before.

Two or three weeks later he did pay me a visit.

"My! my! my! what has been going on here?" he asked, referring to the tragedy in the house. "Had Sylvester lost his mind?"

He asked me for full particulars, which I gave him. Then he told me that he really believed Sylvester had become insane, because he had heard that some time before the doctor had struck his head violently against a sharp point of a low chandelier; he suggested that perhaps the blow had injured his brain.

I told him that I was planning to move my office.

"Yes, Davis, I suppose you will wish to do that," he replied, "but I hope you won't go above the ground floor. I don't like to have to go upstairs."

So I was not to lose my patient.

Two or three months later I secured a suitable place in the Lennestrasse, overlooking the Tiergarten; and apparently my quarters were not distasteful to his Majesty, because he came to me regularly during the three years that I remained there.

My office faced the park and was located on the ground floor. The Kaiser and many other

of my more distinguished patients, I knew, would not care to risk observation from a house on the opposite side of the street, and I kept that in mind when, at the expiration of my lease, I moved to Koeniggraetzerstrasse in 1908 and to the corner of Tiergartenstrasse and Bendlerstrasse in 1911.

At the end of the year after Sylvester's death I received a personal call from the Kaiser's household doctor, asking me to submit a bill to the Kaiser for my professional services. I knew that Sylvester had never rendered the Kaiser a bill, and I told the doctor that I preferred not to do so.

"I appreciate the honour of treating the Kaiser," I said, "and I do not care to put in a bill for my work."

I knew he had given Sylvester presents from time to time, although never anything of special intrinsic value; but I was aware that I had hard work ahead to rebuild Sylvester's practice and that the prestige of having the Kaiser come to my office was a great help.

"But the Kaiser wishes it," the doctor persisted, "and, besides, everyone else is paid. The Kaiser pays his doctors. Why shouldn't he pay his dentist?"

There was really no reason why I should work for the Kaiser for nothing. Indeed, apart from the prestige involved, working for the Kaiser was not a particularly remunerative proposition. It meant the demoralisation of my routine for a portion of the day whenever he called,

and, while that was not so serious in the early days, later on, when other members of the royal family came to me for treatment and expected to be taken care of irrespective of such other appointments as I might have made, the situation was very provoking as well as comical.

Nevertheless, I submitted a very moderate bill for my first year's work, charging only my regular fee for the treatments I had given the Kaiser during the year. Within a few days there came a package containing new bills in payment of the account, and I was very much surprised to find that his Majesty had doubled the amount, an act which was not at all in keeping with the stingy character the whole royal family was known to possess.

Indeed, some years later, when I submitted my bill for professional services to one of the Kaiser's sons, he sent me a postal order in payment—but *deducted the cost of the postal order!*

CHAPTER IV

THE KAISER'S DUAL PERSONALITY

If I had come away from Germany in January, 1914, instead of in January, 1918, and had then written the impression I had gained of the Kaiser in the ten years I had known him, what a false picture I would have painted of the man!

It would have been a picture of a man who in general appearance and bearing was every inch an emperor and yet who could exhibit all the courtesy, affability, and gentleness of the most democratic gentleman; a man soft of eye and kindly in expression; a man of wide reading and attainments, perhaps the most versatile man in the world; a man possessed of a most alert mind, a remarkable memory, and the keenest observation; a man who was not generous in nature and yet was at times considerate of others; a man of charming personality and amiability. It would have shown a man of unparalleled egotism, a man who was impatient of correction and who would brook no opposition. There might have been in the picture a suggestion of the dire lengths to which

he would go to have his way, but it would have been only a suggestion.

As far as that picture went, it would have been accurate; but it would have been sadly incomplete—with all the lights worked in, but lacking all the shadows.

It took the war and its attendant horrors to reveal the Kaiser in his true colours. The war has not changed his character; it has uncovered it for all the world to see.

Early in my association with him I happened to mention to the Kaiser that I appreciated the friendliness he showed me in invariably waving his hand at me as he passed my window when walking along the Tiergarten.

"It's a good advertisement for you, Davis," he said. "The people see me waving to you and they know you must be a good dentist or I wouldn't come to you. It will help your business!"

In every act he was conscious of the public.

During that period of my career in Berlin he showed the utmost interest in my progress and frequently inquired how my practice was developing.

As I have previously mentioned, whenever the Kaiser came to me it meant a rearrangement of my schedule for the day. None of my other patients could enter my office while he was on the premises, and, although the prestige I got from the Kaiser's patronage more than made up, perhaps, for the temporary inconvenience his visits invariably caused, he en-

deavoured to minimise the disturbanee by coming as early in the day as possible. Sometimes he eame before breakfast. On one oeeasion, in midsummer, just before going to a peaee-time army manœuvre, he came at five in the morning. He seldom, if ever, eame later than nine o'clock, and he said he visited me early so as to disarrange my plans as little as possible.

The first bill I rendered him, as I have related, he doubled in the payment. On a number of subsequent oecasions he paid me more than my bill ealled for. These overpayments never amounted to very mueh, but they impressed me beeause they were so out of keeping with the stinginess the Kaiser displayed in other direetions.

From time to time he sent or brought me autographed pietures of himself or others. At the time of the one hundredth anniversary of Frederick the Great he gave me a pieture of that monareh. On another oecasion he presented me with a group picture of himself surrounded by his family and dogs. I remember his bringing to me a large unframed picture in eelebration of his silver wedding. It showed the Kaiserin and himself in a sort of eloud floating above a bird's-eye view of Berlin, with the palaee and the eathedral dimly seen below. It was about twenty-four by eighteen inehes in size. I do not know just what this masterpieee was meant to signify, but I had it framed and placed it in my office. It evoked

from a little boy, who entered the room with his mother, the following astonished remark :

" Oh, mother, look at the Kaiser in heaven ! "

A post-card picture of the Kaiser, signed by his own hand, was, in his own estimation, one of the most priceless gifts he could bestow. I remember his donating one of them to an American charity bazaar in Berlin to be auctioned off. He thought that the fact that the card came from his Imperial Majesty gave it a value not to be measured in dollars and cents. A piece of jewellery or a sum of money might have been duplicated or even excelled by a gift of similar character from any American millionaire—for whose wealth the Kaiser frequently expressed the utmost contempt—but what could surpass the value of an autograph of the Kaiser ?

No doubt the royal banquets were prepared much upon the same principle, for it was a common saying among the German aristocracy that one had better feed well before going to a banquet at the palace. The mere fact of eating under the royal roof would atone for any paucity of sordid food !

I had the audacity once to mention to the Kaiser the reputation his banquets held among his people. He was not at all taken aback.

"That's good ! " he commented. " The Germans are too fat, anyway. The majority of the people eat too much."

Long after automobiling became more or less general the Kaiser still employed a horse and

carriage for ordinary travel, relying upon his free use of the railways for longer distances. When, however, the Reichstag passed a law compelling royalty to pay for their railroad travel, the Kaiser took to automobiles. They charged him eleven hundred marks, he told me, for the use of a train on one of his shooting-trips, and that apparently was more than he could stand.

"Autos are expensive," he declared, "but they don't cost me *that* much!"

When the Kaiser came to hire a head chauffeur, he wanted the best man he could find. A man named Weber, who had been employed by an American millionaire, was recommended to him. Perhaps the Kaiser figured that the privilege of working for him was in itself liberal remuneration. Certain it is that the salary he offered Weber would never have satisfied a chauffeur who had been accustomed to the American scale of compensation, and the Kaiser would undoubtedly have had to get another man had not the motor-car company whose models the Kaiser was using, and who thought it would be a wise policy, literally speaking, to have "a friend at court," agreed to pay Weber a large sum each year in addition to what the Kaiser offered him if he would take the position. He took it. I have this story on the authority of one of the directors of the motor-car company in question.

The Kaiser speaks English with but the slightest trace of a foreign accent. His diction

is perfect. He speaks French, too, very fluently, and, I believe, Italian. He is widely read on almost all subjects and knows the literature of England, France, and America, as well as that of Germany. Mark Twain was one of his favourite American authors and Longfellow his choice of American poets.

He prides himself on his acquaintance with history and has little respect for the political opinions of others whose knowledge of history is less complete.

Shortly after Carnegie had donated five million marks to Germany to further world peace I happened to be talking to the Kaiser of American millionaires, and the steel-master was mentioned.

"Of course, Carnegie is a nice old man and means well," remarked the Kaiser, condescendingly, "but he is totally ignorant of world history. He's just advanced us five million marks for world peace. We accepted it, naturally, but, of course, we intend to continue our policy of maintaining our army and navy in full strength."

Indeed, there is hardly any subject to which the Kaiser has devoted any considerable attention in which he does not regard himself as the final authority.

As an art collector and antiquarian he claims first place, and he is rather inclined to feel that second place should be left vacant. He always resented very much the acquisition by American millionaires of art treasures and anti-

quities which their wealth enabled them to buy, but which their limited acquaintance with history and their lack of culture and refinement made them unable to appreciate—in the Kaiser's estimation.

Of his own taste in art little need be said. The monuments which he caused to be erected to his ancestors and their advisers and which adorn the Sieges Allee, the street he had opened through the Tiergarten especially for them, are at the same time a monument to the Kaiser's ideas of art. They are the laughing-stock of the artistic world. They have been so frequently defaced by vandals whose artistic taste they offended that it was necessary to station policemen in the Sieges Allee to guard them. Not long ago a burglary occurred in the vicinity. The burglars were observed while at work and a startled civilian rushed to the Sieges Allee to summon one of the officers known to be on guard there.

"If you hurry," exclaimed the civilian, excitedly, "you can catch these burglars red-handed!"

"I'm sorry," replied the policeman, "but I cannot leave the statues."

Realism is the Kaiser's idea of what is most desirable in dramatic art. When he put on "Sardanapal," a Greek tragedy in pantomime, at the Berlin Opera House, he sent professors to the British Museum to secure the most detailed information available regarding the costumes of the period. Every utensil,

every article of wearing apparel, every button, every weapon—in a word, every property—used in the play were to be faithfully reproduced, particular pains being taken to produce a most realistic effect in a funeral-pyre scene in which a king ended his life. The Kaiser sent me tickets by a lackey to see it.

King Edward of England attended the performance at the Berlin Royal Opera. I asked the Kaiser how the King of England enjoyed it.

"My gracious!" the Kaiser replied, unable to repress his satisfaction at the effect the pantomime had had on his royal uncle and guest. "Why, the King was very much alarmed when the funeral-pyre scene came on! He thought the whole Opera House was on fire!"

Perhaps the Kaiser's love for details might be attributed to his keen observation. Nothing, no matter how trivial, escapes his attention.

A couple of years before the war I had the Empire furniture in my waiting-room reupholstered. On the very first occasion of the Kaiser's calling at my office after the change he noticed it.

"My! my! how beautiful the chairs look!" he exclaimed. "Good enough for Napoleon himself!"

On another occasion, between two of the Kaiser's visits, I had had put up in the waiting-room a new portrait of Mrs. Davis. The Kaiser noticed it the moment he came into the room and made some complimentary remark about it.

The Kaiser frequently accused the Americans of being dollar-worshippers and the English of being ruled by Mammon, but that he himself was not totally unmindful of the value and power of money was clearly revealed by the manner in which he catered to people of wealth in recent years.

The richest man in Berlin and one of the richest in Germany was a Hebrew coal magnate named Friedlander. The Kaiser ennobled him and made him von Friedlander-Fuld. Another wealthy Hebrew to whom the Kaiser catered was Schwabach, head of the Bleichroeder Bank, one of the strongest private banks in Germany, and he, too, was ennobled, becoming von Schwabach.

A number of other wealthy Hebrews in Germany were also honoured by the Kaiser in another way. Although he was averse to visiting the homes of private individuals who lacked social standing, he departed from his rule in their favour and visited their mansions ostensibly to view their art collections, but actually to tickle their vanity.

Shortly after Leishman became Ambassador to Germany the Kaiser called on me.

"Your new Ambassador's daughter is the best-looking young lady who has attended our Court in many a day," he declared. "Half a dozen of my young staff-officers are very anxious to marry her. Can you tell me, Davis, whether these Leishmans have money?"

If the Kaiser despised the American pro-

pensity for money-making, he certainly was not averse to acquiring American dollars.

He told me once that every trip the Hamburg-American liner *Amerika* made from New York to Hamburg resulted in transferring one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from American to German pockets, and added, " We're mighty glad to get some of your American money, I can tell you."

Of the Kaiser's versatility I had convincing evidence. In his conversations with me we usually wandered from subject to subject in the most haphazard manner, and he invariably displayed a surprising store of information on every topic we touched. I am not vain enough to believe that he was so anxious to make a favourable impression upon me as to have prepared for these discussions in advance.

Indeed, the Kaiser discussed so freely almost every subject that suggested itself that I often wondered what his advisers would have said had they overheard our conversations. His readiness to talk to me was undoubtedly due to a tendency he had to trust everyone with whom he came in intimate contact. For a man who was apt to have so many enemies, he was less suspicious than any one I had ever met. He seemed to trust everyone; his sense of personal security loosened his tongue and made him more talkative, perhaps, than was always discreet.

The Kaiser was very fond of listening to and telling stories with a point, and would fre-

quently invite me to tell him any new one that I might have heard. Some of the stories we exchanged were more or less *risqué* and would be out of place in these pages, though I do not mean to intimate that there was anything very much amiss with them. They always amused him very much and he was quick to catch the point.

He told me one story that he thought particularly good :

A father and son were sitting in a beer-garden, drinking. They had had perhaps more than they could well handle when the son asked :

" Father, how will I know when I'm drunk ? "

" When those two men sitting on yonder seat look like four men to you," the father replied, " then, my son, you will know that you are drunk."

" But, father," the son replied, " there is only *one* man on that seat ! "

Speaking of intemperance suggests a word or two about the Kaiser's habits in that respect. He told me that for years the strongest drink he had indulged in was an apple champagne which contained no alcohol and which was specially prepared for him. The reason for his abstinence was given to me later by one of my other patients who was in a position to know whereof he spoke.

According to this man, when the Kaiser was younger he indulged in strong liquors and sometimes drank to excess. On one occasion, on a

cruise on his yacht in Norwegian waters, while under the influence of liquor he ordered the captain to steer a certain course which would have placed the vessel in serious danger. To disobey would mean incurring the Kaiser's displeasure—his command was law. Rather than risk the destruction of the vessel and its occupants, the captain disregarded the Kaiser's instructions. Then he went ashore, procured a bicycle, and rode down a hill which carried him over the edge of a precipice to his death. The shock of this tragedy, the story goes, turned the Kaiser against liquor of all kinds and he has never since indulged.

The Kaiser's sense of humour frequently exhibited itself. He told me of a conference between representatives of all the Powers regarding the selection of a king for Albania after the Balkan War. Some of those present thought the incumbent ought to be a Catholic; others insisted that a Greek Catholic was essential; still others maintained that a Mohammedan would be most logical.

It seemed quite impossible to come to any agreement as to just what religion the King of Albania should profess, and the Kaiser had ended the discussion, he said, with the suggestion:

"Well, gentlemen, if a Protestant won't do, and a Roman Catholic won't do, and a Buddhist is out of the question, why not select a Jew and call him 'Jacob the First'? He'll have his throat cut, anyway, in three months!"

The Powers did not select a Jew, but the Prince of Wied, the Kaiser's nominee, was put on the throne, and within a month or two afterwards had to flee for his life!

In referring to Roosevelt's patriotic offer to lead an army in France the Kaiser declared that he admired him for his courage and zeal.

"I hear," he said, "that he is now on his way to Italy. It is too bad we did not postpone our offensive there. Perhaps we might have captured him. Wouldn't Teddy look funny in a gas-mask?"

Shortly after the U-boat *Deutschland* made its successful trip to America the Kaiser called on me, and he was in a very jocular frame of mind.

I happened to mention to him that I planned to go to America the following summer in connection with the porcelain tooth I had patented.

"Well, it won't be necessary now, Davis," he commented. "We can send the *Deutschland* over and bring back a boatload of teeth!"

"Fix my teeth well, Davis," he declared, facetiously, on another occasion, "so that I can bite. There are lots of people I would like to bite!" He snapped his jaws together in a way that would have boded ill for the victims he had in mind.

To the late Putnam Griswold, the opera-singer, whom he had just seen in the part of the king in "Aïda," he said: "You play the part of a king so well, Griswold, I am sure you would be my most dangerous competitor!"—

a compliment whose full significance can be appreciated only by those who know how keenly the Kaiser enjoyed playing the king himself and how incessantly he did play it.

The courtesy and affability which the Kaiser almost invariably displayed in his relations with me did not prevent him on one occasion from showing his indignation when I touched him upon what was evidently a very sore point —the part that America was going to play in the war, although he always claimed to be unperturbed about the American situation.

He had pointed out that America at that time had only thirty thousand men in France and he believed that the U-boats would effectively prevent any great addition to our forces abroad, if, indeed, they ever left our shores.

"As a matter of fact, however," he added, "your countrymen would be very willing, I have no doubt, to fight for their country to protect it from invasion, but I don't believe you'll ever get many of them to leave home to fight abroad. America will really be a very small factor in the war, Davis!"

"Your Majesty is underestimating the power of America!" I replied.

He turned to me angrily, and in his most imperious manner exclaimed: "We underestimate no one! We know exactly what we are doing!"

How seriously he was mistaken in this respect has since been sufficiently proved—perhaps he thinks differently now!

No matter how gloomy the outlook for Germany, the Kaiser seldom exhibited concern. It is true that whenever things were going wrong—as when the Russians in the early part of the war were sweeping everything before them in their advance on the Carpathians—he and the rest of the royal family kept as far in the background as possible, whereas, when the German cause was in the ascendant—as in the case of the offensive against Italy—he could not make himself and his elation too conspicuous at the Front.

But even when Germany's adversity was greatest the Kaiser always wore a brave front. At such times I have seen him stop in the street, after leaving my office and before the hundreds of people waiting outside to greet him, ostentatiously put a cigarette in his mouth and light it, that everyone might notice how steady his hand was and how little he was worried by the turn things were taking. At the same time, on one or two occasions after the war started I noticed that he acted differently when in the dental chair than had been his custom when everything was serene.

Before the war he would talk to me incessantly during my work whenever its nature enabled him to do so, and yet when I was all through and had hammered the last piece of gold into his tooth, which I sometimes did instead of making a cast inlay, and announced, "Now, your Majesty, I am through," he would frequently remark:

"Do you know, Davis, you hammered exactly one hundred and thirty-five pieces of gold into that tooth. I counted them!"

After the war started, however, he paid little attention to what I was doing for him and I assumed that his mind was far away, turning over perhaps some of the dire problems with which his people were beset, or contemplating some of the misery he had caused, and I did not disturb his reflections.

The Kaiser once boasted to me that not a building was erected in Germany, not a bridge built, not a street opened, not a park laid out, but what the project was first submitted to him. He kept posted on everything that was going on not only in Germany, but in the world at large, and, as far as he was able, he endeavoured to have his finger in every development of world-wide importance. I cannot imagine that he was less interested in what his countrymen were doing in connection with the war than he was in their achievements in time of peace.

If he did not actually order the sinking of the *Lusitania*, therefore, I have not the slightest doubt that he was thoroughly aware of the plan to blow her up and sanctioned it. That he could have averted it if he had been prompted to do so is clearly indicated by another incident which left a very deep impression upon me.

I was informed by one of the German aviators that plans had been made to drop gas-bombs on London which contained a deadly gas which

would penetrate the cellars of houses in which civilians were in the habit of hiding during air-raids.

Shortly before this hideous idea was to be put into effect the papers announced that bombs of this character had been dropped by the Allies on Baden-Baden, but that, fortunately, they had fallen in a clump of woods in the centre of the town and had failed to explode, which had given the Germans an opportunity to take them apart and ascertain their nature.

The purpose of this announcement, of course, was to forestall the storm of condemnation which the Germans knew would follow their use of such bombs on London—a ruse which they had invariably employed whenever they contemplated some fresh violation of the rules of international law and the dictates of humanity.

It happened that one of my patients who resided in Baden-Baden called to see me the day after the bombs had been dropped on her town, and she told me all about it.

"The aeroplanes which dropped the bombs had been flying over the city all the morning," she declared. "We thought they were our own machines out for practice and paid no particular attention to them. Then they dropped the bombs and they landed in the woods and we knew we had been attacked. What a dreadful thing for them to do!"

What a foolish thing for Allied aeroplanes to do—to spend a whole morning studying the lay-out of the town and then to drop those

deadly bombs on a clump of woods where they could not possibly hurt anyone, and how careless of the Germans not to molest them while they were engaged in their devilish work!

But the point I wanted to bring out was this —these gas-bombs were never used on London!

"Just as everything was in readiness for the raid," the officer told me, regretfully, "we received orders direct from the Kaiser to hold off—I saw his signature to the order. Of course, there was nothing for us to do but comply, but if we had had the Kaiser there I believe we would have strung him up by the neck! We still have those bombs, however, and you may be sure they will yet be used!"

For some unknown reason, the Kaiser stopped the use of those lethal gas bombs, at least for the time being. Why did not he move to save the women and children on the *Lusitania?*

When I went back to Berlin in the autumn of 1915, after a visit to the United States, the Kaiser was very anxious to ascertain from me just how America felt toward the war.

I told him that before the sinking of the *Lusitania* American opinion had been divided. There had been many who were strongly pro-Ally; there had been others who were openly pro-German; there had been still others who maintained an absolutely neutral attitude. After the *Lusitania* tragedy, however, there had been a distinct change in public feeling—I told him that practically the whole country had become decidedly anti-German.

"Perhaps if the U-boat commander had known so many women and children were on board," was the Kaiser's only comment, "he might not have sent forth the torpedo which sent the vessel to the bottom, but what he was thinking of most, of course, was the five thousand tons of ammunition on board which were destined to slaughter my people!"

Of course, the Kaiser knew that if the U-boat commander's orders were to sink the *Lusitania*, disobedience upon his part would have left but one course open for him—suicide. If, on the other hand, the Kaiser meant to intimate that the U-boat commander sank the *Lusitania* on his own initiative or without special instructions from his superiors, the fact still remains that the Kaiser undoubtedly could have prevented the tragedy—and did not.

But if there could be any doubt as to the Kaiser's direct responsibility for the sinking of the *Lusitania*, certain it is that he fully approved, openly defended, and even exulted in the murder of women and children by Zeppelin raids in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other non-military cities and towns.

"England expects to starve my women and children to death," he declared to me, early in the war—long before we in Germany had begun to feel the slightest effect of the diminishing food-supply, "but our Zeppelins will give their women and children a taste of war, too. Confound them! They sit on their island and try

to starve us. We will give them a taste of what war is ! "

This was the man whose various acts of consideration toward me, whose talents and personal charms, had made such a favourable impression upon me ! How trivial and inconsequential they all seemed now ! Clearly, they were all a part of the *rôle* he had been playing for years. While he was outwardly displaying all the earmarks of a gentle character, he was plotting to dominate the world. For twenty-five years he maintained the peace of Europe—this he constantly made his boast. He maintained peace—*just long enough to complete his final preparations for the wickedest war that was ever waged !*

And yet, strangely enough, even after the war had revealed the Kaiser to me in his true colours and had shown him to be capable of deeds which I should have thought foreign to his nature, his presence always had a most remarkable effect upon me.

I have a vivid mental impression of him now as I write. He is standing in the centre of my room, drawn up to his full height, his shoulders thrown back, his left hand upon the hilt of his sword, and his right emphasising his remarks, protesting in the most earnest manner that it was not he who was responsible for the war and all its horrors, but that it had come upon the world despite all he had done to prevent it. His ready, well-chosen words entrance me, and under the spell of his personality I feel that

this man *must* be telling me the truth and I am ready to believe that before me stands the most unjustly judged man in the world.

He shakes my hand in farewell and is driven away, and then as I gaze at the spot where he just stood there come before my eyes the desolation of Belgium, the tragedy of the *Lusitania*, the despoliation of France and Poland, the destruction of women and children in London and Paris, and a thousand and one other atrocious deeds which so belie the Kaiser's fair words, and I realise that I have been talking to the world's most finished actor and have simply been bewitched by the power of his personal magnetism.

CHAPTER V

AMERICA DISAPPOINTS THE KAISER

The Kaiser ascended the throne in 1888. For twenty-six years his reign was unmarred by a single war, although twice during that period, once in 1905 and again in 1911, he nearly succeeded in precipitating a conflict.

Subsequent developments have brought out clearly enough that during all these years of peace the Kaiser was only awaiting the opportune moment to plunge the world in war.

Germany's preparation consisted not merely in building up her army and navy and developing a military spirit in her people, but in trying to establish friendships abroad where they would do the most good in the event of a world war.

The German military preparation was more or less obvious. The Kaiser was always its warmest advocate and frankly admitted that it was his intention to remain armed to the teeth, although he protested to me many times that his sole object was to maintain the peace of the world.

In 1913, for instance, I was at The Hague when Carnegie delivered a speech at the opening

of the Peace Palace, in the course of which he declared that the Kaiser was a stumbling-block in the way of world peace. When I got back to Berlin I mentioned the fact to the Kaiser, hoping to draw him out.

"Yes, I know exactly what Carnegie said at The Hague," he replied, rather testily, "and I don't like the way he spoke at all. He referred to me as the 'war lord' and said I was standing in the way of world peace. Let him look at my record of twenty-five peaceful years on the throne! No, the surest means to maintain the peace of the world is my big army and navy!" The fact that he had previously accepted five million marks from Carnegie for the furtherance of universal peace did not seem to occur to him.

The world at large has learned more or less of German intrigue and propaganda since the war, but it is not generally known that the same sort of thing was going on even more actively in time of peace. Countless measures of the most subtle and insidious character were taken to lull into a sense of false security the nations Germany intended eventually to attack, and to inspire fear in or command the respect of nations which she hoped would remain neutral or might even be induced to throw in their lot with hers in the event of war.

In this phase of Germany's preparation for war the Kaiser took a leading part.

It is a fact, for example, that practically every officer in the Chilean army is a German,

and the Kaiser has spared no pains to foster the friendship of the South American republics, commercially and diplomatically.

One of the South American Ministers told me of an ex-President of Peru who visited Berlin. This Peruvian had previously visited London and Paris and had received little or no official attention in either of those capitals. For reasons best known to himself the Kaiser decided to cater for this gentleman, and accordingly arranged an audience.

In the discussion which took place when they met, the Kaiser displayed such a remarkable acquaintance with Peruvian affairs and the family history and political career of his visitor that the South American was stunned. When he returned home he carried with him a most exalted idea of the all-pervading wisdom of the German Emperor. To what extent the Kaiser had spent the midnight oil preparing for this interview I do not know, but, knowing the importance he placed upon making a favourable impression at all times, I have a mental picture of his delving deeply into South American lore in preparation for his guest.

There is nothing dearer to the Kaiser than caste and social distinction. Morganatic marriages were naturally abhorrent to him. Nevertheless, before Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the successor to the Austrian throne, was murdered, the Kaiser not only recognised his morganatic wife, who was only a countess, but went out

of his way to show her deference. He placed her at his right at all State functions which she attended. To bring Austria and Germany closer together he was willing to waive one of his deep-rooted prejudices.

The significance of the Kaiser's many visits to Italy, his presentation of a statue to Stockholm, his yachting excursions in Scandinavian waters, his flirtations with Turkey from his castle on the island of Corfu, and similar acts of ingratiation, becomes quite apparent in the face of more recent developments, but his efforts to curry favour with America during all the years of peace which preceded the war were so much more elaborate that they deserve more than passing mention.

No more subtle piece of propaganda was ever conceived than the Kaiser's plan of exchanging professors between the United States and Germany through the establishment of the Roosevelt and Harvard chairs at the University of Berlin, and corresponding chairs at Harvard and other American universities. Ostensibly the purpose of the project was to foster goodwill between the two nations. Actually, it was intended to Germanise Americans to such an extent that their co-operation might be relied upon in the event of war for which Germany was sedulously preparing.

It was believed that the exchange of professors would accomplish the German purpose in two ways—not only could the professors whom the Kaiser sent to America be depended

upon to sow German seed in American soil, but the American professors who were sent to Berlin, it was hoped, could be so inoculated with the German viewpoint and atmosphere of thought that when they returned to their native land they would disseminate it among their associates and students.

The interest which the Kaiser took in this well-laid plan is evidenced by the fact that he attended the opening lectures given by the American professors every year—although he never paid such honour to a German professor. Indeed, the first visit the Kaiser ever paid in his life to the University of Berlin was to hear Professor Burgess, the first exchange professor that Harvard sent across.

It was because the Kaiser's underlying purpose was to some extent frustrated when Harvard sent Professor Münsterberg, a German, to Berlin, to occupy the Harvard chair that that well-known psychologist was so badly received. It was noted by the newspaper correspondents at the time that while the Kaiser conversed fully half an hour with Professor Smith of the University of Virginia, who occupied the Roosevelt chair, he devoted only five minutes to Münsterberg. What was the sense of wasting time and effort on a German? The object was to Germanise Americans.

The report that, although the Kaiser attended Münsterberg's lecture, he paid very little atten-

tion to the lecturer, brought a spirited rejoinder from Münsterberg. He declared that it was quite untrue that the Kaiser had slighted him in any way. On the contrary, he insisted, the Kaiser had been a most interested listener and had been seen, indeed, to nod his head several times in the course of the lecture—which led an American foreign correspondent to comment that "not only was the Kaiser seen to *nod* at Münsterberg's lecture; he was likewise observed to *yawn!*"

Some time before the Kaiser conceived the scheme of the exchange professors he sent his brother, Prince Henry, to America to draw the two nations closer together and to instil in the heart of every child born in America of German parents an abiding love for the Fatherland.

Just before the war broke out he was planning to send one of his sons here with the same object.

He told me of this project and asked me to which part of the United States I thought he ought to send the Prince.

"That depends, your Majesty," I replied, "upon the object of the visit. If the purpose is to meet American society, I would recommend Newport in summer and Palm Beach in winter. To come in contact with our statesmen and diplomats, Washington would naturally be the most likely place to visit."

The Kaiser thanked me for the information, but did not enter into further details as to the

object he had in mind or which son he had planned to send across.

It was to curry favour with America that the Kaiser had his yacht *Meteor* built in our shipyards, and it is a fact that more American women were presented at the German Court than those of any other nation.

When, in McKinley's administration, he undertook to present to the United States a statue of Frederick the Great, it created a great stir in Congress. What could be less appropriate, it was argued, than the statue of a monarch —and *such* a monarch—in the capital of a republic? The statue was not set up in McKinley's administration, but President Roosevelt accepted it in the interest of diplomacy and had it erected in front of the Army Building. Seeing that his gift had had an effect just the opposite of that intended, the Kaiser reprimanded his Ambassador for not having interpreted American sentiment more accurately.

A few days after the death of King Edward Mr. Roosevelt arrived in Berlin. Despite the fact that all Europe was in mourning, the Kaiser arranged, in celebration of the visit, the most elaborate military dress review ever given in honour of a private citizen. The review was held in the large military reservation near Berlin. More than one hundred thousand soldiers passed in review before the Kaiser and his staff and their distinguished guest. How far the Kaiser would have gone in his attentions

to Roosevelt had he not been "in mourning" it is impossible to say, but I do not believe he would have left anything undone to show his admiration for the American ex-President and to curry favour with the country.

Roosevelt was not the only American to whom the Kaiser made overtures. He was constantly inviting American millionaires to pay him yachting-visits at Kiel or wherever else he happened to be.

He sat for a portrait by an American painter, which was exhibited, with a large collection of other American works, under the Kaiser's auspices.

There was nothing that the Kaiser did not do in his efforts to ingratiate himself with America, in the hope that he would reap his reward when the great war he was anticipating eventually broke out.

Taken individually, these various incidents seem trivial enough, but I have every reason to know that the Kaiser attached considerable importance to them. I know that there was a good deal of chagrin in the tirades he delivered to me against America for her part in supplying munitions to the Allies—chagrin at the thought that the seed he had sown in America had failed to bring forth better fruit. When we finally entered the war and he realised that all his carefully nurtured plans of years had availed him naught, he could not restrain his bitterness or conceal his disappointment.

"All my efforts to show my friendship for

America—exchanging professors with your colleges, sending my brother to your country, all —all for nothing!" he exclaimed, with huge disgust and a kind of plaintive air, as of one who thought himself the victim of some great injustice.

On another occasion he showed even more clearly how far America had fallen short of his expectations.

"What has become of those rich Americans who used to visit me with their yachts at Kiel and come to my entertainments in Berlin?" he demanded, sarcastically. "Now that we have England involved, why aren't they utilising the opportunity to serve and to make their own country great? Do they think I put myself out to entertain them because I loved them? I am disgusted with the whole Anglo-Saxon race!"

The Kaiser could not understand why the United States did not seize both Canada and Mexico. Apparently, from the way he talked from time to time, if he had been sitting in the White House he would have grabbed the entire Western Hemisphere.

That the Kaiser followed American politics very closely, especially after the war broke out, was very natural. The fact that there was a great German-American vote in America was not overlooked in Potsdam, and I have not the slightest doubt the Kaiser imagined that he could exert considerable influence on our elections through his emissaries in the country.

In 1916, after Judge Hughes had been nominated for the Presidency, the Kaiser spoke to me several times about his candidacy. I got the very distinct impression that in Hughes the Kaiser thought he saw a chance, perhaps, for a more favourable attitude toward Germany than America had displayed under Wilson, and that his early intention was to throw whatever influence he possessed there into the scale in Hughes's favour.

I returned to Berlin late in October of that year. Within a day or two after my arrival I received a telephone message from the *Reichskanzler*, von Bethmann-Hollweg. It was to the effect that the Kaiser had sent him word of my return and that he would like me to call at his palace either that noon or at 4 p.m. I told him that 4 p.m. would be more agreeable to me.

That noon, however, the President of the Ministry of Vienna was assassinated. The *Reichskanzler* called me up again and said that, owing to "certain developments since morning," he would be too much engaged to keep the appointment he had made with me and asked me to make it 10.30 the following morning.

The next morning—it was Sunday—I called at the *Reichskanzler's* palace on Wilhelmstrasse. I wondered very much what it was they wanted of me.

I was ushered into a very large room in the centre of which was a business-like-looking flat-topped desk, but which was otherwise elaborately furnished. The *Reichskanzler*, a tall,

broad-shouldered, handsome specimen of a man, came over to me and, putting his arm in mine, walked me to a seat beside the desk. He asked me what I would smoke, and upon my taking a cigarette he did likewise.

"The Kaiser's been telling me, Doctor, of your recent visit to America. I would very much like to ask you a few questions."

I said that I was always glad to talk of America. Indeed, I was particularly glad of the opportunity to speak with the Prime Minister of Germany at that time.

Then followed a bewildering succession of questions, the purpose of which was not at the moment at all clear to me. We had a peculiar conversation—half in German, half in English. The *Reichskanzler* did not speak English particularly well.

"How are things in America? Did you have any opportunity to gauge the political situation? Who do you think will be the next President? Do you think that Americans are opposed to peace because that would end their chance to make money out of the war? Are your people so mercenary that they would like to see the war prolonged for the sake of the money they can make out of it?"

"No, your Excellency, you are quite wrong if you imagine that my countrymen would like to prolong the war for the sake of war profits. That is very far from being the case. On the contrary, the country at large is anxious for peace."

" Don't forget your people are making a lot of money out of this war," the *Reichskanzler* persisted. " They are becoming very rich. They will soon have all the gold in the world. Putting an end to the war would to a great extent end American opportunities for making money on this enormous scale."

" That may be all very true," I replied, " but, fortunately, my countrymen think more of the blessings of peace and liberty than they do of war and profits, and the sooner peace can be brought about on a basis which will have some assurance of permanency the better we will like it."

He changed the subject. He asked me how I had been treated in America, in view of the fact that I had come from Germany.

" It made a difference, your Excellency," I replied, " when I first arrived in port. That is to say, I was examined more thoroughly by the officials than I had ever been before. It was a considerable ordeal they put me through before they established to their own satisfaction the fact that I was not a spy ; but when it was all over I felt rather glad to feel that my country was so keenly alive to the fact that the greatest precautions were necessary."

" Wilson has the greatest opportunity ever presented to a man to make his name immortal —by bringing about peace in the world," he went on. " We feel now that he is not our friend, but friendly to the Allies, but, nevertheless, he may be able to see that if this war

is prolonged indefinitely it will mean the destruction of all the nations involved in it. Do you think there is any possibility of America entering the war ? "

" That, of course, will depend, your Excellency," I answered, " upon developments. I don't believe my country is anxious to fight, but I'm quite sure that nothing in the world will keep us out of it if our rights as a neutral nation are not respected."

" We certainly don't like the way Mr. Hughes has been talking on the stump," declared the *Reichskanzler*. " Did you hear any of his speeches—or any of Wilson's ? "

I said I had had no opportunity to hear any of the campaign speeches, but that I had followed them in the newspapers.

" Well, did you gather from what you read that the American people want to see peace in Europe or do they want the war to go on so that they can continue to make fortunes out of it ? "

Again I replied that I was certain our country would never be influenced by such considerations as were implied in the *Reichskanzler's* question, but that if the right kind of peace could be brought about the whole country would eagerly embrace it.

When our interview came to an end—it had lasted three-quarters of an hour—I had but a hazy idea of what the *Reichskanzler* was trying to get out of me. I felt that Germany's resources were possibly exhausted, that she really

wanted peace, and that they wanted to gauge America's attitude toward a serious peace proposal.

The subject of the U-boat campaign was never mentioned, and it was not until several months later, when the submarine warfare was started again on a greater scale than ever, that I realised that the whole purpose of this interview was to ascertain, if they could, without telling me their intentions, who was the candidate, Hughes or Wilson, who would be least dangerous to them if more American vessels were sunk in the ruthless submarine campaign they were then contemplating.

The fact that they appealed to me, a private individual with no political connections, indicated that they were *very much concerned about the coming election.* Evidently they wanted to throw their influence into the scale, but were at a loss to know which candidate was the more favourable from their standpoint.

The election was drawing close; it was necessary to notify von Bernstorff of Potsdam's preference; the Kaiser believed that perhaps he held the deciding ballot in his hand in the shape of the German-American vote and he did not know how to cast it. Hence the eagerness with which they interrogated me upon my return. They could not decide which way to direct their political offensive on the front *in America.*

What conclusion the *Reichskanzler* drew from the meagre information he elicited from

me I do not know, but I do know that the subject of our interview was discussed the next day between him and the Kaiser, for the following day the Kaiser came to me, and one of the first things he said, in a sarcastic tone, was, " Well, Davis, you were nicely treated on your return to America, weren't you ? " referring to the severe examination to which the officials had subjected me at the dock, an incident which I had spoken of to no one but the *Reichskanzler.*

The interview with the *Reichskanzler* and the fact that it was instigated by the Kaiser indicated to me that *America occupied a most important place in the Kaiser's plans.* When, a few months later, we declared war against Germany, however, all the Kaiser's planning and plotting of years collapsed. The edifice he had been so confidently erecting came crashing to the ground—because it was built upon a false foundation. How elementary was his expectation that his efforts to win the friendship of the United States in time of peace could avail him anything in the face of his barbaric methods of making war !

CHAPTER VI

THE KAISER DEFENDS GERMAN WAR METHODS

The Kaiser was always very careful about everything which might affect his health, and even after the war started, when his attention was naturally occupied by many pressing problems, he did not neglect his teeth, but came to me as regularly as ever.

Of this I was very glad, because it gave me an opportunity to draw the Kaiser out on many of the interesting questions which the war suggested and which I found him always ready to discuss. Perhaps the fact that I was an American led the Kaiser to greater lengths in his justification of German war methods and measures than he might otherwise have thought necessary.

The first time I saw the Kaiser after the war started was about August 10th, 1914. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the night before, I had been notified by telephone that the Kaiser would like me to attend him at the Berlin palace the following morning at nine o'clock. It was the first time in my relations with the Kaiser that I had been asked to treat him outside my office, but from that time on I

attended him at a number of different places—wherever the demands of the war happened to take him. On this particular occasion he was about to leave for the front and wanted his teeth examined before he went.

Explicit instructions were given me as to the particular door and court of the palace I should enter, and evidently the sentries had been notified of my coming, for I was rapidly conducted into a room on the ground floor.

I had been in the room but a few moments when the door opened and, without any previous announcement, the Kaiser entered, unattended. He was wearing the new field-grey German uniform in which I then saw him for the first time in my life. He wore no sword.

"Good morning, Davis!" he said. "These are very serious times, aren't they?" He seemed more sober than I had ever before seen him.

"Are the rooms here suitable for you?" he asked. "If there is anything you wish you have only to ring the bell."

The room was rather dark, but I told him that it would answer the purpose very nicely.

The work I had to do for him was nothing of a serious character and did not occupy more than twenty minutes. One of his valets stood by to give me any assistance I might need, but left the room when I was through.

"Have you been reading in the papers, Davis," the Kaiser asked, when we were alone,

" how our soldiers have been treated by the Belgians ? "

I said I had not had a chance to read the papers that morning.

" Well, you must certainly read them. They've been gouging out the eyes of our wounded and mutilating my men horribly ! They call it modern, civilised warfare. That's savagery ! I hope your President is taking notice of these atrocities."

Of course I was then in no position to contradict the Kaiser's assertions, as I was not in possession of any of the facts ; but I learned afterwards that four American newspaper correspondents had scoured Germany from one end of the country to the other in an effort to run down these reports. They left no rumour uninvestigated, no matter how far they had to travel to verify it. When they had finally exhausted every clue and followed every lead they had not found a single case to justify the charge the Kaiser had made against the Belgians—a charge which, nevertheless, the inspired German Press continued to report from day to day.

The object of these lies was to justify the outrages which the Germans were committing in their plan to terrorise the inhabitants of the countries they were overrunning. According to reports, the activities of *francs-tireurs* in the occupied territories were met by the Germans with the most barbaric punishments. Crucifixions and similar atrocities were very common.

Undoubtedly the Kaiser was aware of what his soldiers were doing, and to defend their conduct he lent a ready ear to the unfounded charges made against the Belgians.

"I have already framed a message which I intend sending to your President regarding the use of dum-dum bullets by the Belgians and French," the Kaiser went on. "We have ample proof to establish this charge not only in the character of the wounds suffered by my soldiers, but in the shape of unused cartridges which we found in the captured forts."

Strangely enough, the Kaiser sent off his protest to President Wilson about the same day that President Poincaré forwarded a similar protest based upon the use of dum-dum bullets by the Germans.

Regarding the violation of Belgium's neutrality, the Kaiser was able to offer no reasonable argument. The fact that he was willing to pay Belgium for permission to allow his armies to go through that country was in his eyes apparently sufficient justification for taking by force what Belgium refused to sell.

"How foolish of Belgium to have resisted us!" he declared in this connection. "Had they consented to let us walk through, we would have paid for everything—everything! Not a hair of their heads would have been touched and Belgium to-day would be in the same happy financial condition that Luxembourg is."

At a subsequent interview we referred to Belgium again, and the Kaiser alleged that

Japan had violated the neutrality of China when she sent troops through Chinese territory to seize Kiao-chau.

"It is all right for the Allies," he sneered, "to do these things, but when Germany does them England rises up in righteous indignation. The hypocrites! Why, we found papers in Brussels which showed conclusively that England and Belgium had a secret agreement by which, in the event of war with Germany, England was to be permitted to occupy Belgium! We've got those papers in Berlin. We could ask no more positive proof against them!"

Just what papers the Kaiser referred to I do not know, but if, indeed, any such agreement were actually made and the Germans did, in fact, succeed in obtaining them, as the Kaiser alleged, certain it is that the Germans did not know of their existence when they entered Belgium in violation of that nation's neutrality; and as far as Japan's conduct with respect to China is concerned, the Kaiser well knew that the passage through Chinese territory was not made in the face of a solemn treaty to respect the neutrality of that nation.

Some of the arguments the Kaiser raised in his discussions with me regarding the war were so weak and untenable that one might well doubt his sincerity in urging them, but I shall give them for what they are worth.

We were talking of the war in general, and the subject of German atrocities came up.

" They refer to us as the Huns ! " the Kaiser observed, bitterly. " If your people could see what the Russians have done in the Bukowina and Eastern Prussia, they would know then who are the real Huns ! They destroyed everything they could lay their hands on. In one of my shooting-lodges which the Cossacks entered they even knocked out the teeth of the boars' heads which hung on the walls ! With knives they cut out the covers of my chairs. They had special fire-bombs which they threw on peaceful villages. These bombs had been constructed in peace-times and were designed solely for pillage and destruction. Instead of treating their soldiers as prisoners of war we should have strung them up by the neck—every one of them ! "

Now, several prominent Poles who were patients of mine and whose estates in Poland were in fact looted and demolished told me positively that the destruction and depredations were *committed entirely by German troops.* The Russians, it is true, had occupied the houses when they were in possession of that section of the country, but *it was not until they were driven out by the Germans that the acts of vandalism were committed,* and they had convincing evidence that in every case the German soldiers and not the Russians were responsible.

The outrages committed by the Germans in their treatment of prisoners of war will probably never be known in their entirety. We

do know that they executed Captain Fryatt, the commander of a British merchant-vessel who was captured after he had rammed a German U-boat. I do not know to what extent the Kaiser was directly responsible for that particular cowardly crime, but from what he said regarding the capture of another British captain, the commander of the *Baralong*, it was quite evident that he was in entire sympathy with acts of that character.

A German U-boat had sunk a British vessel upon which were some of the relatives of the crew of the *Baralong*. The crew of this U-boat was subsequently captured by the *Baralong*, and according to reports in Germany they were very harshly treated. Then it was reported that the *Baralong* had been captured and that her captain and crew would be summarily dealt with.

"I hear we have captured the captain of the *Baralong*," the Kaiser declared to me at that time. "If we can prove that he's the man, we'll fix him!" The manner in which the Kaiser spoke left no doubt in my mind that the direst punishment would be meted out to the unfortunate British captain.

Booty is undoubtedly a legitimate incident of war, but it is legitimate only as an incident. Otherwise booty becomes loot. In any event, when invading troops seize private property it is customary to pay for it. That the Germans were good takers but poor payers is revealed by two incidents which the Kaiser narrated to me,

and the keen enjoyment he derived from them can be fully understood only by those who know how much the Kaiser appreciates getting something for nothing.

"Rumania wanted our gold for food products," he told me. "They demanded pure gold and they set enormous prices on their wares, but we needed what they had to sell and we were ready to pay even the outrageous prices they demanded. And then—they foolishly declared war against us and we got it all for nothing! When I spoke to Hindenburg about the contemplated campaign against Rumania, he said, 'This will be a very interesting campaign.' It was. We got all we wanted and didn't have to pay a penny for it!" The Kaiser beamed all over as he contemplated these material results of Rumania's participation in the war.

When the German troops entered Tarnopol, Russia, at a later time, they captured vast quantities of American-made hospital supplies.

"We were just figuring what this seizure amounted to and my army doctors were strutting around as if they owned the world," declared the Kaiser, "when one of my officers was approached by a group of long-haired, greasy Jews, who claimed that these supplies belonged to them.

"'They are our private property; we bought them and we should be compensated if you seize them,' they contended.

"'Did you pay for them?' my officers asked.

" ' No, we didn't pay for them, but we gave our notes ! ' they replied.

" ' Then,' said my officers, ' when you take up those notes we'll pay you for these stores. In the meanwhile we'll just take them ! '

" We secured bandages, serums—everything, in fact, which we needed so badly, and we got them all for nothing ! "

I did not know at that time that the German army lacked medical supplies, but later on I saw paper bandages in use.

I have previously referred to the Kaiser's defence of the use of Zeppelins against Paris, London, and other non-military cities. He claimed that it was proper to make war on civilians because England was endeavouring to starve Germans. On one occasion I pointed out to him that in 1870 the Germans had besieged Paris and starved its population.

" The cases are entirely different," he answered, hastily. " Then we were besieging a *city*, and the civilian population had plenty of opportunity to evacuate it before the siege began. England is besieging a whole *nation*, and trying to starve my women and children who have nothing to do with war ! "

I could not help thinking of the " whole nations " which had been crushed under the Kaiser's heel—of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland.

The Kaiser never admitted that the destruction of the *Lusitania* was a result of special instructions from him to the U-boat commanders, but in discussing the general subject

of the submarine warfare he asked: "What right have Americans to take passage on these vessels, anyway? If they came on to the battlefield they would not expect us to stop firing, would they? Why should they expect any greater protection when they enter the war zone at sea?

"Don't ever forget," he went on, "that a bullet from a pistol would be enough to sink one of our U-boats. How can we stop and board vessels we encounter to ascertain whether they are neutral and not carrying contraband? If what appears to be a neutral vessel should in fact prove to be a belligerent, or a belligerent should heave to in response to the command of one of our submarines, how could we safely send a boarding-party over when a rifle-shot from the vessel in question would send us to the bottom? Obviously, if America persists in sending munitions to the Allies, there is but one thing for us to do—sink the vessels!"

When I suggested that while the vulnerability of the submarine undoubtedly lessened its value in connection with the right of search which belligerents have under international law, still the law ought to be observed, the Kaiser interrupted me hastily with the remark:

"*International law! There is no such thing as international law any more!*"

In that assertion, of course, lies the answer to all the questions which have arisen in connection with the conduct of the war. If the Germans recognised no international law, but

were guided solely by their ideas of expediency and the demands of their *Kultur*, then the whole course of the war became perfectly clear. The use of poisonous gas, the destruction of unfortified towns, the desecration of churches, the attacks on hospitals and Red Cross units, the countless atrocities committed against civilians and prisoners of war, require no other explanation.

"No such thing as international law any more!"

Did ever a man convict himself more completely than the Kaiser did in the utterance of that astounding sentiment?

CHAPTER VII

DEMOCRACY'S WORST ENEMY

The great military machine which the Kaiser had built up during the first twenty-six years of his reign " for the purpose of maintaining peace " was constantly itching for war. There was a feeling among the militarists that while it was all right for the Kaiser to assume the *rôle* of the " prince of peace " during the period of preparation, it was possible to overplay the part. He so frequently referred to the fact that his sole purpose in maintaining a large army and navy was to maintain peace that the war lords of Germany began to fear that perhaps he might mean it.

It was a grievous blow to the war party in Germany when all their efforts to precipitate a war in 1911 over the Moroccan affair failed because of Austria's failure to back up Germany. Although they had no slight opinion of Germany's military power, it was considered dangerous to provoke a war without Austria's co-operation. It was better to wait until Austria could be forced into it.

Germany readily acquiesced in the annexation by Austria of the Serbian provinces of

Bosnia and Herzegovina, because it was believed that thereby Austria would the more easily be coerced into the war which Germany intended to start when the opportune moment arrived.

The murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the successor to the Austrian throne, and his wife, by a Serbian on June 29th, 1914, at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, gave Germany the excuse for which she had been waiting so long to start a European conflagration and found Austria as anxious for war as her ally. But even had Emperor Franz Joseph shown reluctance to plunge his nation into war and Austria had refused to chastise Serbia for the murder of the Archduke, I doubt very much whether the Kaiser would have allowed that event to go unavenged. It was too good, too ready an excuse.

It touched him in one of his most vulnerable spots. The sanctity of royalty is one of Wilhelm's most cherished ideas. He felt sponsor for monarchy in the world, as we Americans feel sponsor for democracy. A thrust at a throne was a stab at the Kaiser's heart, and with or without the co-operation of Austria, I firmly believe he would have gone to any lengths to avenge the crime of Sarajevo.

It is true that the Kaiser sent a message to the Tsar of Russia in which he pointed out that Austria ought to be allowed to chastise Serbia without interference from the other European Powers, remarking, "We princes must hold

together," but there can be no doubt that that was very far from being the outcome dearest to his heart. If, indeed, the punishment of Serbia had been accomplished without war, the Kaiser would have been a most disappointed man, and if Russia had failed to mobilise her troops, which gave Germany a pretext for crossing the Russian border, I have not the slightest doubt that Germany would have provoked Russia into war, anyway, by whatever means necessary, knowing that France would follow. "*Der Tag*" ("The Day") had come for which Germany had been planning and plotting for forty years, and nothing on earth could now interfere with the execution of the programme.

How firmly the Kaiser was wedded to the dynastic idea and how deeply he abhorred the spirit of democracy has been revealed throughout the whole course of his life, and in his conversations with me he frequently gave expression to views which disclosed how thoroughly he believed in the "divine right of kings."

I saw him shortly after Wilson's election in 1912.

"What will America ever accomplish with a professor at its head?" he asked, contemptuously. "Davis, *your country will never be truly great until it becomes a monarchy!*"

On another occasion he sneered at conditions in England.

"Look at England to-day," he remarked. "She is ruled by Lloyd George, a Socialist!

Why, England is virtually a republic, as bad as France! What's become of the King of England? One never hears of him any more! Why doesn't he assert himself?" The tone of disgust with which the Kaiser gave vent to these sentiments was more significant, perhaps, than the words used might imply.

"Your President is trying to overthrow me and my family from the throne of Germany by his Notes." This he said very bitterly when I saw him shortly after the publication of the President's reply to the Pope. "But he little understands how loyal are my people and how futile his efforts will prove. They held meetings recently all over the Empire, in every city and village, and showed their allegiance to me in no uncertain way; your President received from my people the answer that he deserved!"

I wondered whether the Kaiser was unaware—or imagined that I was unaware—of the fact that all these meetings had been inspired by the Government and its useful agent, the Press; or whether he was once again making use of his histrionic ability.

The Kaiser's resentment against President Wilson will be better understood, perhaps, by reference to one or two passages from the Notes to which undoubtedly the Kaiser had reference.

In President Wilson's war message to Congress of April 2nd, 1917, occur the following passages:

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and

friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools.

* * * * * *

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia ? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual habit toward life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose ; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their native majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honour.

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THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY !

And in the President's reply of August 27th, 1917, to the Pope's peace proposal occurred the following passage :

The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-

established practices and the long-cherished principles of international action and honour; which chose its own time for the war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier, either of law or mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children also and of the helpless poor; and now stands balked, but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world.

* * * * * *

We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting.

What gall and wormwood these expressions were to the Kaiser can be fully appreciated only by those who know how completely he is obsessed by mediæval ideas and how dearly he envies the monarchs who lived and ruled in those "old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties."

I have referred in a previous chapter to the Sieges Allee, the group of statues of the Kaiser's ancestors which he caused to be erected in the Tiergarten to show his own veneration and to inspire respect in his subjects for the monarchs of a bygone age. He was constantly restoring old castles, and always showed his contempt for everything that was modern in art or music. He sanctioned the appointment of Richard Strauss as conductor of the Berlin Opera House, but when, in after years, that able composer produced a number of operas of a

decidedly modern tendency, which sadly hurt the Kaiser, he declared, viciously, "I raised a snake in the grass to bite me!"

It is a fact that before the war no play was ever permitted in Germany in which a royal prince married a peasant girl. The Kaiser would not countenance even in the drama any such dire assault on dynastic dignity. Class distinctions must be sustained at all costs. After the war began, however, in order to conciliate the people, the ban upon plays of that character was removed, and the rather ludicrous result followed that hardly a play was produced in which the marriage of royalty and plebeian blood did not figure.

Although Germany is regarded as the cradle of Socialism, to the Kaiser it has always been a cancer slowly eating away the foundations of his Empire, and he has viewed its progress with the direst misgivings. It is a fact that before the war he steadfastly refused to receive a deputation of Socialists and never gave an audience to the leaders of the Socialist party in the Reichstag, although the heads of committees of all the other political parties were at times received in conference.

While the Reichstag has been little more than a children's debating society, the growth and increasing power of the Socialist party, which was constantly clamouring for the reform vote, could not be ignored, and no doubt had a great deal to do with the militarists' anxiety not to postpone the war too long.

After mobilisation was ordered, however, the Kaiser decided to recede from his position somewhat, and from the balcony of the palace in Berlin, in front of which an enormous crowd had gathered, he declared, significantly :

" I recognise no parties. We are now all Germans."

If anyone imagines, however, that his kow-towing to the Socialists in this instance was evidence of a permanent change of heart, he little realises how deeply-rooted is the Kaiser's abhorrence of Socialism and Democracy. Indeed, one of the principal things the Kaiser hoped to accomplish by prosecuting the war to a triumphant conclusion was the blow it would deal to Socialistic progress. He felt that victory would make his army the idol of the people and that their monarch would shine in the glory of their martial achievements. A successful war, he believed, would set Socialism back a hundred years !

Certain it is that the war brought no change in the Kaiser's personal habits. Even to curry favour with the Socialistic element, he never unbent in the slightest degree in his outward display of kingly attributes. In all his career, the German people had never seen their Kaiser other than in his royal uniform, and at all military parades or reviews he rode a white horse that he might be most conspicuous, and bore the royal mace which his ancestors had carried centuries before him. With the death struggle between mediæval Monarchy and modern

Democracy raging about him, the Kaiser was determined to yield not a jot or tittle of his prerogatives. His automobile still made its coming known by its distinctive "Tade-tada-ta-ta," and the royal palaces were maintained with all their accustomed pomp.

But while the Kaiser's armies were triumphant in the field, the principle which he was combating was everywhere gaining ground. On March 15th, 1917, the Tsar abdicated, and Russia, whose autocratic form of government had long been the envy of the German aristocracy, became a republic.

"The downfall of the Russian Empire was brought about by England because she feared that the Tsar was about to make a separate peace," the Kaiser commented to me. "As a matter of fact, however, neither the Tsar nor his Government ever approached us on that subject, and when England overthrew the Russian monarchy she defeated her very purpose. With the Tsar on the throne, Russia would probably have gone on fighting us."

Although the Kaiser bore no particular love for the Tsar, with whom he was at war, he had no desire to convert the Russian Empire into a democracy, and his bitterness toward England for what he thought was her part in the establishment of the Russian republic was very pronounced.

When, a few months later, the abdication of the Tsar was followed by the abdication of King Constantine of Greece, the Kaiser sustained

another blow which hurt him more than the defeat of one of his armies would have done.

"They are trying to force their rotten form of democratic government on Greece," he declared, fiercely. "The way they have treated my poor sister, the Queen of Greece, is a shame and a disgrace. They talk about our invasion of Belgium, but their actions in Greece are infinitely worse. I have studied the English people for twenty-five years and they always try to cover their acts with religion and the talk of benefits to civilisation and humanity, but, hypocrites that they are, they continue to grab all they can get their hands on, just the same!"

The fact that Greece had a treaty with Serbia which required her to take up arms if Serbia were attacked, and that she had failed to meet her obligations in that respect, was naturally of no significance to the Kaiser, to whom treaties were but scraps of paper.

The keynote of the Kaiser's military programme lay in the fact that he realised it was necessary for him to win in order to hold his throne. I feel quite sure that if the Allies were willing to concede to Germany all the territory she has conquered—Belgium, Serbia, Poland, Rumania, Russia, and part of France—and restore all her colonies, upon condition that the Kaiser step down from the throne, he would reject the proposition without a moment's hesitation.

"Your country would like to make a republic

out of Germany," he commented, "a republic like France, perhaps, going down and down all the time—a country ruled by lawyers!" And he mentioned half a dozen of the great French statesmen who were members of the legal profession. "It's a sad thing for a country when it gets into the hands of lawyers. France and Italy are already controlled by them, and America and England are rapidly following their example!"

The Kaiser regards the German people as his own property to do with as he likes. When I referred to the "German people" in conversation, he would delicately correct me by referring in his reply to "*my* people." When, for instance, I said, on one occasion, "I understand, your Majesty, that the German people are anxious for peace," he answered, "Yes, Davis, *my* people are strongly in favour of peace; but they want a German peace—no Allied peace!"

He believes that just as the universe is ruled by God, so should the earth be dominated by an earthly ruler, and that God selected no other than Wilhelm II himself for the task. To displace him in favour of a republican form of government, to substitute a ruler elected by the people for a monarch designated by God, is in his opinion the basest sort of sacrilege. And the unfortunate part of it all is that the majority of his people thus far coincide with him. They prefer to be ruled by a hand of iron rather than to rule themselves. Some day

they may be awakened to the blessings of self-government, but up to the present time they have not shown the slightest indication that they would prefer to rule than be ruled, and because they submit so willingly to the Kaiser's domination he has become obsessed with the idea that the rest of the world should follow suit.

CHAPTER VIII

THE "YELLOW PERIL"

I CANNOT recall when I first heard of the "Yellow Peril." I know I asked what it meant and was told that it referred to the vast hordes of Chinese and Japanese who some day, if properly trained and armed, would prove a great menace to the white races, especially in Europe, which they might try to overrun as the Turks had done in bygone centuries.

After I went to Germany I heard constantly of the "Yellow Peril" from influential persons, and read much about it in the newspapers and magazines. I wondered why we had not paid more attention to it in America. The fact that a great military Power like Germany was talking about this menace gave me the idea that possibly there was a great deal in it.

Later I learned that the phrase "Yellow Peril" was originated by the Kaiser. Indeed, it was frequently pointed out that Germany was making a big mistake in sending German officers to train the Japanese army and permitting the German ammunition-factories, especially the Krupp works, not only to sell them guns and ammunition, but to show them how

to manufacture munitions themselves, in view of the fact that the Kaiser was constantly alluding to the "menace" of the yellow races. After the war started and the Japanese entered it against Germany, influential Germans did not hesitate to tell me that it served them right. "After we helped to develop the Japanese army and navy, they have now turned against us," they complained. "It serves us right for being so foolish as to teach them the 'tricks of the trade.'"

According to the talk of the German diplomat before the war, the expectation was that Japan's power would be used against America at the first opportunity. Whether the object of this campaign was to stir up trouble between Japan and America, or only to awaken the latter to a sense of the danger which the Germans professed to believe threatened her, I do not know. I do know, however, that prospects of a Japanese-American war seemed to worry the Germans considerably more than it worried us.

From time to time the Kaiser spoke to me along these lines. In 1905, shortly after the Treaty of Portsmouth was consummated between Russia and Japan through President Roosevelt, putting an end to the Russo-Japanese War, I saw the Kaiser, and he professed to be very pleased with the results achieved.

"You should be very proud of your chief, Davis," he said, "for bringing about peace

between Russia and Japan. That was really a wonderful achievement, and for the time being, at any rate, effectually puts an end to Japanese aspirations."

The fact that the Japanese themselves seemed very dissatisfied with the easy terms exacted from Russia, which was evidenced by riots of rather serious dimensions in the streets of Tokio and other Japanese cities, evidently signified to the Kaiser that Japan had been diplomatically beaten by the treaty, although victorious in the field. The revolution which followed in Russia showed the precarious condition of that country and brought about the establishment of the Duma.

Later on, after our fleet had made its epoch-making trip around the world in 1908, the Kaiser again alluded to the Japanese peril.

"Davis," he said, "I want to congratulate you and your country on the magnificent performance of your fleet in its trip around the world. It reached Magdalena Bay on the West Coast after going around the Horn without a mishap—not one ship had to go back for repair. It was really a marvellous performance and you may well be proud."

"The newspapers at home, your Majesty," I replied, "are belittling our fleet and talking about the armour plate being too thin, especially below the water-line, so that when the ships rocked it exposed a weak spot below the surface."

"Rot!" he exclaimed. "Those ships are all

right and their performance proved it. We all have ships ten years old which are weak below the water-line, but your latest models are as good as any in the world, I am sure.

"If those vessels had shown any serious weakness, Davis," he went on, "it would have been a serious matter at this time when your country is having a dispute with Japan over the California school question, but your chief has warded off a war with Japan! He staved off the 'Yellow Peril'—a peril which I have long recognised. In fact, it was I who originated the phrase, 'Yellow Peril.'"

"Yes, your Majesty," I answered, "I have already heard that your Majesty originated the phrase."

"Your President is a wise man, and he knew the danger too. Sending the fleet around the world was a brillant stroke of statesmanship. I *know* that Roosevelt thereby prevented a war with Japan."

The Kaiser was so positive on this point that I thought at the time he was probably in possession of information which warranted that conclusion, and later I heard rumours that Berlin bankers had been sounded on the possibility of floating a Japanese loan in Germany; that German diplomats also had been consulted. I was led to believe by others as well as the Kaiser that we had been skating on very thin ice.

"By throwing the Japanese children out of your schools," they said, "California had done

about as much as she could to provoke a war with Japan. It is quite proper for your country to enforce her rights, but you mustn't make the mistake of voting against a big army and navy."

The Kaiser expressed the utmost distrust of the Japanese on a number of different occasions.

"Why, Davis," he exclaimed, "these Japanese, I hear, are naturally and instinctively dishonest! Their own people cannot trust them. My men who come back from Japan tell me that Chinese clerks are employed in Japanese banks and business houses because they cannot trust their own men!"

Whatever may have been the Kaiser's personal opinion about the shortcomings of the Japanese character, no one in Germany doubted the depth of Japanese patriotism. In fact, while the Germans pride themselves on their deep-rooted love for the Fatherland, they yield the palm for patriotism to Japan. It is a common saying among them that Japanese patriotism must be placed first, German second, English third. American patriotism is not mentioned. Perhaps it is because they believe the Japanese to possess such intense love of country that they fear so much the menace of Japanese hostility.

This fear of Japan was held throughout all ranks in Germany. It was common talk in the streets, it was given frequent expression by German statesmen, and the Kaiser himself openly admitted it.

Every Chancellor in Germany declared that his greatest problem was to prevent the Kaiser from making remarks which afterwards came back and required embarrassing denials and explanations. I heard of some American Congressmen who were received in audience by the Kaiser while travelling through Berlin, and to whom the Kaiser spoke freely of the "Yellow Peril." When they returned to America some of them repeated the Kaiser's utterances and they got into the local papers. The news finally reached the Japanese Ambassador in Berlin and he promptly demanded an explanation from Prince von Bülow, who was Chancellor at that time. It is said that the Prince, as Chancellors before and since have done, attempted to settle the difficulty by denying its occurrence.

"Why, the Kaiser wasn't referring to the 'Yellow Peril' at all," he is reported to have said. "He was alluding to the yellow *fever* and its prevalence among workers in the Panama Canal zone!"

The day England declared war against Germany, August 4th, 1914, the Prince von Pless called to see me professionally.

"There will be two wars fought," he said, oracularly. "The present one, by which we shall gain control of the Continent of Europe for ever, and then a war with the yellow races, in which we shall probably have your country to assist us!"

That this opinion was more or less general in Germany may account for the fact that from

the time war was declared until August 23rd, 1914, when Japan declared war against Germany, the Japanese residents in Berlin were made the subject of the most sickening attentions. It was reported that Japan was going to attack Russia, and the Germans could not do enough to show their newly-born admiration for the yellow race—which they had hitherto so deeply and so conspicuously despised. The Japs were carried through the streets on the shoulders of the populace and kissed and cheered wherever they appeared in public.

And then Japan declared war *against* Germany! Instantly there was a wild demonstration in the streets of Berlin which would have resulted most disastrously for the Japs who had so recently been hailed as friends but for the astonishing fact that every single Jap had succeeded in getting way from Berlin before the news of Japan's entry into the war became generally known. The Japanese Ambassador in Berlin had been given ample time by the Home Government in which to arrange for the departure of his countrymen when the moment came. A few who failed to get away at once were detained at the border and interned, but the great majority of them got across easily enough, as in the early days of the war it was not difficult to secure the necessary credentials. I know that even as late as the spring of 1915, when I was nervous and overworked, I procured a pass through our Embassy and went to Geneva, Switzerland, for ten days. Outside of

having to answer a few questions on the border both going and coming, there was no difficulty.

In the absence of Japanese upon which to vent their spleen, the Germans did everything they could to make life miserable for those who resembled Japs. The few Chinese who were there were terribly treated, either because they were taken for Japs or because they belonged to the same race, and the Siamese Minister, Prince Traidos, who was one of my patients, told me that when his wife and children went out on the streets the crowds followed them and jeered, referring to the Japanese as monkeys and using other opprobrious epithets. They even went so far as to spit in Princess Traidos's face, and the Minister finally decided to send her and the children to Switzerland, although he himself remained at his post.

I saw the Kaiser shortly after the Japanese declaration of war, and he was very bitter against the United States because of that development.

"What is your President thinking of to allow a yellow race to attack a white race? Now the Japanese are attacking Kiao-chau and America could have prevented it. All that America had to do was to raise a finger and Japan would have known enough to keep her place!"

He spoke in this strain on several subsequent occasions.

When Kiao-chau fell he again criticised the United States for not having stopped Japan.

"How can your President allow Japan to increase in power at the expense of a white race?" he asked, indignantly. "Now China is lost to the world for ever. America is the one Power that could have prevented it, but now Japan has got her fingers on China and she is lost to us for ever!"

After we were in the war the Kaiser expressed to me his opinion that our object in taking this step was fourfold:

"First," he said, "Wilson wants to save the money you have loaned to the Allies. Secondly, he wants to have a seat at the peace-table. Thirdly, he wants to give your army and navy a little practical experience—unfortunately, at our expense. And fourthly, and principally, he wants to prepare for the war with Japan which he knows is inevitable. The Japanese are the ones which your country must look upon as its real enemies."

A German officer of high standing told me just before I left Berlin that America had made the great mistake of sending ammunition, guns, and supplies to Russia, *via* Japan, because Japan had just retained the finely made American articles and had dumped on Russia a lot of good-for-nothing material of her own in their place. "My advice to America," he declared, "is to cut the throat of every Japanese in America and get rid of the internal danger." He did not suggest cutting the throats of all the undesirable Germans who were in America and who had already demonstrated that they

were far more dangerous than the Japanese had ever been!

Whether or not the Kaiser and the Germans generally really believed that America was in danger of attack from Japan, or that there was bound to be a titanic conflict between the white and yellow races for the domination of the world, I do not know, but I have often heard that for many years the Japanese army had been trained by German officers, and, as I have previously mentioned, vast amounts of ammunition and guns were furnished them.

Undoubtedly the profit the German munition-makers made on their contracts with Japan was an important consideration, but the probability is that the principal object of Germany's conduct in this connection was to be in a position to watch military developments in Japan. What better measure could be conceived for gauging a prospective enemy's strength than by assisting in its development? What a splendid opportunity it afforded for posting spies and otherwise obtaining military information against the day when it might prove of the utmost value to Germany!

In another chapter I have referred to the excuse the Kaiser gave for having supplied munitions to the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War, when I urged that that was a parallel to our course in supplying munitions to the Allies, which so embittered the Kaiser and the Germans generally against us:

"When we helped Russia against Japan we

were helping a white race against the yellow race—don't ever forget that—don't ever forget that!"

Along the same lines, he frequently condemned the English and the Allies generally for having accepted the assistance of Japan in the present war. The idea that a white nation could ally itself with a yellow one was abhorrent to him.

In this connection, we must not forget the conduct of the Germans in 1900, when the Boxer uprising gave them an opportunity to practise German *Schrecklichkeit* on the Chinese. Thousands of innocents were massacred and Chinese women raped by the Kaiser's warriors in obedience to the Kaiser's injunction "to treat the heathens so that no Chinaman would dare to look a German in the face again for a thousand years!"

And yet in the face of all the Kaiser had said and done in the years gone by to warn the world against the "menace of the yellow races" and despite the horror he had expressed at the thought of any white nation allying itself with a yellow one, on January 19th, 1917, before we had declared war against Germany, before we had even broken off diplomatic relations, the German Foreign Secretary, Zimmermann, who was simply a tool in the Kaiser's hands, sent to Herr von Eckhardt, the German Minister to Mexico, through Count von Bernstorff, what is undoubtedly one of the most infamous notes which ever emanated from the Foreign Office

of a first-class Power. Fortunately, our Government was able to intercept it and brand for ever the perfidy of which the Kaiser was capable.

So eloquent is that note of the hypocrisy of the Kaiser that I cannot do better than reprint it here that it may be read in connection with his repeated expressions on the subject of the "Yellow Peril."

The note runs:

> *On February 1st we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavour to keep neutral the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement. You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan, suggesting adherence at once with this plan. At the same time, offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.*
>
> [*Signed*] ZIMMERMANN.

CHAPTER IX

THE KAISER'S CONFIDENCE OF VICTORY

About twelve years ago I attended the German military manœuvres at Liegnitz, in Silesia, having been invited by some journalistic friends of mine to accompany them in the motor assigned to members of the Press. The military representatives of England, France, America, and other countries were there with the Kaiser's staff to witness the display of Germany's military power. Apparently they were very much impressed, for I heard afterward that one of the French officers who had been present had written a book in which he said, "With such an army Germany could annex France in six months!"

I happened to mention this fact to the Kaiser shortly afterwards, and his significant comment was:

"Six months! I should hope so. It wouldn't take that long!"

The confident belief that when "*Der Tag*" ("The Day") finally arrived Germany would crush her enemies and accomplish her object within a few months at the outside was held not only by the Kaiser, but by the people generally,

and their conduct when the war broke out clearly disclosed it.

When Germany's man-power was mobilised no one in Germany believed it would be very long before they would all be back, and every effort was made to make their few weeks of active service as little irksome as possible. *Liebesgaben* (gifts of love), consisting of clothing and food of every description, were forwarded to them by their relatives and friends in the most lavish manner, although, of course, at that time the German commissary was able to satisfy all the soldiers' requirements.

One of my patients told me that she had sent seventeen hundred pounds of sausages to one regiment within a week, and when I asked her why she had been so generous she replied that her chauffeur was a member of the regiment.

The extent to which the country's resources were squandered in those early months is evidenced by the fact that the soldiers had such an excess of ill-fitting woollen wearing-apparel that they used many of the knitted articles as ear-pieces and covers for their horses. No one had the slightest idea that the time might ever come when the whole nation would be clothed in paper!

At this late day it can hardly be necessary to establish how thoroughly prepared the Germans were for the war, but an incident which occurred in the early days of the conflict may not be out of place to show the self-satisfied

and confident attitude which all the Germans assumed.

Two officers sitting at a table in an out-of-door café shortly after the war began overheard one of several ladies who were passing remark: "Look at those officers sitting there, drinking. Why are they not at the front, fighting?"

One of the officers got up and, approaching the ladies, said: "Our work was completed months ago. We worked from early morning till late at night on plans which our armies are now carrying out. It is our time to rest."

The resistance that France would be able to put up was always very lightly estimated, and if the intervention of England was at all taken into consideration, the comparatively small army she could place in the field was regarded as but a drop in the bucket compared with the well-trained German horde that was ready to sweep across the border. How could England's 80,000 men cope with von Kluck's 500,000, or the hastily mobilised French armies resist the thoroughly prepared, equipped, and well-disciplined German warriors?

It is really not to be wondered at that the Germans firmly believed that they would bring the Allies to their knees within a comparatively few weeks and that the conquering German armies would celebrate Sedan Day in Paris. What actually happened is, of course, too well known to require recital here, but I know that the Germans were kept in absolute

ignorance of the marvellous resistance the Allies were able to put up in those critical days of August and September, 1914, and to this day the majority of Germans have not heard of the battle of the Marne!

The only newspapers I was able to get at that time were German publications, and there we read daily of how the French were running like rabbits, how their *moral* was broken, and how the advance on Paris was progressing much more rapidly than they had anticipated. The papers came out with such flaring headlines as: "*Sieg auf Sieg*" ("Victory upon Victory"), "Woods of Compiègne Burning," "Fall of Paris Expected Hourly!" The streets were thronged with enthusiastic crowds waiting for bulletins, and automobiles distributed extras free of charge.

It was several weeks after the battle of the Marne when I happened to notice in an obscure corner of one of the German newspapers a German translation of a short item from a French newspaper stating that a number of Parisians had made Sunday excursions to the battlefields to collect German souvenirs in the form of helmets, swords, and guns. The thought naturally arose: "How could people from Paris collect souvenirs from an advancing German army? The Germans must be retreating!" But it was many days before I secured an English newspaper which confirmed my hope.

As the months went by and the war still

continued it must have been quite a problem to keep news of the actual happenings from getting to the public, but such complete control did the Government have over the Press that it succeeded in sustaining the confidence of the Germans that the war would soon be over and the German cause triumphant.

Just after the English passed their conscription law I was called to see the Kaiser at the Grand Army Headquarters, which at that time was at Pless. Although the war had then lasted two or three times as long as the Germans had expected, the Kaiser masked the depression he must have felt by putting on a bold front.

"How foolish for England to start conscription now!" he declared. "She thinks she can accomplish in a few months what it has taken Germany a hundred years to attain. Armies and officers cannot be developed overnight. We have never stopped preparing since the days of Frederick the Great!"

"Yes, your Majesty, but the Northern States in our Civil War put in conscription two years after the beginning of the war," I suggested.

"But just look how long your war lasted!" the Kaiser replied, quickly. "This war won't last that long. The Allies will feel what the power of Germany is long before English conscription can avail them anything!

"And while England is slowly building up her insignificant army," the Kaiser went on, "she will see America's navy and merchant marine constantly growing and the dollar

replacing the pound as the unit of the world's finance. No, Davis, England will soon be sick of the war and will look with fear upon America's growing power ! "

The inspired German Press ridiculed the possibility that England could build up an army by conscription. Pictures of loafers from Hyde Park, London, were printed in the German papers as ludicrous samples of the kind of material out of which England was trying to form an army, and the suggestion was made that she would put the Turcos and Senegalese in the front trenches and keep her " amateur army " in the rear.

The French army, too, was generally belittled, and the Russians were believed to be absolutely negligible. The French army was so poorly equipped, it was pointed out, that the officers had to go to the field in patent leather boots, while on the Russian front only the first-line men had guns, the others being armed with clubs !

All this may have been true, of course, but the remarkable thing about it was that the German Government circulated the reports as widely as possible, never realising, apparently, the raw inconsistency of enlarging upon the total unpreparedness of the English, French, and Russians to wage war while they obstinately contended that it was the Allies, and not the Germans, who started the conflict !

Eventually, officers and soldiers returning from the Western front on furlough or passing

through the country *en route* from one front to the other brought the report of the defeat before Paris. Soldiers who participated in that disastrous retreat wrote from the new trenches to their friends and relatives, telling of the terrible experiences they had undergone when they went for days with nothing to eat but raw potatoes and turnips which they picked from the field.

When these reports finally spread through Germany the people began to realise that their Generals in the West were not meeting with the same success that von Hindenburg had had in the East, and von Hindenburg became the idol of the people immediately, a fact that was very distasteful to the High Command.

The Kaiser's dislike of von Hindenburg was of long standing. He had never forgiven that General for the mistake he made during military manœuvres in peace-time when by a brilliant stroke of strategy he had succeeded in capturing the Kaiser's forces, including the Kaiser and his whole staff! When war was declared Hindenburg was a retired citizen in Hanover, and he would have remained in that capacity if the Kaiser could have had his way. The fact that Hindenburg lacked social status and was particularly gruff in manner no doubt had much to do with the disfavour in which the Kaiser held him.

In the early days of the war, however, when the Russians were sweeping into East Prussia, the High Command felt itself compelled to

dismiss the German General who was responsible for that feat, and Hindenburg was hailed by the people as the one man who could stem the tide. The Kaiser was accordingly compelled to acquiesce and Hindenburg was placed in charge of the army in the East. How completely he vindicated the confidence the German people had in him is already well known. He swept the Russians into the Masurian lakes and snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat.

His success only increased the Kaiser's dislike of him, and every obstacle was placed in his way. For nine months the Kaiser withheld sufficient troops to enable Hindenburg to follow up his successful campaign, all the available men and supplies being sent to von Mackensen and von Falkenheyn instead, to give them an opportunity to distinguish themselves and gain some of the glory and popularity which von Hindenburg seemed to be monopolising.

It is reported that at this period the Kaiser suggested certain tactics to von Hindenburg and that the General responded by unbuckling his sword and offering to give up his command. Gladly would the Kaiser have accepted his resignation, but even that imperious monarch dared not so antagonise public opinion. He yielded to his recalcitrant General and from that time on allowed him to go his own way.

Hindenburg's star was now in the ascendant. Von Moltke, the Kaiser's favourite, had popularly disgraced himself by permitting the failure

of the Germans at the Marne and the success of the Belgian and English armies in escaping from Antwerp over a single pontoon bridge. His place as Commander-in-Chief was then given to von Falkenheyn, the reason given for von Moltke's retirement being his "failing health."

Then came the failure of the Germans at Verdun and the approaching entry of Rumania into the war on the side of the Allies. Falkenheyn in turn fell from grace. The High Command at this time tried to prevent the Kaiser from talking to Hindenburg, but he was so worried over the military outlook that he called Hindenburg and Falkenheyn to him for a conference. It is said that the latter tried to take the centre of the floor and do the talking, but, although he was higher in command, Hindenburg told him to "shut his mouth," adding, "When I finish talking to his Majesty, you may begin!" Then he pointed out to the Kaiser some of Falkenheyn's great mistakes, remarking, "Who ever heard of a General attacking his enemy at his *strongest* point?"—referring to the campaign against Verdun.

The Kaiser was apparently so impressed with Hindenburg's arguments that, distasteful as it was to him to do so, he appointed the people's idol as Commander-in-Chief in Falkenheyn's place. Although jealous of that General's popularity, he was alive to his military genius and proud of his success, and,

now that he was at the head of the army, the Kaiser's spirits appreciably revived.

That the Kaiser's jealousy of Hindenburg was founded on sufficient reason I had convincing evidence shortly before I left Berlin. I saw the Kaiser driving up Unter den Linden on his way to the palace. He was greeted by respectful salutes from the people he passed, but there was nothing in the way of a demonstration. A few moments later General von Hindenburg came along. He was evidently on his way to a conference with the Kaiser. As he passed he was met with jubilant cheers and people threw their hats in the air to show their admiration for the hero who had done so much to vindicate Germany's boasted military superiority.

I have referred in a previous chapter to the Kaiser's unbounded confidence after the Italian collapse in 1916. "Now we've *got* the Allies!" he then exclaimed, with an air of conclusiveness which emphasised the optimism he displayed.

After the capture of Rumania he exhibited a similar degree of exultation. He believed that in that achievement he had successfully solved the food problem—the one cloud which constantly darkened the Kaiser's horizon.

"*Now* the Allies will never succeed in starving us," he said to me, in my office, shortly after the Rumanian drive. "With Rumania in our pockets and Serbia already ours, their wonderful agricultural possibilities will supply our food needs and foil our enemies' efforts to starve us. Indeed, they had better

look out for themselves ! Don't forget we have a monopoly on the potash-mines of the world. Without proper fertilisation, American crops will go on decreasing and decreasing, and they won't get any potash until we get ready to let them have it ! "

The failure of the Zeppelins from a military point of view was undoubtedly a great disappointment to the German people at large, who had counted so much upon them to bring disaster to England, but it cannot be said that the Kaiser shared their chagrin. On the contrary, I have reason to believe that he never expected very much from that arm of his military force except as it might be useful to terrorise the civil population.

A day or two after Zeppelin's death, in 1917, a patient of mine, a lady, happened to remark that it was too bad that the Count had not lived to see the triumph of his invention, and when I saw the Kaiser shortly afterwards I repeated her remark to see what he would say.

" I am convinced that the Count lived long enough to see all that the Zeppelins are capable of accomplishing," was his only comment. It recalled the answer he had given me some years before when both Zeppelins and aeroplanes were in their infancy and I had asked him which held the greater promise. " We do not know. Time alone will tell," was his reply.

The last time I conversed with the Kaiser was on November 26, 1917. Up to that time we had sent over 169,000 men, according to the figures which have since been revealed by

Secretary Baker. According to the Kaiser's information, however, we had only 30,000 men in France at that time, and he was of the opinion that we would never have many more.

"America is having a fine time trying to raise an army," he declared, satirically. "I hear that sixteen hundred mutinied the other day in New York and refused to get on a transport, and a town in the north-west composed principally of citizens of Swedish blood refused to register at all. We are getting excellent information about all conditions in America."

Shortly before this had come the revelations from Washington of the intrigue of Count von Luxburg, the German Minister to Argentina, and I knew where the Kaiser was getting the information he referred to. In nearly every case, it appeared, the Kaiser's informants were misleading him.

Both before and after we entered the war the Kaiser was thoroughly convinced that we could play only a nominal part in it so far as man-power was concerned, and his assurance on that point undoubtedly accounted for his decision to carry through his submarine programme, even though it resulted in bringing us into the war.

"Do you realise how many tons of shipping it takes to ship a single soldier?" he asked me on one occasion.

I confessed my ignorance on that point.

"Well, it takes six tons to the man! To

send over an army of five hundred thousand men, therefore, your country would require three million tons of shipping in addition to the tonnage required for regular traffic. Where is it coming from, with my submarines sinking the Allied vessels faster than they can ever be replaced ? My U-boats are doing wonderful work, and we are prepared to take care of all the troops America may try to land in France.

" How foolish for America to have come into the war ! " he went on. " If she could succeed in landing a real army in France what good would it do ? America can see now how easy it was for me to break through and to capture three hundred thousand of the Italians, and they must realise that I can break through on the Western front and do the same thing there. If America had kept out of the war she would have gone on making untold profits, and when peace was finally declared she would have been in the most enviable position among the nations of the world. As it is, Wilson will never have a seat at the peace-table—I shall prevent it—and *now America will have to pay all the costs of the war !* " Evidently he imagined that his triumph would be so complete that the warring nations would be compelled to accept the terms he offered them, in which event, knowing the magnanimity of the German make-up, I should say the world at large would have to be content with very little.

How the Kaiser feels, now that the failure of the U-boats to intercept American troop-ships must be painfully apparent to him, and

America has so overwhelmingly overcome the shortage of shipping, I do not know, but it is more than probable that for some time to come the real situation will, at any rate, be successfully concealed from the German people. I know that the substantial failure of the U-boat campaign was unknown to the Germans up to the time I left Berlin—in January, 1918.

Losses of U-boats were never accurately announced, while the destruction of Allied vessels was always reported in terms of carrying capacity rather than in the displacement of the vessels, which was one of the factors accounting for the discrepancy between the German estimates of our shipping losses and our own figures, and which disposes of the charge that the Allied naval authorities concealed the true extent of our punishment at the hands of the U-boats.

The fact that the Germans magnified their U-boat activity was brought out by Socialist members of the Reichstag. They declared that U-boat commanders returning from their trips invariably gave false reports to make themselves heroes. They declared that these commanders were like those imaginative fishermen who, no matter what poor luck they encounter, come back with tales of huge catches.

In this connection I may mention that an Englishman who had been interned at Ruhleben camp told me that an English sailor there had kept an accurate list from day to day of all the boats sunk as published in the German papers. An analysis revealed that one ship

had been sunk no fewer than five times! He had been skipper on another boat reported sunk. According to the German papers, it was a five-hundred-ton vessel. In point of fact, he declared, it was only ninety tons.

"How many submarines do you think we have really lost to date?" I was asked, around Christmas, 1917, by a German who was a personal friend of Maximilian Harden.

I replied that I had heard that many months ago England had celebrated the sinking of the hundredth U-boat.

"That's ridiculous," he rejoined. "I have inside information which is not publicly known. We have lost exactly six!"

While the Kaiser and the Germans generally felt confident that we would never be able to send many men across, they professed to feel little concern even if we did.

According to some of the German officers with whom I spoke, even if we landed 2,000,000 men in France, it would not be enough to break the deadlock, as the Germans were taking a similar number of trained troops from the Russian front. The only menace of American participation in the war lay in the possibility that we might add considerably to the Allied air strength. Man-power alone, they contended, would never be sufficient to help the Allies much, but overwhelming superiority in the air might occasion the Germans "some annoyance."

The Kaiser himself had but a poor opinion of the fighting qualities of the American soldier

so far as modern war requirements are concerned.

"The American soldier would possibly give a good account of himself in open fighting," he declared, "but he is not built for the kind of warfare he will encounter in France. He lacks the stolidity to endure life in the trenches. He is too high-strung and couldn't stand the inactive life which plays such an important part in modern warfare. Besides, he lacks discipline and trained officers."

The Kaiser's views on these points serve to explain the confidence he felt and displayed right up to the time I saw him last, but so much has happened within the few months that have since elapsed that I cannot believe he feels the same way to-day. He must realise now that he was wrong when he said we would not be able to raise a great army, he was wrong when he said we would not be able to get enough ships to ferry them across, he was wrong when he said his U-boats would prevent their landing in France, and he was wrong when he said our men would not be able to adapt themselves to modern warfare! With a million men on the firing-line to-day and enough ships built or building to carry across within the year another million and a half now under arms, the power of America must present to the Kaiser a very different aspect than ever before, and his arrogant spirit must be wavering, now that he realises what a vast mistake he made when he forced the United States to take up arms against him.

CHAPTER X

THE KAISER'S PLAN FOR WORLD DOMINION.

THE history of modern Germany is, perhaps, in itself sufficient indication of the underlying plan of the Teuton war barons to control the whole of Europe and, eventually, the world. The programme has been slowly unfolding itself since the time of Frederick the Great, and the present generation is now witnessing what was intended to be the climax.

The long succession of wars initiated by Frederick the Great from 1740 to 1786 resulted in the annexation of Silesia to the small Kingdom of Prussia, and satisfied that monarch for the time being, although his military leaders, flushed with victory, urged him to continue his reign of conquest. For a while the military spirit in Prussia slumbered, and when it was ultimately aroused by Napoleon's dream of world-conquest England and Prussia had to unite against that ambitious leader to retain their own dominions.

For a generation or two Europe was at peace. It was too weak to fight. When it had to some extent recuperated, Prussia decided that the time had come to renew its career of conquest, and on January 21st, 1864, declared war against Denmark. Unable to put up an

effective resistance against its stronger neighbour, Denmark was forced to sue for peace and ceded the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein to the conqueror. The war lasted just forty-six days, and Prussia acquired two valuable North Sea ports, which was the goal for which she started out.

On June 18th, 1866, Prussia declared war against Austria with the idea of adding territory to the south, and the success of her armies against that larger but less warlike empire was so pronounced that in fifteen days the war was practically over and Prussia confiscated the large provinces of Hanover and Bavaria and several lesser provinces.

Prussia had now added territory to her dominions which was many times the size of her original kingdom, and the great Bismarck at once set about "consolidating" his gains, as we say nowadays.

When conditions were ripe for a resumption of the programme, a war was provoked with Napoleon III of France, the situation being so adroitly manœuvred that it was the French who declared war, although they were ill-prepared to wage it against such a thoroughly prepared and victory-crazed adversary as Prussia. War was declared on July 17th, 1870. Forty-seven days later, on September 2nd, the decisive battle was fought, the main French army and the Emperor of France himself being surrounded at Sedan and forced to surrender. The price France paid for being in the way of Prussia's steam-roller was the

loss of Alsace and Lorraine and an indemnity of $1,000,000,000.

Since 1870 Germany has been consistently building up her resources, military, commercial, and colonial, with the one object of assuaging her thirst for dominion when the "proper time" should come. It came, Germany thought, on June 29th, 1914, when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, the successor to the Austrian throne, and his wife were murdered at Sarajevo. The present war was precipitated, and the Germans looked forward to another snatching of cheaply gotten victory.

This war, it was confidently expected, would be but a repetition of the Prussian conquests of 1864, 1866, and 1870. Each of those wars was over in less than sixty days, so far as the ultimate outcome was concerned. Ninety days ought to be sufficient to win the fourth. It might have been, if the German programme, which contemplated the capture of Paris by Sedan Day, September 2nd, had not been foiled by the glorious battle of the Marne. Subsequent developments are too recent to require restatement.

There can be no doubt that, if Germany had succeeded in her efforts to gain control of the major part of Europe, she would have soon looked toward the Western Hemisphere and the Far East.

This programme is fairly indicated by the course of events as history lays them bare, but I have the actual word of the Kaiser to substantiate it.

At one of his visits to me shortly after the beginning of the war we were discussing England's participation in it.

"What hypocrites the English are!" the Kaiser exclaimed. "They had always treated me so well when I visited them I never believed they would come into this war. They always acted as if they liked me. My mother was English, you know. I always thought the world was big enough for three of us and we could keep it for ourselves—that Germany could control the continent of Europe; England, through her vast possessions and fleet, could control the Mediterranean and the Far East; and America could dominate the Western Hemisphere!"

How long it would have been before Germany would have tried to wrest dominion from England can readily enough be imagined, and with the whole of Europe and the Far East under her thumb, America would undoubtedly have proved too tempting a morsel for the Kaiser's or his descendants' rapacious maw to have resisted. He said that he believed that the world was "big enough for three"; *he didn't say it was too big for one!*

What was really in his mind, however, is indicated by a passage in an address he made some twenty-five years ago, in which, as the Rev. Dr. Dwight Hillis has pointed out, he used these words:

> *From my childhood I have been under the influence of five men—Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric II., Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. These five men*

dreamed their dream of a world empire; they failed. I am dreaming my dream of a world empire, but I shall succeed!

The Kaiser's plan to dominate Europe included the control of Turkey, and he made every effort to strengthen that country so that she might be a valuable ally in the war to come.

When Italy took Tripoli from Turkey before the Balkan War, I mentioned to the Kaiser how opportunely Italy had acted, but the Kaiser dismissed my remark with an exclamation of displeasure, realising, of course, that Turkey's loss was in a sense his own, since he had planned to make Turkey his vassal.

To that end he had sent German officers to train the Turkish army and had supplied them with guns and munitions. With an eye to the future, too, he had started the construction of the great Bagdad Railway.

When the Balkan War broke out in 1912, the Kaiser had great confidence that the German-trained Turkish army would acquit itself creditably and that in the outcome of that conflict his European programme would make considerable progress. He told me that he had a map of the war area placed in his motor and that with pegs he followed the fortunes of the fighting armies while he was travelling.

The Turkish defeats were naturally a great disappointment to him.

"These Montenegrins, Serbians, and Bulgarians are wonderful fighters," he confessed,

reluctantly, to me, shortly after the war began. "They are out-of-door people and they have the strength and stamina which fighters require. If they keep on the way they're going they'll be in Constantinople in a week! Confound those Turks! We furnished them guns and ammunition and trained their officers, but if they won't fight we can't make them. We've done our best!"

The defeat of the Turks lessened their value to the Kaiser as allies, and he immediately put into effect a measure for increasing the German standing army from 650,000 to 900,000 —to restore the balance of power, they said. For this purpose a *Wehrbeitrag*, or increased armament tax, was levied on capital, and, incidentally, I was informed that I would have to pay my share. The idea of paying a tax to upbuild the German army, which was already so powerful that it menaced the peace of the world, did not appeal to me at all, and I spoke to Ambassador Gerard about it. He advised me to pay it under protest, agreeing with me that there was no reason why an American should be required to contribute to the German war budget. However, I had to pay it.

Germany's efforts at colonisation, which were more or less of a failure because the Germans refused to inhabit the German possessions, and the measures adopted to conquer the commercial markets of the world, were an important part of the programme of world domination which she had laid out for herself, and it is not unlikely that if she had confined her efforts

along those lines she might have progressed farther along her chosen path than she has advanced by bathing the world in blood.

"I have nearly seventy millions of people," the Kaiser said to me on one occasion when we were talking of expansion, "and we shall have to find room for them somewhere. When we became an empire England had her hands on nearly everything. Now we must fight to get ours. That is why I am developing our world markets, just as your country secured Hawaii and the Philippines as stepping-stones to the markets of the Far East, as I understand it. That's why I developed the wonderful city of Kiao-chau."

His plans in this connection were changed somewhat, apparently, by the developments of the present war, for he told me that when it was over the Germans would not emigrate to the United States any more.

"No more American emigration for us after the war," he said. "My people will settle in the Balkans and develop and control that wonderful country. I have been down there and I know it is a marvellous land for our purposes."

The Kaiser's vision of the part he would take in the reconstruction of stricken Europe was indicated by a remark he made to me in 1916, when I was visiting him at the Army Headquarters at Pless.

"Here I am nearly sixty years of age," he soliloquised, "and must rebuild the whole of Europe!"

Although the Kaiser so freely admitted his designs on the world at large, he was impatient of any expansion on the part of other nations. He often spoke of England's "grabbing" propensity and viewed with suspicion our annexation of Hawaii and the Philippines and our development of Cuba after the Spanish-American War. He professed to see in our new policy a striving after world-power which was inconsistent with the principles upon which our government was founded.

He objected to our interference in Mexican affairs, although, as was disclosed by the Zimmermann note to von Eckhardt, he was making every effort to have Mexieo interfere with ours.

"What right has President Wilson to attempt to dictate the internal polieies of Mexico?" he asked. "Why not let them fight their battles out alone?"

Alluding to America's threat to enter the present war, he asked: "What right has America to insist upon the Monroe Doctrine of America and then mix in European affairs? Let her recognise also a Monroe Doctrine of Europe and keep her hands out of this conflict!"

There is no doubt that the Kaiser imagined that the great army and navy he had built up would enable him to carry out his ambitious programme without effective resistance.

The one Power he most feared, but for which he professed the utmost contempt, was England. He had an idea that England would

never dare to measure swords with Germany and that he could provoke a war, when the opportune moment came, without much fear of England's intervention.

In 1911, when the international situation over the Moroccan affair was particularly acute as a result of Germany's having sent a gunboat to Agadir to demonstrate that she was serious in her demands, the Kaiser had great hopes that war with France might thus be precipitated, and he was confident that England would keep out of it.

"England would be afraid to go to war with us," he told me at the time, "for fear of losing Egypt, India, and Ireland. Any nation would think twice before fighting my armies, but England particularly, because she would not dare to risk the loss of her overseas colonies."

Had Austria shown any disposition to support Germany at this juncture, the European war would have been started in 1911 instead of 1914, but Emperor Franz Josef was evidently opposed to the Kaiser's plan at that time and the conflict was postponed.

When the opportunity came again in 1914 the Kaiser was still confident that England would not intervene—a fact which has been clearly revealed in the recent disclosures of Prince Lichnowsky, the last German Ambassador to England.

When the Kaiser's ambitious project to dominate the world is considered, his consistent opposition to the universal disarmament proposals is easily understood. Without a

superior army and navy, his whole plan would have to be abandoned and his dream of world-wide dominion would be shattered.

On one occasion when we were discussing the Carnegie peace efforts, the Kaiser disclosed very positively just where he stood on the proposition.

"Look at the history of the nations of the world," he declared. "The only nations which have progressed and become great have been warring nations. Those which have not been ambitious and gone to war have amounted to nothing!"

Shortly after Wilson had pointed the way to peace in Europe in one of his Notes to all the belligerent Powers, the Kaiser called to see me professionally and we discussed that latest phase of the situation.

"The way to peace now seems perfectly clear," I ventured. "Only your Majesty's ever-increasing army and navy stand in the way. If Germany will give up her armament, it seems, we would soon have peace."

"That is out of the question for Germany," replied the Kaiser, decisively. "We have no mountains like the Pyrenees to protect us. We have the open plains of Russia with their vast hordes endangering us. *No! we shall remain armed to the teeth for ever!*"

CHAPTER XI

PRINCE VON PLESS

One of my most distinguished patients in Germany was Fuerst (Prince) von Pless. Although he occupied no position of State, he was so close to the Kaiser and enjoyed his confidence to such a supreme degree that I always regarded what he told me as more or less an echo of the Kaiser's own sentiments. Indeed, it so frequently happened, when the visit of one of them followed shortly after the other had been to see me, that they gave expression to the same views in almost the same terms, that I had concrete evidence of their intimate association.

Besides being a confidant of the Kaiser, the Prince is one of the most influential men in Germany. Next to Fuerst von Henckel-Donnersmarck, he is probably Germany's largest landowner, his possessions including large coal-mines and big estates upon which are two of the finest castles in Germany.

For these reasons, I feel that it may be valuable to record some of the things von Pless told me from time to time, but which might otherwise be considered out of place in these pages.

The Prince's wife is the daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis-West. She was one of the most beautiful women of England and quite the most beautiful of them who ever came to Germany.

It was the Princess who first came to me as a patient—early in 1909. Shortly afterwards I received a long-distance telephone message from the Prince to the effect that he intended calling on me at my office the following afternoon, which was a Saturday.

I had previously arranged to go out of town for the week-end to participate in a golf-match at Leipzig, and I asked the Prince whether he could not arrange to see me the following Monday instead. He said that that would be quite satisfactory. Later in the day, however, during my absence, he called up again and left word that he would be at my office on Saturday afternoon, as he had originally intended, and, as it was impossible for me to get in touch with him again, I had to give up the plans I had made and remain in town to receive him.

Naturally, when he arrived I was not in a mood to be particularly cordial. I had pictured him as a typical German aristocrat, one of those whose selfishness never allows for the convenience of others, and I did not care very much whether I made a favourable impression upon him or not, although the Princess, on the contrary, had shown herself to be such a charming individual that I did not wish to offend her after she had advised the Prince to visit me.

When the Prince arrived, my ill-humour and

my preconceived ideas as to the type of man he was vanished simultaneously. I saw a tall, blonde, broad-shouldered man of about forty-eight, more English than German in appearance, his slightly drooping moustache contrasting conspicuously with the upturned appendages favoured by most of the German aristocrats and others who aped the Kaiser.

This Prince was every inch a sportsman—another point in which he differed widely from the general run of the German nobility. He was permanently lame as a result of having been thrown from a horse while hunting. In his actions and conversation he was one of the most democratic Germans I have ever known. In the years which followed, during which he visited me regularly for professional attention, I always felt perfectly free to air my views and to answer the sentiments expressed by the Prince without the slightest restraint, and he never resented my attitude.

While I had many interesting conversations with Prince von Pless before the war, there was little of sufficient significance in them to warrant their being included in these pages.

When war broke out, however, he continued to come to me, and his remarks from that time on made a particular impression upon me, as I knew he was in almost daily contact with the High Command.

The first time I saw him after the war began was on August 5th, 1914. I had just got into Berlin from Frankfort, which city I had reached on a motor trip when hostilities com-

menced. The Prince was attired in the full uniform of a high German officer. I had never seen him thus attired before. He came in smiling and full of confidence. Indeed, I may say at once that while I never knew a single one of his prognostications or prophecies, which he was very fond of making, ever to come true, his supreme confidence never left him.

"Well, the Great War is on!" he declared, as he entered my office. "I leave at once for the Great Army Headquarters in the field. You will learn to-night that England is going to declare war on us."

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Is that possible?"

"Yes, Dr. Davis, the English Ambassador will ask for his passports to-day and they probably will be given him to-day or to-morrow. It's quite all right. We're only too glad to know where England stands. We *had* to know. If our fleet had gone out before England declared herself it might have been cut off from its home base and then it would have been lost. It is very fortunate for us that England showed her hand so early in the game."

"But, Prince," I said, "you'll be blockaded!"

"We're not worried about that. It is not so easy. There are many channels and many islands and our boats will always succeed in getting through. Anyway, the war will be over before England has a chance to accomplish anything in that direction, and we have vast

supplies of everything which will outlast the war."

"How long do you think the war will last, then?" I asked.

"The war will be over by Christmas! Yes, you may rest assured I shall be home by Christmas!"

I asked him whether the country at large was behind the war.

"To a man! It's wonderful the way the Socialists have come in. Many thought they would prove a stumbling-block and impede us. They came in as a man, without a dissenting voice! Why, when I came into your house to-day your porter's wife came out to ask me to enlist her boy, who is not yet of military age, and I enlisted him right here at your door! It's a most remarkable thing how readily the mothers of Germany are giving their boys to the war."

Just before Christmas of that year I saw the Prince again and reminded him of his prophecy regarding peace by Christmas.

"You promised us peace by Christmas," I said. "Are we going to have it?"

"Well, not this Christmas, but next," he replied, with just a shade of disappointment in his tone. "Things have not gone just the way we expected, but you may be quite sure it will be all over by next Christmas, at any rate."

Well, again on one of his visits shortly before that next Christmas (1915) I reminded him of his prediction.

"Davis," he replied, laughingly. "I don't think the damn thing will *ever* end!"

I saw him on February 2nd, 1917, and his old confidence was quite restored. Many things had happened in the meanwhile, one would have thought, to have affected his optimism, but he was just as certain that day that victory was in plain sight as he had been, when the war started, that it would be over by Christmas.

"Our unrestricted submarine warfare has just started," he said, "and we're going to bring England to her knees within three months. That's positive. Some think that this will bring America into the war, but we are sure it won't. We'll crush England and compel her to deliver her fleet to us. America would not then be so foolish as to go into the war and run the great risk of being disastrously defeated simply to fight the battle for France and Russia, because with England's fleet and our own we shall be able to attack New York!"

This all struck me as so preposterous that I could not help laughing in the Prince's face. Very shortly afterwards, however, the German papers announced that 100,000 tons of shipping had been sunk in a single day, and day after day from that time on the daily sinkings, according to the German papers, aggregated anywhere from 50,000 to 120,000, and at that rate I began to fear that perhaps for once in his life the Prince had correctly forecast coming developments.

Later on, when I read of the intercepted note from von Zimmermann to von Eckhardt, in which the Foreign Secretary declared that " the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months," I realised how high in the councils of the nation this optimistic Prince was, but whether he got his optimism from the Kaiser or imparted some of his own to that arrogant monarch I do not know. It was quite evident, though, that they were of the same mind on most of the questions of the day, and the interesting thing about it was that they were both almost invariably wrong!

From the beginning of 1916 until about the middle of 1917 the Great Army Headquarters was located in the Prince's palace at Pless, and during most of that period he was there too. Naturally he came in contact with the Kaiser and was of the High Command, and I felt that at this time anything he said was merely an echo of what he had heard in the army councils.

After the Kaiser issued his first peace note, which, because of its obvious purpose, was summarily turned down by the Allies, von Pless called to see me and our conversation naturally drifted to that development.

" Of course they refused it ! " he declared, in the most satisfied manner. " We *knew* they would refuse it. We *wanted* them to refuse it. If they hadn't refused it, *we would have made our terms so harsh that they would have had to refuse it.* But it accomplished its purpose, just the same—it got the French and English into

hot water trying to explain to their people why they didn't make peace when Germany was willing to do so. In this way we may be able to split the Allies. Russia is going to quit, anyway. There's going to be a revolution and we'll be able to throw all our forces on the Western front and crush the enemy.

"I always liked England," he added, "but Lloyd George is ruining that country, and now he'll certainly have his hands full explaining why he doesn't make peace."

Shortly afterwards the Kaiser came to me and said practically the same thing. "We've got the English and the French Governments in a nice predicament," he said, "trying to explain to their people why they don't make peace." He laughed hilariously as he added, "They're wild with rage at us for surprising them in this way." The Socialist meeting which followed at Stockholm was what Germany wanted, but the Allied Governments were clever enough to see the ruse and prevented delegates from leaving their respective countries.

After America declared war Prince von Pless readily admitted that his prediction in that regard had been wrong, but he was nevertheless bold enough to venture another one. "We didn't think America would do it, I admit," he declared, with all his old optimism, "but, anyway, America won't fight. She had to go into the war to protect her honour, and she will avail herself of the opportunity, perhaps, to raise an army for use eventually against Japan, but she won't fight in Europe—you may

depend on that. She hasn't the boats to carry the men, and boats can't be built overnight, you know!"

Since then, of course, the Prince has been shown again how unreliable his prognostications seem to be, but fortunately I am not on hand to crow over him. The day I left Berlin I received a telegram from him asking me to reserve time for him on January 24th—two days later—when, no doubt, I would have heard some additional prophecies.

Referring to the Prince's optimism reminds me of an epigram that became current in Berlin during the war and which may not, perhaps, have made its way across: "The Berliners are optimistic and gloomy; the Viennese are pessimistic and gay!"

There was one point upon which the Prince von Pless was more honest in his statements than the Kaiser. I refer to the Kaiser's complaints against America for supplying munitions and money to the Allies.

"We haven't a leg to stand on," he frankly admitted when we discussed that question. "Why, in the last twenty years we have supplied more munitions to warring nations than any other four countries in the world put together!"

Despite his overweening confidence, which at times approached braggadocio, the Prince was sportsman enough to admit his miscalculations, and, while he was German through and through in his conviction that might makes right and that *Deutschland über alles* was a most worthy

sentiment, he had much in him that distinguished him from the rest of his kind.

I complained to him on one occasion of the manner in which the royal family played havoc with my practice by upsetting the routine of the day, sometimes without much previous notice.

"Davis," he said, "you are foolish to tolerate it. It's all right, of course, to accommodate the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess are perhaps entitled to similar consideration, but as far as the other princes and the nobility are concerned, if I were you I certainly wouldn't allow it. They may object terribly at first, but they will soon fall into line!"

That was about as democratic a viewpoint as I had ever heard from a German prince! He was a nice fellow, but a poor guesser, and must have proved but an indifferent adviser on diplomatic questions.

Despite the fact that the Prince was so thoroughly trusted by the Kaiser, the Princess was the subject of the most alarming prejudices, suspicions, and rumours which, because of her English birth and associations, were not difficult to spread. It was remembered that when King Edward visited Berlin in 1910, shortly before his death, and was taken sick suddenly while attending a reception, it was the Princess von Pless who ran to his aid. She had studied nursing and knew just what to do in the emergency. She recognised the monarch's ailment, tore open his collar, and administered first aid, and it was said that her presence of

mind saved the King's life. Incidentally, it was commonly reported at that time that had King Edward died on that occasion, war between England and Germany would have been inevitable because Berlin would have been blamed for the tragedy ; but, as the King's illness occurred in the English Embassy, such an accusation could hardly have been made.

At any rate, the Princess was reported to be a spy, and it was said she had been arrested. In corroboration of these stories it was pointed out that she was no longer seen at the palace. The truth was that she was serving in hospitals as a Red Cross nurse.

She came to me in her Red Cross costume one day and I told her of the rumours I had heard. They seemed to amuse her very much and she asked me to repeat the stories to her husband when he came to see me.

"It will amuse him immensely," she declared.

Later on a rumour gained ground that the Prince himself had caught her with incriminating "papers" and had murdered her with his own hands !

These rumours about the Princess von Pless gained ground the more readily because it was well known throughout Germany that the English wives of even the most prominent Germans could not repress their pro-Ally leanings. I am sorry I cannot say the same thing of the American wives of German nobility. There may have been exceptions. I sincerely hope there were. But it is a sad commentary

that not a single American wife of a German nobleman ever aroused the slightest suspicion because of anti-German tendencies, and most of those with whom I came in contact were without question more pro-German than their husbands!

CHAPTER XII

THE KAISER'S APPRAISAL OF PUBLIC MEN

No one ever speaks to the Kaiser until addressed. As that monarch's opinions on most subjects are firmly fixed and he will brook no opposition, any erroneous idea he may entertain is very likely to remain with him. His advisers were apt to leave him in error rather than arouse his ire by attempting to set him right. But for the fact that he was very fond of asking innumerable questions, his store of information might have been extremely scanty.

In the course of my conversations with him he frequently expressed his views of men who were in the public eye. Upon what basis they were founded he did not always enlighten me, but even when I knew them to be erroneous I realised it was useless to try to change them and I did not often take issue with him. When I did, his eyes would flash fire, but I usually continued, just the same.

Before the war, even when his criticisms of public men were adverse, he usually clothed them in temperate language. After the war began, however, he sometimes became vituperative and abusive and made little effort to restrain himself.

There was no question of the Kaiser's familiarity with current affairs and his broad knowledge of individuals who occupied important places the world over. I asked him once what papers he read that he kept so well posted upon what was going on in the world. He told me that one of his secretaries clipped most of the important newspapers and magazines and laid everything of interest before him.

The Kaiser always seemed to take a particular interest in American affairs, and, while he professed to despise our form of government, he watched very carefully the careers of our public men. It is not unlikely that he imagined, as I have pointed out elsewhere in these pages, that he could influence our elections by swinging the German-American vote in favour of the candidate he preferred. He made a study of our public men in order that he might know which of them would be most desirable in office from the German point of view.

When Mr. Wilson was nominated for the Presidency of the United States the Kaiser was quite positive that he would not be elected. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, for whom at that time the Kaiser had the greatest admiration, was one of Wilson's rivals blinded him to the strength which elected Wilson, but the fact that the latter had had little experience in internationai politics unfitted him, in the Kaiser's estimation, for the important office for which he was running.

I saw the Kaiser shortly after Wilson's election.

" I am very much surprised at the result of your election," he declared. " I didn't think your people would be so foolish as to elect a college professor as President. What does a professor know about international politics and diplomatic affairs ? "

I have not the slightest doubt that the Kaiser pictured our President as a counterpart of the typical German professor—a plodding, impractical, unambitious bookworm with no hope or desire of ever earning more than a thousand dollars a year and no yearning for public acclaim; a recluse, absent-minded and self-centred, who spent the midnight oil poring over musty volumes and paying little or no attention to what was going on all around him. Such a man, the Kaiser undoubtedly believed, the United States had elected as its Chief Executive, and his surprise was more or less natural in those circumstances.

When Wilson sent five thousand men to Vera Cruz the Kaiser felt that he had exceeded his rights.

" What right has Wilson to mix in the internal affairs of Mexico ? " he asked. " Why doesn't he allow them to fight it out among themselves ? It is their affair, not his ! " Germany had many financial interests in Mexico and looked with disfavour upon any move we made in that direction.

When, however, the war in Europe started the Kaiser made every effort to have America mix in international affairs, provided we mixed on her side.

When I saw him just after the war started he said we ought to seize the opportunity to annex Canada and Mexico.

"Can't your President see the wonderful opportunity now for combining with us and crushing England?" he asked. "With our fleet on one side and America's on the other, we could destroy England's sea-power. This is America's great opportunity to dominate the Western Hemisphere, and your President *must* see his chance to take Canada and Mexico!"

As the war progressed and reports reached the Kaiser of our increasing shipments of munitions to the Allies, the Kaiser's impatience with President Wilson became more difficult to repress, and there was hardly an interview I had with him in which he did not give vent to his feelings in that connection.

"My officers are becoming so incensed at America's attitude," he told me, "it will be impossible for me to restrain them much longer."

When Japan declared war against Germany he demanded: "What is your President thinking of, to allow a yellow race to attack a white race? All that America had to do was to raise a finger and Japan would have known enough to keep her place." He added, disgustedly, "But what can you expect of a professor and a demagogue?"

On another occasion he accused Mr. Wilson of discriminating against Germany, and remarked, "Wilson's in the hands of the Wall Street group!"

Perhaps the most bitter denunciation I ever

heard him make of Wilson was shortly after we entered the war. I had been summoned to the Great Army Headquarters to see him, and when he entered the room he appeared to be in a towering rage. Indeed, his condition was so apparent that the Kaiserin, who was also present, sought to excuse him with the explanation that he had been very much upset and had been sleeping very poorly, and she asked me to treat him gently and tried to soothe him at the same time; but he told her to leave the room and resented her showing me that she petted him.

We said little while I was at work, but when I was through and was preparing to leave, the Kaiser stepped toward me and exclaimed:

"Davis, Wilson is a real scoundrel!"

My face flushed, I suppose, at this insult to our President, and my resentment was so apparent that the Kaiser immediately patted me on my right shoulder and apologised.

"I beg your pardon, Davis," he declared, in a quieter voice. "I know you're an American and I beg your pardon for hurting your feelings, but if you only knew, you would realise what a scoundrel your President is. When it comes to throat-cutting, Wilson should have his cut first!"

Just what brought about the allusion to throat-cutting I have not the slightest idea. It is possible that his conscience was beginning to hurt him a bit and he felt that if the truth were exposed throat-cutting would be his fate; but, in his anger at the thought that Mr. Wil-

son's attitude was calculated to upset his deep-laid plans, he would have liked to see the American President suffer the fate first.

The Kaiser's rage was so significant of the distress our intervention caused him, despite all his brave words to the contrary, that I must confess I was glad to hear him rave and perhaps failed to show my resentment as emphatically as I might otherwise have done. I could see he was in a terrible fit of temper and his abuse of Mr. Wilson amused instead of wounding me. It made me proud to know that the power of my country and the principles for which it was fighting were causing great concern to the German leaders, while the German papers, to allay public anxiety, were belittling our strength.

Whenever the sun shone for the Kaiser, he grew so optimistic that he failed to pay the slightest attention to the clouds gathering on the horizon. After the Italian collapse, for instance, he was so enthusiastic about his military success in that arena that he failed to realise that America was slowly but surely forging the thunderbolt that was to strike him down.

"Now how foolish it was for your President to bring your country into this war!" he said. "*Americans will now see, when it is too late, what fools they made of themselves when they elected a professor for President.*

"NOW AMERICA MUST PAY THE BILLS!"

In this remark and others of the same import the Kaiser's expectation of being able to exact

an enormous indemnity as part of his peace terms was clearly indicated, and he felt that America, having profited the most and suffered the least of any of the belligerent Powers, would be in the best position to replenish his depleted coffers.

The last time I saw the Kaiser at which he mentioned the President was in the autumn of 1917, shortly after Wilson had replied to the Pope's peace proposal.

"Wilson is an idealist and an idealist can accomplish nothing!" was his oracular comment. "He went into the war that he might have a seat at the peace-table, but *he will never get it—I shall prevent it!*"

Of Wilson's Peace Notes, which were issued before America went into the war, the Kaiser remarked: "I think I am right, the others think they're right. America has all the money. If Wilson really wants peace, let him pay the bills and take care of the indemnities, and the war will be over! It is very simple."

There was no man of modern times whom the Kaiser seemed to admire so much, before the war, as ex-President Roosevelt. The Kaiser was convinced that Roosevelt had prevented war with Japan by sending the American fleet around the world and showing that it was fit. This "brilliant stroke of statesmanship," as the Kaiser termed it, he referred to on several occasions. It was a forceful demonstration that was very much after his own heart.

"What I admire about Mr. Roosevelt most," he said, "is the fact that he has the greatest

moral courage of any man I ever knew!" The fact that Mr. Roosevelt had given Germany's fleet twenty-four hours' notice to steam from Venezuelan waters did not serve to lessen the Kaiser's admiration for him. Many times I heard him shower praise on Roosevelt and I have not the slightest doubt that he was quite sincere.

After the beginning of the war, however, when Roosevelt showed very plainly that, no matter what nice things the Kaiser might have thought and said of him, he certainly did not reciprocate the feeling, the Kaiser was very much disappointed.

"I'm terribly disappointed in Mr. Roosevelt," said he. And he continued:

"After the way my wife and I entertained him when he was here as our guest, for him to take the stand he has is very ungentlemanly. I gave a great review for him—the greatest I could bestow upon him and a thing which had never before been done for a private citizen. He was not President then, you know. I used to admire him very much, but now I think the man has gone crazy; has lost his mind. I never thought he would turn against us like that!" He did not seem to realise that a patriotic American owed allegiance to his own country.

The Kaiser seldom had anything kind to say about our millionaires, although he frankly confessed he was not averse to accepting American dollars.

"The way Morgan and your other American

millionaires amass their fortunes is very bad. It is dangerous because it breeds Socialism," he complained on more than one occasion—as though Socialism had not thrived and fattened on the special privileges and prerogatives of the German Crown ! Strange that the Kaiser could see the mote in another's eye, but not the beam in his own ! One of the bitterest grievances the Socialists had nurtured for years against the Hohenzollern *régime* was the inequality of taxation. They were constantly clamouring for a repeal of the laws which exempt royalty and the nobility from the payment of taxes. Their demands cannot long remain unheeded. " The reform of the vote and equal taxation " is the rallying-cry wherever Socialists assemble in Germany ; it may yet be transformed into a *battle-cry* which will crush Junkerism for ever !

As I have previously mentioned, the Kaiser ridiculed the standing of American millionaires as art-collectors and antiquarians, pointing out that while they had the money to acquire the treasures of the art world, they lacked the education and culture to appreciate them.

" There is Mr. Morgan with an original letter of Martin Luther, for which he paid some seventy-five thousand dollars, I understand," he declared. " What right has Morgan, an American, to retain that letter—a man who hasn't the education to appreciate its value even if his dollars have enabled him to acquire it ? That letter belongs to the Martin Luther Museum in Wittenberg and I am going to ask him for it."

Very shortly after I noted that Morgan had been invited to Kiel at the Kaiser's yacht-races, and that he had donated the Martin Luther letter to the Kaiser.

The Kaiser's indignation at the thought that this Martin Luther letter belonged nowhere but in Germany is in striking contrast to the satisfaction he always derived from the sight of the wonderful old astronomical instruments which during the Boxer uprising were stolen by the Germans from the wall of Peking and which he had had installed in the "Orangerie" at Potsdam, just back of the Palace of Sans Souci.

The Kaiser did not condemn the accumulation of millions in large business enterprises. In fact, he rather admired the efficiency and success of our leading manufacturers and merchants.

In 1916 I asked him whether he had heard that Mr. Ford was on his way over from America in a chartered ship with a delegation.

"Who, Peace Ford?" he inquired.

I told the Kaiser what I had read of the Ford expedition.

"How can your country allow a man like that to do this thing—a man who has played no part in the politics of his own country and is entirely ignorant of international affairs; a man who, I understand, was formerly in the bicycle business and knows very little outside of business matters?

"I haven't the slightest doubt Mr. Ford is a great business man," the Kaiser went on, "and I'm sure he means all right; but what a mis-

take it is to allow a man so ignorant of world affairs to do a ridiculous thing like this ! "

I told the Kaiser that it had been suggested in some of the American papers that if Ford really wanted to end the war, all he had to do was to pay Germany one hundred million dollars and buy Belgium back.

" A hundred million dollars ! " cried the Kaiser ; then, after a moment's reflection, as though he had been turning over some figures in his mind, " No, Davis, it will cost much more than that to get Belgium back ! "

It occurred to me that if the Kaiser really meant what he said on that occasion, all the German talk about " peace without annexations " was obviously insincere, and that the only hope of Belgium's redemption lay in the military defeat of Prussia. Subsequent developments have amply confirmed that view.

In the winter of 1916 we were talking of the sentiment in America and the conversation turned to the subject of von Bernstorff, the Kaiser's Ambassador at Washington.

" Von Bernstorff has been doing very good work in your country," the Kaiser commented.

" Well, your Majesty," I replied, " it is said in America that if he had not been such a clever diplomat he would long ago have been compelled to leave."

" From all I hear," the Kaiser said, " he hasn't had a very easy time of it. The American Press as a whole has been conspicuously anti-German, although I understand that one of the

papers has been friendly to us. Mr. Hearst, for instance, has helped our cause very much in your country. He has been telling the truth about affairs, which is more than most of the other papers have been doing!"

Just before the King of Greece abdicated, the Kaiser referred again to the attitude of the American Press.

"The way the American newspapers and the Press of the Allied countries generally are presenting the Grecian situation to the world is absolutely false and a disgrace!" he declared, bitterly. "They are entirely misrepresenting the facts. Mr. Hearst is the only one, as far as I can find, who has revealed the real conditions and told the truth about them! My! I wonder what the people have to say, now that Mr. Hearst has finally exposed the whole thing."

It was only a week or two afterwards that the King abdicated and revealed unmistakably which papers had correctly interpreted the trend of Grecian politics.

The Kaiser spoke to me many times about the writings of William Bayard Hale.

"Have you been following Hale's articles?" he inquired. "What he is writing about the war is excellent and is really the best material published. He voices my sentiments exactly and it would be well for every American to follow this writer's work."

I had to confess that there was one American at least who was not only not following Hale's writings, but had never even heard of the writer,

and the Kaiser seemed to be somewhat displeased.

He referred to Hale several times subsequently, and in the meanwhile I had ascertained that the man in question was the representative in Berlin of the Hearst newspapers, and I afterwards learned that he had published a book called *American Rights and British Pretensions at Sea*, which explained at once to me why the Kaiser was so enthusiastic about him.

In the course of one of our many conversations on the subject of American munitions the Kaiser paid his respects to Mr. Charles M. Schwab.

"What can one expect from Schwab, who is using the Bethlehem steel-plant to work against us?" he asked. "He is of Austrian Jew extraction and would work against anyone for the sake of the money that's in it!"

What he is saying to-day against the man who has worked such miracles as the director-general of our Shipping Board can well be imagined!

He was always particularly bitter against Lloyd George.

"Lloyd George is ruining England," he declared. "He is virtually a Socialist and is the agent and spokesman of Lord Northcliffe, who is the real ruler of England to-day. How can the King of England sit there and allow this sort of thing to go on without asserting himself? Lloyd George makes a new speech every week. One would think he would run

out of words. He thinks he's a second Cromwell ! "

When Kerensky was very much the hero of the hour in Russia and it looked as though the collapse of the Russian autocracy was not going to help matters very much for Germany, the Kaiser expressed his opinion of that individual rather emphatically.

" Kerensky won't last long," he said. " He's just making a fool of himself. He thinks he's a second Napoleon !"

" I'm following affairs in America very closely," he told me on another occasion, before we entered the war. " Not all of your Senators are against us. Senator Stone, for instance, is taking a very strong neutral stand, I understand, and it is a pity there are not more like him."

Just before I left for my trip to America in 1916 the Kaiser visited my office and I told him I was leaving.

" Well, Davis," he said, " be careful not to run against any mines or be torpedoed. You'll probably be pulled into England on your way over. We understand all boats are taken there for examination." Then with fire in his eye he added, " If you should see my cousin the King, in England, kick him on the shins for me ! "

CHAPTER XIII

THE KAISERIN

Although I had frequently seen the Kaiserin in the company of the Kaiser, I did not actually meet her until she became my patient in 1912, from which time on she visited me more or less regularly.

Because of the influence the Empress may possibly exert on the Kaiser's views, it may not be out of place to record here some of the impressions I was able to form of her in the course of my professional relations with her, although I do not believe her opinions carried very much weight with the Kaiser. I always felt that she was bitterly opposed to the war, and if that were indeed the case, she must have masked her feelings very effectually to preserve harmony in the royal household.

Without going deeply into her history, it may be sufficient to recall that when the Kaiser married her, in 1881, she was the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenberg. She is a year older than her husband. She commanded no particular wealth and was not so prepossessing then, perhaps, as she became when, some years later, her hair turned white and softened her rather

large features and too highly coloured complexion.

It was said that the marriage was arranged not only to conciliate the province of Schleswig-Holstein, which had been filched from Denmark in 1864 and was hardly more satisfied with the enforced subjection than Alsace-Lorraine in their separation from France, but, more particularly, to improve the Hohenzollern strain. It was a marriage of State and eugenics combined. The Kaiser's father had died of cancer of the throat and it was considered of primary State importance that the royal blood should not be impoverished by any physically ill-advised alliance of the future Emperor.

My first introduction to the Kaiserin occurred one Sunday afternoon at the Berlin palace, where I had been instructed to be at three o'clock. There being three entrances, I was told to go to the main one at the front of the palace. When I arrived there I saw the Kaiser's three automobiles lined up in the court within the palace walls. I naturally thought that I had been sent for by the Kaiser, as he was the only member of the royal family whom I had treated up to that time.

I was conducted up the stairway. On the first landing stood the Kaiser, waiting for me. He was in full uniform and wore all his usual decorations, including the "*Pour la Mérite*" and the "Iron Cross of the First Class," which latter was not seen then so commonly as it is now. I thought he never made so imposing an appearance as he did on that occasion, his

iron-grey, wavy hair and well-groomed person appearing to the very best advantage in the sunlight which streamed through a landing window.

"Well, Davis," he began, "I hope I haven't spoiled your Sunday afternoon. But, indeed, it was not for myself that I sent for you, but for my wife. She is suffering greatly. I'm in a great hurry. My autos are waiting for me below, but I wanted to remain until you arrived so as to give you a little history of the case."

He then described to me the Kaiserin's ailment and explained that he had insisted upon my coming for a consultation with the Kaiserin's physician.

"My wife has been suffering for several days. We are going to have a State ball on Tuesday and I want you to get her in order so that she can attend it, as it is one of the most important social functions of the season. Follow me, and I will take you to my wife and introduce you."

We entered a very large sitting-room. It was finished in cream colour and was furnished —rather over-furnished, I thought—with a profusion of heavy furniture. There were many French mirrors around the room, but by far its most conspicuous feature was the display of pictures and photographs. In every conceivable place I noticed portraits of the various members of the royal family—the Kaiser, the children, and the grandchildren, to say nothing of their cousins and uncles and aunts, being shown in a score of different poses and at all

ages. Even the scrap-basket had pictures of the royal family worked into it, and more pictures peered up at me from under the glass top which covered a table.

The Empress, in a *negligée* of her favourite royal purple, entered and shook hands with me cordially. She looked very haggard and it was plain that she had been suffering considerable pain and loss of sleep. She had a handsome figure and was stately in her carriage; but her crowning glory was a profusion of white hair. She was then fifty-six years old, but her hair had turned white many years before.

It was commonly said, indeed, that the change had been brought about rather suddenly as a result of certain drugs she had taken in an effort to avert a tendency to avoirdupois which had developed.

Now I know the Kaiser loathed fat women. More than once he has said to me as he bade me farewell, "Well, Davis, you have kept me here talking so long you have almost spoiled my morning walk, but I'll take a walk through the Tiergarten just the same," and then he would add, disgustedly, "where I presume I shall have to greet all the fat Jewesses in the park!"

But to return to the Kaiserin. The Kaiserin's physician joined us and there were several maids—very superior young women—in attendance upon their royal mistress.

After I had examined the Empress and had given my advice, the physician explained to me in a low voice that it was necessary to be

cautious and not do much, as he was solicitous about her physical condition.

"Anything you do for her Majesty would require giving an anæsthetic. She is not in condition to stand pain without it. The only anæsthetic her Majesty will take is chloroform. I've administered it to her eleven times and I know just what it means. I am afraid of her heart at this time. Indeed, just as soon as I can get her into condition I want her to go to Nauheim for the cure."

His alarming words caused quite a flurry among the maids; they crowded around the Empress and begged her to have nothing done that day, but to endure her suffering a little longer in the hope that relief would come without the necessity of an operation at that time. Their pleadings prevailed upon the patient to postpone the treatment.

This made the Kaiser very angry and he walked up and down the room impatiently.

"Here," he snapped, "I've got Dr. Davis to come in on a Sunday afternoon and you want to be in shape for the ball on Tuesday, and now you won't have anything done! That's the way with the women!"

Then he turned to me and said, "Well, Davis, I'm sorry to have spoiled your day," and he dashed out of the room, apparently very much provoked. I felt I had almost witnessed a royal family quarrel. I reflected with some amusement that whatever ambitions this world-famed monarch might entertain of one day dominating the whole world, he had not yet

acquired undisputed dominion in his own household!

I did not see the Kaiserin again for nearly a year, when she came to my office with a lady-in-waiting.

She arrived in her own car. Its approach was heralded by the imperial bugler's "*Tadi-tada*," without the concluding "*ta-ta*," which latter superlative flourish was reserved exclusively for his Majesty and which not even the Kaiserin was allowed to use. The Kaiser's "*Tadi-tada-ta-ta*" was the subject of much sarcasm among the proletariat, who satirically put it to the words "*Cellerie salat-ta-ta*"—an allusion to the luxuries of the royal table which contrasted most unfavourably with the simple meals to which the poor were accustomed; while the Socialists showed their sentiments very plainly by improvising the words "*Von unsern Geld-ta-ta*," meaning "From our money-ta-ta," and referring to the royal immunity from taxation, which is one of their bitterest pills.

It was not long after I had known the Kaiserin before she made clear to me that she possessed a most dictatorial manner, quite in contrast with that which the Kaiser displayed—at least when he was in my office.

She objected strenuously to removing her hat—and she usually wore a large one with a veil—but finally yielded when I explained that I could not accomplish my work satisfactorily unless she did so. When I undertook to place

cotton rolls in her mouth she protested vigorously, and insisted that, since she did not like the sensation of the cotton against her lips or tongue, I must encase the cotton in rubber.

I told her politely but firmly that my work would be done in my own way, and she finally acquiesced, adding:

"Well, if you make such a point of it, Doctor, I suppose I shall have to let you have your way."

Evidently this incident was repeated in the royal family, for, some few weeks later, when the Kaiserin's youngest son, Prince Joachim, called to see me professionally, he alluded to it with great amusement, remarking, "I hear you don't think very much of the cotton rolls with rubber around them which the Empress invented and which we have named the 'imperial cotton roll.'"

There were a number of other incidents from time to time which revealed to me that whatever I said or did while treating the various members of the royal family was talked of among them, very often the most trivial remarks made to one member of the family being referred to later by another.

From that time on the Kaiserin came to me more or less regularly. Her lackey usually followed her into the house, carrying an artistic lunch-box or bag containing sandwiches and bouillon, of which the Empress partook in my office. The Princess Victoria Louise, the Kaiser's only daughter, I may mention, usually came similarly provided. No German ever

lets anything interfere with his second breakfast.

The Empress never spoke to me about political subjects. She is not particularly brilliant and evidenced some reluctance to air her views on international affairs, as though in that field she were not quite sure of herself. Certainly when with me she was not nearly so talkative as the Kaiser. When she did unburden herself it was usually in connection with domestic subjects. It has long been said in Germany that the Kaiserin's only interest in life was represented by the "three K's—*Kinder*, *Kirche*, and *Küche*" ("Children, Church, and Kitchen"). Anyway, she seldom spoke on other subjects when talking with me.

The Kaiserin came to me after the war with America started, but apparently she had felt some hesitation about doing so, because the Kaiser told me, shortly before her visit, that she intended coming, but pointed out that she had decided to do so only upon his recommendation.

In June, 1917, I received a letter from the Kaiserin's physician, enclosing one which, he said, had been written by the Kaiserin, but it was both unsigned and unaddressed. It requested me to visit the royal palace at Homburg v. d. Höhe, which, in conjunction with the adjoining town of Kreuznach, was then the location of the Great Army Headquarters.

I got in touch by long-distance telephone with one of the Kaiserin's ladies-in-waiting at Homburg and I told her I could leave the

following Friday for that town. Later a telegram came directing me to postpone my trip until the following week.

I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where it was necessary for me to alight about midnight to catch an early train for Homburg. At the hotel where I sought to engage a room for the night the clerk asked me for my pass, and, when he saw that I was an American, refused to assign me a room until I had registered at the local police station, some six streets away. The streets were darkened as a precaution against air-raids, and I found the police station with considerable difficulty. When I finally came to it it was closed.

Back I went to the hotel and explained the situation, offering to show the clerk the letter and telegram I had received from the Kaiserin, but he refused to look at the papers and suggested that I go back to the police station, ring the bell to arouse someone, and register in compliance with the regulations. There was nothing to do but comply; it was nearly two o'clock in the morning before I finally got to bed, and I had to rise early to catch my train.

The consequence was that when I arrived at Homburg I was not only tired, but rather displeased. A big Mercédès car which was waiting for me at the station took me to the palace, where I was given two rooms on the ground floor—a bedroom and a sitting-room. They were simply furnished, but commanded a splendid view of the grounds. Second breakfast was waiting for me; it consisted of white

bread and cold meats and cold Moselle wine. I may remark here that all the food I had during the three days I remained at the palace was of pre-war quality. There was no evidence that the royal household was suffering in the slightest degrec from the food shortage which was causing the peoplc at large so much distress.

After breakfast I was conducted upstairs to a magnificent Oriental room the doors and walls of which were richly inlaid with old woods and which contained a number of Oriental relics and works of art. A subdued light added to the effect.

The Empress came in and greeted me very cordially, inquiring whether I had experienced any diffieulty in getting to Homburg. When I told her what my experience had been she expressed surprise, stating that she had given orders to General von Kessel, the commander of the province of Brandenburg, to see that everything was arranged so that I would suffer no inconvenience on the way. No doubt the reason I had been overlooked by that old General—he was seventy-six—was the fact that he was very much absorbed just then in the subject of his coming nuptials with a young woman of thirty-six.

I arranged a large upholstered chair near a window overlooking the beautiful park at the rear of the castle, but the Kaiserin would not be seated until her maid, Martha, had left thc room ; she seemed very determined that none of her servants should be aware of the nature of the work I was to do for her.

When it appeared that I should need a table in connection with my work, the Empress summoned Martha loudly. When the maid appeared she directed her imperiously to " go to Majesty's room and bring the small mahogany table which is there." I noticed that the Empress always referred to the Kaiser as " Majesty " when addressing the servants, instead of saying " *his* Majesty," as is more customary; but perhaps the Supreme War Lord was entitled to no less deference in his own household.

During the time I was there I could not help observing how extremely timorous the servants seemed to be of the Kaiserin. One expected to find the utmost servility among the Kaiser's underlings, but I must confess it came rather as a shock to me to see the maids walking so timidly and speaking so fearfully when in the presence of their white-haired royal mistress. I noted particularly how very softly they knocked upon the door before entering, and how, after knocking, they immediately placed their heads against the panel, that they might catch the Kaiserin's first low command to enter and so make it unnecessary for her to repeat it. This demeanour on their part was only the more noticeable because the Kaiserin never in my presence displayed the slightest impatience or ill-temper when dealing with her servants. Indeed, she seemed to me to act no differently from the humblest *Hausfrau* in the country.

In the course of my work on the Empress I frequently had to stop while she perused a

telegram or message that was brought in to her. While, of course, I made no effort to pry into the communications she was reading, she usually held them in such a manner that it would have been difficult for me to do so even had I so desired ; but I could not help noticing part of the contents of one of the telegrams. It was from von Gontard, the adjutant, and began, " The English are attacking on our left," from which I inferred that the Empress was being kept informed of all developments in the military situation.

The Kaiserin spent a good deal of time in the military hospitals and sometimes spoke of the horrors of war, but never discussed with me any of the political phases of the conflict. She asked many questions about churches and home life in America, and told me of the pleasure with which she looked forward to the coming baptism of her daughter's two-months-old baby at Braunschweig, where she was going for the occasion.

Before I left Homburg she asked me whether I was comfortably situated and if everything was all right for me. I told her that everything was quite satisfactory, and mentioned particularly how nice it was to have food exactly as we had had it before the war.

" Yes," she replied, " we have everything. I am very careful what I eat. I watch my health very closely ! "

I remarked, too, how wonderful it must be to have sixty palaces like the Homburg establish-

ment, the beauties of which had deeply impressed me, adding, "His Majesty, I understand, has sixty of them, has he not?"

"Not quite sixty," she corrected, "between fifty and sixty."

Between fifty and sixty palaces! I could not help thinking of the Kaiser's assertion to me that the manner in which American millionaires have made their fortunes "breeds Socialism!"

When the time came for me to return to Berlin the Kaiserin bade me adieu, but uttered not a word of thanks for my having given up my practice for three days to work exclusively for her.

All the time I was at Homburg the Kaiser was at the adjoining town of Kreuznach; so on this occasion I had no opportunity to observe the two together. It did occur to me, however, that the Empress looked better and happier than I had ever seen her before the war, and I attributed the improvement in her general condition to the fact that the Kaiser now seemed to depend upon her more than he ever had before.

No doubt the Kaiser has always shown respect for his royal partner. He had a statue of her erected in the Tiergarten; some of the beautiful trees were cut down to make room for the rose-garden in the centre of which the effigy was placed. The Kaiserin in that statue is portrayed in the prevailing style of the time when it was made, and, as fashions have changed, her attire has become more and more

out of date and appears to the public increasingly ludicrous.

I never have believed, however, that there was any particular affection between the two, and the Empress always has impressed me as deriving her greatest happiness in looking after her homes, her children, and her grandchildren. The newspapers constantly referred to the activities of the Empress in visiting hospitals, children's homes, homes for the blind, etc., to which she frequently made donations, and I have often thought that if the war had depended upon her sanction it would never have taken place.

The people respect their Empress and admire her for her charitable acts, but they have not the reverence for her that they have for the Kaiser. She has the reputation of being very unbending and her manner frequently evoked the remark, " She need not be so haughty ; she occupied no great position until the Kaiser married her."

The last time I saw her was at the Bellevue Palace in Berlin, where I was summoned but a few days before I left that city in January of this year. They used the Bellevue Palace when in the city after the war started, because it required fewer servants. There was an atmosphere of sadness about her that day which impressed me most forcibly, and I wondered whether her feminine intuition had not perhaps given her an insight into the future which had been denied the Kaiser.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CROWN PRINCE—AND OTHERS

I FIRST saw the Crown Prince professionally in the spring of 1905, a few months before his marriage. He was then twenty-three years old. He was in the uniform of a German army officer, but looked more like a corps student—except for the fact that his face was not disfigured with the scar from duelling that marks members of the German student fraternities. He had a habit of placing his hands on his hips and his coats were always flared in at the waist. This, with the "sporty" angle at which he wore his cap, gave him a swagger which was quite foreign to the rest of the officers of the army. He was of slender figure, which was accentuated by his height. He was nearly six feet tall.

He came into my office, I remember, with a copy of *Life* in his pocket. He took it out and opened it and showed me a cartoon of himself which apparently caused him considerable amusement. He said he intended to show it to his family.

There were two beautiful rings on his left hand and he wore a wrist-watch, although at that time wrist-watches were used almost

exclusively by women. He seemed to be bright and quick, but by no means brilliant.

Perhaps the quality which impressed me most on that first visit was his excessive nervousness. He trembled all over. It was plainly to be seen that he was dreadfully afraid of pain. He evidently realised that I had noticed his condition.

"I suppose the Crown Prince and the future ruler of Germany ought to be brave at all times," he remarked, "but I just hate to have to go to a dentist!"

He was to be married on June 6th to the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and he talked of little but that coming event.

He asked me if I had seen any members of the Court lately, and I told him that the Kaiser's Court Chamberlain, Count von Eulenburg, had been to see me only the previous day.

"I'm not surprised he has to go to the dentist; he eats too much!" the Crown Prince declared. "He can't expect to have good teeth. He's always eating. As for myself, I eat very little. I want to remain thin. I hate fat people."

I remarked that the Count, on the contrary, happened to have the most wonderfully preserved teeth I had ever seen in a man seventy years of age. Indeed, the Count was in splendid physical condition and always looked at least ten years younger than he really was.

The Crown Prince and I did not get along very well together at that time. Apart from the fact that he was such a physical coward that

it was almost impossible to work on him satisfactorily, he seemed to have no idea of the meaning of an appointment. He would agree to be at my office at nine-thirty, and I would plan my day accordingly. At about ten he was apt to call me up to say he would be on hand at eleven, and he would actually arrive about twelve! This happened several times and I told him that I could not have my work broken up in that way.

After seven or eight visits at that particular period, I did not see him professionally for some ten years.

Shortly after his last visit to me, in 1905, Princess von Pless told me that she had just met him and had told him that she was on her way to my office. "Well," she quoted him as exclaiming, "I hope I'll never have to go to a dentist again as long as I live. I hate dentists!"

So far as I was concerned, I was not at all sorry that he felt that way about my profession, because his visits were more of a liability than an asset; but I did rather regret that I was apparently to have no further opportunity of studying more intimately the possible future ruler of Germany.

In the years that followed I saw the Crown Prince many times driving through the streets and at public functions, but I did not come in close contact with him. I remember seeing him once in his car as he was about to enter Brandenburger Tor on his way up Unter den Linden. The familiar sound of his father's motor behind him caused him to draw up to

one side and stand at the salute until the Kaiser had passed on ahead. It was just an illustration of the force of military discipline which was bred in the bone of the Crown Prince. He simply did not dare to drive up Unter den Linden first, knowing that the Kaiser was following him.

While the Crown Prince seemed to respect military requirements, he paid little attention to the civil regulations. He was the despair of the traffic policemen and the taxi-drivers and private chauffeurs, as were also the Kaiser's other sons. They all insisted upon driving around safety zones to the left instead of the right, and usually came within an ace of colliding with other cars. The Crown Prince was a reckless driver at best. On one occasion he was going so fast through a city street that his car climbed the pavement and he crashed into a lamp-post. His car was smashed, but he escaped serious injury.

I saw him on several occasions stop his motor or pull up his horse for the purpose of giving a coin to a child or seedy-looking passer-by on the street, a form of ostentatious charity which appealed very strongly to him. Among other qualities which he has inherited from his father is an inordinate love for posing in public. He never allows an opportunity to pass to make a favourable impression with the people. One reads almost daily of his various activities and exploits. Either the representatives of the German Press were omnipresent or the imperial Press-agent must have been usually efficient.

On one occasion in his earlier days the Crown Prince rode his horse up the hundreds of steps of the palace at Sans Souci—not a particularly difficult feat, but the newspapers and magazines made all they could out of it.

Although I did not see the Crown Prince again professionally until 1915, the Crown Princess came to me in 1913, and from that time on paid me more or less regular visits. She is a woman of great charm and intelligence, and although she is more Russian than German in her ideas and for some time after her marriage was rather generally criticised on that account, she soon became extremely popular, and to-day is very much admired by the German people.

In her youth, much of her time was spent on the French Riviera, and she found French associations and customs more to her liking than German. When preparing for her nuptials she spent more time in Paris than in Berlin, most of her shopping being done in the French capital. The complaint was freely made in Germany that a French trousseau was hardly appropriate for the wife-to-be of a German Crown Prince.

These adverse criticisms were soon lived down, however, and the Crown Princess became a great favourite in German Court circles, to which she brought a youthful animation and *esprit* which had been notably absent before her advent.

She was one of the most democratic and informal of my royal patients. I remember one

day, when I was working on Princess Hatzfeld, we heard a loud "Hoo-hoo!" from the anteroom. The Crown Princess had heard that the Princess Hatzfeld, who was a great chum of hers, was in my office, and had followed her into my place unannounced.

On another occasion I had just finished my day's work and was writing a letter when a dog ran into the room. I walked out to ascertain who had let the animal in, and found that the Crown Princess and Princess Hatzfeld had walked into my office. Desiring to make an appointment for the following week and passing my place, they had stepped in for that purpose in the most informal way. The dog, which belonged to the Crown Princess, had found its way into my room to announce the arrival of his royal mistress.

The Princess Hatzfeld, I may mention, is an extremely intelligent and beautiful young woman; and because of her intimacy with the Crown Princess I took a keen interest in the views she expressed from time to time. Her mother was an American.

When she called to see me, on one occasion after the war started, I repeated to her the gist of a conversation I had had a few days before with her father, Excellenz von Stumm. He told me that he had been trying to convince all Germans of influence that it would be a serious mistake to annex Belgium.

"From morning to night I have been trying to teach our people some sense," he said to me. "With the history of Poland and Alsace-

Lorraine in mind, why should we take more responsibilities on our shoulders by retaining Belgium ? The Lord only knows we have our hands full as it is. I don't see and I never have seen how Germany can possibly win this war ! "

" Your father seemed to be very pessimistic regarding the outlook," I told the Princess.

" The sad thing about it is," she replied, " that father is always right ! I never knew him to make a mistake in judgment."

When the Crown Prince called to see me again I was surprised to find a considerable change in his general appearance. Although, of course, he was ten years older, he had aged more than I should have expected. There were lines on his face which made him look older than his thirty-three years.

In the outer world he was generally believed to be one of the leading spirits of the military party in Germany, but among his own people he was not credited with sufficient ability or influence to be much of a factor. Indeed, within the past year he had been criticised rather severely in army circles for his indifference to the crisis in which his country was involved and for not taking the war seriously enough. From all I was able to observe of him during the visits he paid me after the resumption of our relations, these criticisms were well founded. The newspapers, however, which were naturally inspired, always brought his name to the front whenever the army he was accredited to made any successful showing, just as they did in the case of the Kaiser.

I noted that the Crown Prince seemed to be vitally interested in his personal appearance and in other trivial things which one would have thought he might very well have ignored in those serious times. He was still as fond of jewellery, apparently, as ever. Two brand-new rings which he was wearing afforded him much satisfaction, and he showed me proudly a new wrist-watch attached to an elastic-linked bracelet. It was more on the order of the wrist-watches worn by ladies than of the military style which is favoured by army men. He talked, too, about a new two-seated roadster which he was driving.

But most of all he was elated over a new rain-coat that he was wearing. And it so happened that before he left my office that day Princess August Wilhelm, her sister, Princess Carolina of Schleswig-Holstein, and several ladies-in-waiting had assembled in my *salon* to wait for him. When I was through with the Crown Prince he put on this new rain-coat, and, walking into the *salon*, strutted up and down in front of the ladies.

"How do you like the cut of my new coat?" he asked of each, and was hugely pleased by their approval.

The war seemed to be about the last thing on his mind.

During his various visits to me I tried to draw the Crown Prince out a little on different aspects of the international situation, but the ideas of which this expectant ruler of the

German Empire delivered himself were not of much moment.

"The Allies think we will run short of man-power," he said, for example, "but we've got two million youths growing up and we'll soon be able to put them in the war. There's no danger of our running short of men. But, really, you know, I wish it were all over. This war is a lot of damned nonsense, you know!"

"We've got two million youths growing up" . . . ! As if the youth of Germany were born for the Hohenzollerns to use at their sweet pleasure!

Another remark he made which indicated how sadly he misconceived the epoch-making significance of the great war in which the whole world was involved was quite characteristic:

"With so many men at the front, the men at home ought to be having a fine time with the women, eh, what? Do you see many good-looking girls in Berlin now?"

Many of the more serious-minded officers told me they were disgusted with the manner in which the Crown Prince was acting at his headquarters.

"It is really a disgrace," said more than one, "for the Crown Prince to have so many questionable women visiting him. It certainly doesn't set much of an example for the rest of the staff."

The whole tragedy of the war appeared to strike his Royal Highness as very much in the light of a huge joke.

"I've just come from the Western front," he

told me once. " My men are up to their knees in water and mud. We've been having lots of fun pumping the water out of our trenches into the French trenches."

" Well, I suppose the French pump it right back again, don't they ? "

" Quite right, quite right ! That's exactly what they do. Really, it's a great lark ! "

Remarks of this kind rather sickened me of this young man. I realised, of course, that his part in the war was played at such a safe distance from the front lines that he was probably not familiar with all the horrors of trench warfare, and yet it could not be possible that he was unaware of the terrific loss of life and the untold physical agony and mental suffering which millions of his people had to endure while the " nonsensical " war continued.

A close study of the Crown Prince's face, with its weak mouth and notably receding chin, and the impression of triviality and insincerity flowing from his whole personality always made me shrink from the vision of this person on the throne of Germany. It seemed unthinkable. He is the kind of man who in America by hard work might reach the climax of his possibilities as head of a minor department in a dry-goods store !

He is estimated in Germany at about that value. That he has very little influence in the internal affairs of his country may be illustrated, perhaps, by an incident in which he attempted to do me a favour.

I had a new Mercer car which I had had sent over from America just before the war started. I had never been able to use it because the use of automobiles by civilians was prohibited as soon as hostilities began. Indeed, most of the cars were seized by the military authorities.

For some reason, however, my car did not appeal to them, although they promptly confiscated the tyres. I decided to sell it in one of the Scandinavian countries or send it back to America, but I had been unable to get permission to do so.

I asked the Crown Prince if he could arrange it for me.

"I'll arrange that for you all right!"

A few weeks later he wrote me that if I would take the matter up again with the authorities it would go through without a hitch, as he had notified them about it and had asked them to grant my request.

I promptly applied to the proper official, to whom I gave the Crown Prince's letter. They kept the letter and the car is still in Berlin.

In marked distinction to the indifference of the Crown Prince to the horrors of the present war was the attitude of the Crown Princess. She frequently expressed to me the sorrow she felt for all the wounded and the surviving families of the killed.

After the sinking of the *Lusitania* I told her that it looked to me as if that tragedy would bring the United States into the war.

"It isn't that serious, is it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied. "It will be difficult now, I imagine, to restrain Americans. I would not be at all surprised if war were declared without further negotiations."

She looked somewhat startled, I thought, but the next time she called, a couple of days later, she was all wreathed in smiles and said that my fears were quite ill-founded. There would be no declaration of war between America and Germany. And two or three days later came Germany's perishable promise to give up her ruthless submarine warfare. Evidently the Princess knew whereof she spoke, at least for the time being.

That her information was not always based on such sound foundation, however, was indicated later on when war seemed inevitable. Again she was most optimistic and I sought to elicit from her the grounds for her assurance.

"Well, there's one thing you seem to overlook, Doctor," she answered, very sagely. "There are no less than twenty million German-Americans, or Americans of German antecedents, in your country. Their influence will be sufficient, you may depend upon it, to avert war between the two countries. They will take care that America never declares war against Germany. I haven't any doubt about it at all."

Although, of course, she was quite wrong in this particular supposition, which, no doubt, she acquired from the Court gossip, she was a gifted and well-balanced woman and I could not help thinking—or hoping, anyway—that if the time ever did come when her husband actually

became ruler of Germany, her wisdom might perhaps make up in part for his shortcomings.

After diplomatic relations were broken off between America and Germany the Crown Prince and his family ceased coming to me. They were afraid, no doubt, of public criticism, although the Kaiser was not.

Of the Kaiser's other children, Prince William Eitel Frederick and Prince Oscar are the only ones I never have met.

Prince Adelbert, the Kaiser's third son, is a very handsome and charming man. He always came to me attired in a naval officer's uniform. I saw him but a few times, as he was seldom in Berlin, and he never talked on matters of general importance. I never saw him after America entered the war.

Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son, is perhaps the most democratic of them all. He sometimes came to see me in an ordinary taxi-cab and he is the only one of the Kaiser's sons whom I ever saw in civilian dress. He was the first member of the royal family to come to me after the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and he was in mourning when he called. He looked very sad and dejected and gave me the first intimation that the tragedy of Sarajevo would almost inevitably lead to a general war.

Prince August Wilhelm suffered a most serious accident after the war started. While driving an automobile the steering-gear broke and crashed into a tree. The chauffeur was

killed and the Prince fractured both legs in twelve places and sustained a fractured jaw besides.

After a number of operations and several months' treatment in the hospital he came to me on crutches. Despite his condition, he was able to extract a certain amount of amusement out of an account of the accident which he had read in a Paris newspaper, a copy of which he had with him. It described the accident as having occurred while the Prince was "frantically attempting to dodge an enemy aeroplane," and went on to say that the fractured jaw was the Prince's worst sorrow because he was such a pig and hated to miss his meals. The Prince thought this a great joke. He will always be slightly lame as a result of this accident.

On January 18th, in speaking of the part America would take in the war, August Wilhelm said army officers had told him that sixty thousand Americans were on the Western front.

"But we don't believe it," he said. "How could they get there without our knowing it? Our U-boats would have found it out and stopped it. It can't be true."

When he said "We don't believe it," he meant the Kaiser and the High Command. I presume they believe it now!

He is a pleasant enough fellow; but his wife, who is also his first cousin (being a niece of the Empress), is extremely sarcastic, although not particularly bright. She is a very beautiful

woman; in fact, the most beautiful of the Kaiser's daughters-in-law, albeit a little too stout.

She talked English to me invariably until the war. After that she spoke only German. She was constantly carping about the way America was acting toward Germany, and she made such outrageous statements that at last I could stand it no longer.

"From the way you talk, Princess, one would think that America actually started the war!"

She never spoke to me about America again.

She always seemed more or less interested in my child, and once, when she recognised the child in the Tiergarten, she stopped and caressed her—which made our nurse the envy of all her associates ever afterward.

I saw Prince August Wilhelm and his wife two days before I left Berlin. They were the last members of the royal family that I did see. I did not mention the fact that I was going away, because I was afraid right up to the moment that I landed on Danish soil that something might be done to prevent my leaving.

Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son and one of the last of the royal family to visit me, reminded me very much of his eldest brother, the Crown Prince. He is tall and slender and would have been very good-looking but for an extraordinarily receding chin. He had as little respect for public opinion as the Crown Prince, and while the U-boat *Deutschland*

was on its way to America—principally to bring back a cargo of rubber, the supply of which was exhausted in Germany—this sixth son of the Kaiser was driving around the country in a big car and using up enormous rubber tyres, although rubber was worth its weight in gold and many cars for the army were supplied with plain iron wheels.

Joachim, like the Crown Prince, is a reckless driver of his motor-cars. Once when he was leaving my office at the wheel of his big car, in order to display his prowess as a driver for the benefit of the great crowd which had gathered, he started off at great speed, nearly collided with another car, and then, to avoid striking a man on a bicycle, dashed across the sidewalk and between the trees into the Tiergarten.

This Prince Joachim is the only member of the royal family to get near enough to the firing line to get shot. The injury, which he received while at the Eastern front, was only a slight flesh wound of the thigh, but it was enough to start him limping through history. It was such a superficial wound that it could not have caused him one-half as much pain as it gave the whole royal family pleasure. For the fact that one of the Kaiser's own sons had actually been wounded and shed his royal blood in active service was something that the inspired Press will never stop crowing over. By just what accident the Prince happened to come within range of the bullet has never been disclosed. Nevertheless, he received the Iron Cross of the First Class, or, as some one who realised the

significance of the incident put it, "*a first-class cross for a second-class wound.*"

As Mr. Gerard has so cleverly pointed out, the safest risk any insurance company could write at this time would be a policy on the lives of the Kaiser's six sons—and he might have added that the Kaiser himself might be thrown in without adding much to the combined premium!

As he limped into my office the young Prince —he is now only twenty-eight—remarked, "See what one of your damned American bullets did to me!"

"How do you know it was an American bullet?" I asked.

"The Russians have nothing else!"

How the Russians ever got a chance to reach him if he were even half as afraid of their bullets as he was of dental work I cannot conceive. All the time he was in my office he kept nervously twisting a front lock of hair.

I tried to draw him out on political questions, but he showed no inclination to discuss them.

"I know nothing about politics. It would be better if a great many other people paid less attention to them."

He did not impress me as knowing much about anything.

I told him that the people were complaining of the food shortage.

"They have food enough," he answered. "Complaining is the best thing they do. Don't they complain in America? The fact is they have too much to eat, anyway. They don't know what they want."

The Kaiser's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, was the first of her family to come to me, excepting the Kaiser. Very peculiar rumours were current about her when she was a girl and they persisted right up to the time of her marriage. It was said variously that she had a cleft palate, that she was tongue-tied, that she was a deaf-mute, that she suffered from other physical deficiencies.

I was very much interested to find, therefore, that none of these rumours had the slightest foundation. She appeared a most charming young woman and always acted most graciously toward me. She reminded me of the Kaiser more than any other of his children.

Shortly after the war started I asked her how long she thought it would last.

"It can't be over too soon for me," she replied. "I have a husband and six brothers in it, you know, but I'm afraid it will last a long while."

On one of her last visits to me the Princess was accompanied by her husband, the Duke of Cumberland. He said he would like to speak to me privately. I ushered him into an adjoining room, and he asked me not to tell any member of the royal family that he had been to see me. I was rather surprised at his request, but of course agreed to comply with his wishes.

"You understand, don't you? Not to a single member of the royal family!" he repeated, as he kissed the Duchess good-bye and drove away.

The mystery of the incident was cleared up a

few days later when an opera-singer who had been a guest at Braunschweig, the seat of the Duke of Cumberland, told me that, while he was singing at the local opera-house there, there had been a great demonstration in front of the Duke's palace. The crowd demanded that the Duke return to the front at once.

"Our sons and fathers have to fight!" they shouted. "You've been here too long! Go back to the men at the front or bring them back home!"

Evidently the Kaiser had given his son-in-law explicit instructions to keep out of the public sight and the Duke did not want it known that he had disobeyed to the extent of calling with his wife to see me in Berlin!

CHAPTER XV

THE KAISER HIMSELF

So many people have asked me since my return to America just how the Kaiser looked, talked, and acted in everyday life, that I shall take advantage of this opportunity to describe him somewhat at length. I saw him last about two days before I left Berlin in January of this year—he passed my house accompanied by two adjutants, walking through the deep snow. He waved his hand at me as usual. I thought then that so far as the Kaiser's personal appearance went no one would ever imagine that anything had happened to disturb the normal social and economic conditions in Germany—much less the Kaiser's personal equanimity. If anything, he looked healthier, heavier, and more robust generally than he had ever appeared in peace-times, notwithstanding the fact that, with very few exceptions, the German people showed very plainly the effects of under-nourishment, strain and anxiety from which the nation at large has been suffering.

The Kaiser is about five feet ten inches tall, and weighs about 175 pounds. He has very bright blue eyes and an abundance of curly

iron-grey hair, which he parts on the side and brushes straight back and keeps smooth with an agreeably perfumed pomade. His complexion is always clear and more or less bronzed.

He has a slightly receding chin, but this characteristic is not nearly so pronounced as it is in his children. He has a strong, clear-speaking voice and laughs hilariously, revealing the wonderful set of teeth with which nature has equipped him. There is just a trace of a foreign accent in his English, but his diction is perfect. He invariably spoke English with me, even after I had become an alien enemy. It rather amused me that the Kaiser should continue to speak English even at the German Great Army Headquarters at Pless. I suppose he had become so accustomed to talking to me in my own tongue that it never occurred to him that there was anything out of the way in doing so on that occasion, although, as I have elsewhere pointed out, many of my other patients never spoke English to me after America had entered the war.

He was always most solicitous about his throat. He admonished me always to be careful what I put in his mouth, and he was constantly rinsing his mouth for fear of any foreign matter reaching his throat. The collar of his tunic was always looser and cut lower than that usually worn by officers. No doubt he constantly has in mind the fact that his father died of cancer of the throat, and has been determined to avert a like fate from himself if ordinary care can prevent it.

It was customary for him to wear cotton in his ears, but it was so neatly placed there that one would not readily detect its presence; but such a large percentage of Germans make a practice of guarding themselves against ear and throat affections in this way that there is perhaps no particular significance in this in the case of the Kaiser.

The upturned moustache which is so characteristic of the Kaiser's countenance is not nearly so pronounced as is commonly supposed. He has it trimmed much shorter than most of the pictures and cartoons one sees of him would indicate.

The idea that the Kaiser's style of moustache is generally adopted by the German aristocracy and in the army is quite erroneous. The fact is that only a few of the aristocracy but many of the humbler of the Germans are indelicate enough to ape the Emperor in this particular. To produce the desired effect, the barbers plaster the customer's moustache in the desired position for a short period, holding it in place with a special bandage of gauze and rubber. I recall going into a barber's shop in Berlin shortly after my arrival in that city and noticing two or three customers sitting around with their faces so bandaged up that I was tempted to get out of the place faster than I had entered, when I suddenly realised that their appearance was not due to any lack of tonsorial skill upon the part of the barber, but to the special treatment they were undergoing for the sake of looking like their beloved Kaiser!

The Kaiser's complexion was always more or less bronzed. He spent many hours a day out of doors and always rode with the top of his landaulet thrown back. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the Kaiser's physique is his deformed left arm. It is about three inches shorter than the right. The hand is invariably gloved, although on one or two occasions I have seen it bare. I noticed then that the fingers were properly formed but appeared to be practically paralysed. He is unable to raise his arm; for all practical purposes it seems to be useless, although he could hold the reins of his horse with it by using the right hand to close the fingers of the left over the reins.

Despite this infirmity, the Kaiser manages to get along remarkably well. He has a special knife and fork constructed in one piece, and whenever he dines, his servants always arrange, I believe, to have this special contrivance at his place.

Although he has to hold a gun with but one hand, the Kaiser is said to be an excellent marksman. For a time he played tennis, but after a while he realised, it is said, that his opponents invariably allowed him to beat them, and then he lost interest in the game.

The Kaiser is so adept with his right arm that one scarcely notices the uselessness of his other member. Undoubtedly because of the helplessness of his left arm he has developed the right to an extraordinary degree. Whenever possible he wore a cape; at other times he

carried his left hand in his pocket or on the hilt of his sword.

No doubt it was his own infirmity which made him so interested in the artificial arms which an American inventor exhibited and demonstrated to him at Great Army Headquarters, and about which he spoke to me most enthusiastically for half an hour, as I have related elsewhere.

While the Kaiser's uniform was usually that of an army officer, he sometimes came to my office in naval attire. He seldom wore the spiked helmet in which he is almost invariably portrayed, his usual head-gear being a flat-topped cap which he had a way of flipping carelessly on to a chair or table as he entered my office. His boots were invariably of patent leather and usually knee-high.

One of the things which most impressed me about the Kaiser was his dual expression. He had complete control of his features and could relax his muscles to a most unusual degree. In the street or in other public places he invariably appeared as the Supreme War Lord, and to carry out the part he assumed the fiercest, most determined, imperious expression that he could command. He would allow no picture to be printed or circulated which did not thus portray him.

No sooner did he enter my office or otherwise escape from public gaze, however, than this expression completely vanished, and a softer, milder aspect took its place—an aspect that would never have fulfilled the public expectation.

While he allows his facial expression to relax in private life, he never abandons the imperial gait and carriage which are such an important part of his general appearance. No stage king ever strode before the footlights in a more kingly manner than the Kaiser affects at all times. His every move and gesture give one the impression of rehearsal, but he has played his part so long and so devotedly that he is letter-perfect in it.

When speaking, the Kaiser uses his right hand freely in gesture, and when he becomes enthusiastic he strikes his left hand smartly with the right.

He is not much of a smoker. He smokes an occasional cigarette but does not seem particularly to enjoy it. When he does smoke he uses a long paper cigarette-holder in which a piece of cotton is always inserted to absorb the nicotine. He never smoked in my office.

He devotes little attention to cards, I understand, although he sometimes plays Skat for a small stake—not more than ten pfennig.

Of the Kaiser's domestic habits I had little opportunity to judge. Only on one or two occasions did I see him in the presence of the Kaiserin, and never in circumstances that gave me much insight into his family life. I know that he has a quick temper and will brook no opposition, so I imagine his household must sometimes have been the scene of violent outbursts on his part; but I was never on hand to witness them.

I remember one occasion, however, when he

lost his temper in my office. When he visited me, his adjutants usually waited in a room at the rear of my office. Sometimes they called elsewhere while I was treating the Kaiser and came back in time to escort him home. A moment or two before the Kaiser was ready to leave I used to press a button to notify them of that fact.

On this occasion the Kaiser remained longer than usual and the adjutants apparently became a little nervous. They waited as long as they could and then they sent in to inquire of my office assistant how long the Kaiser would be. She called me aside, and while she was whispering to me, the Kaiser turned round and inquired whether there was anything the matter.

"Oh, no, your Majesty," I replied, "the adjutants sent in to inquire how long your Majesty would be here."

The Emperor's eyes flashed angrily, and turning to my assistant, he thundered :

"Tell them it is none of their business ! They will remain here all night if it is necessary ! I'll come when I am ready ! "

On one occasion they fell asleep while waiting. When notified that the Kaiser was ready to depart they jumped up so quickly that they forgot to take a large envelope containing papers, which evidently were confidential and important, for the men had scarcely left the house before one of them came running back.

The Kaiser was never profane, but there was no mistaking his anger.

Apparently, his own sons are more or less afraid of him. I know that on one occasion Prince Joachim, the youngest son, happened to come to my office on a morning set aside for the Kaiser. When I informed him of that fact, he flew out of the place as if his presence there were a crime.

The Kaiser always wore large jewelled rings, and a wrist-watch which he frequently consulted. He is very regular in his habits and to a great extent works according to a fixed schedule. One of the most essential items of his day's programme is his afternoon nap. Under no consideration will he miss that. He told me that he made it a habit always to remove all his clothes and get right into bed every afternoon. "There's nothing like getting between two clean cold sheets," he remarked. Sheets of any kind are extremely scarce in Germany these days. I know that at the Hotel Adlon, Berlin's most exclusive and up-to-date hostelry, they were using tablecloths for bed-linen, but now all restaurant and hotel linen has been commandeered. I have no doubt, however, that the necessities of the nation in these strenuous times will never be allowed to interfere with the comfort of the Kaiser's afternoon nap.

The Kaiser professes religion. He goes to church more or less regularly and has even preached sermons. Before the war, he boasted of having built four hundred churches. I wonder how many he has destroyed since !

He is certainly not charitable. The few

donations he made from time to time towards the relief of some city which had been overcome by disaster or the victims of some public catastrophe were never particularly generous or commensurate with his great wealth, and he gave only where his donation would receive public mention.

At Christmas, it was said, it was his custom to walk through his garden and hand a 2-mark piece (fifty cents) to each of his gardeners, who were expected, of course, to measure their gratitude according to the source of the gift rather than by the amount of the gift itself.

But what better illustration can be needed of the Kaiser's egotism than is afforded by the letter he is reported recently to have sent to the German woman who had lost nine sons in the war, in the course of which he expressed his "gratification," and in token of it forwarded a picture of himself "framed and autographed"!

It is possible that a trained psychologist, with the opportunities I had of seeing and observing the Kaiser, could give his mental portrait to the reader. I am able to do it only through his own words.

Sometimes it is almost impossible for me to believe that a man who controls the destiny of a nation of seventy million human beings, and is idolised by them, could make assertions such as the Kaiser made to me, which revealed his lack of knowledge of international affairs. This even went so far as to show that he did not grasp the underlying cause for which other

nations are fighting. At one time he told me that the war would have been over long before that except for the reason that England had lured France on by holding out to her the opportunity of recovering Alsace and Lorraine.

"But France will never get those provinces," declared the Kaiser.

He followed that with one of those statements which astonish by their inconsistency. He said :

"The French Government has just visited Calais and the coast of France, which the English are now occupying. The French were flabbergasted when they saw the extent to which England had built docks, railroad dumps, switches, and remade the whole face of the port, with the express purpose of keeping it for themselves."

To cap the climax, the Kaiser then added :

"Who knows but what we may yet have to unite with the French to drive the English out of Calais."

The last conversation I had with the Kaiser was made significant by one of these erratic statements, in which he referred to America's part in the war. He told me that he understood Americans felt especially sympathetic toward the French, which of course is true enough, but not because of the reason the Kaiser believed, for he added :

"The Americans will not fight Germany with all our power, but they will use their power to prevent England from grabbing too much French territory."

CHAPTER XVI

THE KAISER AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS

To what extent the Kaiser is responsible for the failures and entitled to credit for the successes of his armies in the present war I am not in a position to say. But if he has not actually directed the military policy, he at least has kept closely in touch with everything that was going on. From the very beginning of hostilities in the present war he lived the major part of the time at the Great Army Headquarters and was in constant consultation with his military leaders.

Knowing his extreme self-confidence and the high value he places on his own judgment in all things, and especially in military matters, I am inclined to believe that he took a very direct part in the councils of the General Staff, and it is most unlikely that any major move was ever made without his sanction. I can imagine the scene that would follow if anyone at these army conferences had the presumption—and the courage—openly to oppose the Kaiser's plans or ideas.

On one occasion, in a reply which he sent to a congratulatory telegram from the University of Cologne, the Kaiser is reported to

have referred to himself as "the supreme war lord," and it is hardly likely that with such notions of his own importance he would bow much to the judgment or experience of any of his Generals.

I had several opportunities of seeing the Kaiser while he was at the various Great Army Headquarters.

In the spring of 1916 I received a long-distance telephone message from the Great Army Headquarters, then located in the palace of the Prince von Pless, at Pless, to the effect that the Kaiser wanted me to go there. I was told that the *Oberhofmarshallamt*, the head Court Chamberlain's office, would arrange for a pass and give me the necessary instructions for getting to headquarters, and the following day one of the secretaries called and gave me all the details.

On the trip down to Pless I was able to make better connections than had been anticipated, and got in at 2.10 a.m. instead of 6.15. The consequence was that no car was waiting for me at the station.

The place was very dark. I had not the slightest idea where to go to spend the remainder of the night. The station was apparently located in the open country and there was not the least sign of life in the vicinity. I knew, however, that the village of Pless must be within reach and hoped to find some sort of a hotel there. I applied to the stationmaster and he aroused one of his men and had him show me to a little hotel, the Hotel Fuchs, in the adjoining village.

A barefooted boy with a candle in his hand came down in answer to my knock at the door and he gave me the best room the place afforded. Telling him to awaken me at 6.30, I turned in without even having registered, but the awful bed and the smell of the old room allowed me little rest.

In the morning I inquired of the proprietor where the Great Army Headquarters was, and he told me it was just round the corner. I told him that I was to go there to meet the Kaiser. He was enormously interested. Said he:

"Why, some officers in two motor-cars were around here looking for you half an hour ago! They first went to the station to meet the six-fifteen train, and when they found you were not on that they came here; but you were not registered and I did not know you were in the place. I sent them away. You can get in touch with them by calling up Number Fifteen on the telephone."

I followed his suggestion and quickly secured a connection with the Kaiser's *Garderobe*. His secretary said he would send right around for me.

They came over for me in a big car, and, after picking up my baggage at the station, drove me to the palace. Sentries were posted at the palace gates, but there was no other sign of military activity that I could observe.

As we drove through the beautiful park surrounding the palace I kept on the look-out for marching troops and other evidences of the bustling activity which I naturally expected

to find at the Great Army Headquarters of the largest army in the world's history. But everything was extraordinarily calm and unwarlike; I concluded that they were purposely keeping me out of the busy section of headquarters.

Arrived at the palace, I was conducted through long marble halls, the walls of which were covered with antlers, to a very large room on the ground floor. There was a bright-red carpet on the floor and the furniture was in gold and white of an antique French design. The windows overlooked a terrace and one of the most beautiful garden landscapes I have ever seen. Lakes and flower-beds arranged in the most artistic manner stretched as far as the eye could see. Long-tailed golden pheasants were walking on the lawn some distance away, and swans adorned the lakes. Away in the distance I saw two officers on horseback cantering across the lawn. They were the only soldiers in the scene, and there was absolutely nothing else to indicate that this picturesque estate in all its peacefulness and quiet was nevertheless the centre about which a world war was revolving.

The Kaiser walked in unannounced and caught me observing this beautiful scene. He was dressed in his full uniform.

"Isn't it beautiful here, Davis? Did you ever see a lovelier place?"

I told him that the scene was too beautiful for description, but I did not tell him what was really in my thoughts. I was thinking of what my laboratory assistant had said when he

returned from the Western front on a furlough : " If the ones who started the war could be where I was just for one hour, they would be willing to make peace immediately ! "

" Did you have any trouble in reaching Pless ? " the Kaiser asked.

" On the contrary, I got in about four hours ahead of time, your Majesty," and I explained to him how it had happened.

" Well, it speaks well for our railway system in war-time, doesn't it ? Think of a train getting in *four hours ahead of time !* "

During the course of my work the Kaiser's private secretaries were coming in repeatedly with telegrams and messages ; he would usually excuse himself to read them. Sometimes he would be summoned outside to consult with important persons who were there to see him, but he was never gone more than ten minutes at a time.

I thought he did not look exceptionally well. He seemed to be very tired and he had very little to say—in itself an indication that he was not in normal spirits.

When my work for the morning was over and his valet, who had assisted me, had been excused, the Kaiser gazed at me for a moment or two, and then, *à propos* of nothing, he burst out with this : " *The man who brought this catastrophe on the world, Davis, should be strung up by the neck. And that man is not I, as the world seems to think ! The Tsar of Russia and the King of England, when they were at the wedding of my daughter—guests at my own house, mind*

you, and my blood relatives—they abused my hospitality and hatched this plot against me. They were envious of my power, but they will now learn what that power is! Confound them! I will show them! The idea that 'blood is thicker than water' is a farce!"

And in the same breath, almost, he made this other remark—evidently oblivious to the inconsistency of it:

"*England will never be able to raise an efficient army. It took Germany one hundred years to accomplish what she has done!*"

How ridiculous to suppose that the Tsar of Russia and the King of England could have hatched a plot which neither of them was the least prepared to carry out, and which Germany was assuredly powerful enough to foil!

Some time after this one of the biggest merchants in Berlin told me he had heard on the Stock Exchange that the Kaiser had made the remark that the King and Tsar had hatched the plot against him. As I had repeated the Kaiser's statement to no one, I realised that he must have been making the same declaration to others. If this version of the starting of the war was put into circulation with the idea of absolving the Kaiser, it certainly did not carry conviction, even among the Germans themselves. The merchant who spoke to me about it, at any rate, made fun of the idea and I never heard the point seriously raised by anyone else of influence.

Before I left the Kaiser that morning he spoke of the Anglo-French loan which had been

floated in America and condemned us severely for countenancing it. When I reminded him that Germany also had floated a loan in America he replied :

" But ours was only ten million dollars, while theirs is five hundred million ! "

To which I naturally rejoined that the size of the loan could certainly not affect the question of our neutrality in floating it.

He criticised our bankers who handled the loan, and when I asked him if he had ever seen the number of German names that appeared on the list of bankers who were interested in it, he said he had not read the list, but he was quite sure that one firm of New York bankers would not touch it. " They wouldn't touch anything that would be detrimental to Germany ! " he added.

In the afternoon, after the Kaiser had had his nap, I attended him again. That night I returned to Berlin. It was with regret that I left such a beautiful, restful place, for, although Berlin in war-time was almost deathlike in its quietness, it could not be more restful than the Great Army Headquarters at Pless.

Several months later I was called to Pless again. The place was just as peaceful as it had been on the occasion of my first visit. Not even the ordinary precautions which one might expect to be taken at a place where the Kaiser was sojourning were enforced, and I was allowed to travel the entire distance and to enter the palace without so much as once showing my pass.

When I got out of the train I saw one of the Kaiser's motors there. I stepped up, spoke to the driver, had my bags placed inside, and was about to drive off when another motor, with four officers in it, arrived. One of them asked me who I was and where I was going, and when I told him he said there must be some mistake, as the car I was in had been sent to meet some officers who were arriving on the same train.

While we were still discussing the point a third car came up, and the officer who had addressed me then asked the driver of the third car what he was sent for. He said he did not know; he had been told merely to drive to the station. I accordingly transferred my baggage from the car I was in to this third car and was driven off to the palace. We went through the gates without anyone asking to see my credentials! An amusing, even astonishing incident in the light of Germany's boasted efficiency.

I was shown to the same room I had visited on the former occasion. When the Kaiser entered he stood erect, with his hands to his sides, clicked his heels together, and saluted me as a soldier salutes a superior officer, smiling as he did so, and then I knew he was in a good humour.

Nevertheless, he had little to say. His criticisms of President Wilson on this occasion I have recorded elsewhere in these pages.

In June, 1917, after the Great Army Headquarters had been removed to Kreuznach and

Homburg v. d. Hohe, I was called to the latter place to see the Kaiserin, and three weeks later I went there again to see the Kaiser. I noticed at the station the Kaiser's private train composed of five dark-green cars, upon each of which was plainly marked the imperial coat of arms. The cars had special folding-steps.

Two rooms were assigned to me on one of the upper floors of the palace, and my meals consisted of the same kind of food as I had always had before the war, although a hunger epidemic was raging throughout the country. It was almost worth the trip for the sake of the meals alone.

After I had treated the Kaiser in the morning I went to my room, as I knew it would be three o'clock before he would be ready for me again. He never allowed anything to interfere with his after-dinner nap.

I lay down on a couch in my room, and my eyes rested on a most fascinating painting on one of the walls. It showed a rowboat with four men in it, going over a waterfall. Apparently the fate of the occupants of that boat was sealed. Nothing could prevent the boat going over the edge and being dashed to pieces at the foot of the cataract.

The look of agony and despair on the faces of the three men in the bow of the boat showed how clearly they realised the helplessness of their position. The man in the stern of the boat was standing up, with one foot on the side. He had grasped a frail twig which overhung the

bank, but it was hardly stanch enough to bear the strain. Nevertheless, the expression on his face disclosed that, combined with the sense of impending disaster which possessed him, there was just a ray of hope that this little twig might be the means of averting the catastrophe.

I wondered if the Kaiser had ever studied this painting.

The thought came to me that the Kaiser and his supporters were in identically the same position as the man in the stern of that ill-fated boat, and that in their U-boat campaign, upon which they were relying so much and so desperately, they were clutching at a frail twig which might for a moment delay but could not possibly avert their doom.

After the Kaiser had had his sleep I was summoned to his dressing-room. I got there before he did, and on the table I noticed a long envelope addressed to "His Majesty the King and Kaiser." It looked very official and imposing. What it contained I do not know.

The Kaiser entered the room attired in a red-flannel undershirt! Never before had I seen him in such a state of plebeian *negligée*. I had been so accustomed to seeing the Kaiser in uniform, both in pictures and in person, that I confess it had never occurred to me that underneath that symbol of power and pomp he probably dressed the same as mere mortals. I noticed, incidentally, that when the Kaiser put on his military coat *he put it on right over his red-flannel undershirt.*

Homburg was much nearer the firing-line than Pless—although, of course, at a very safe distance. I noticed, however, that here anti-aircraft guns had been planted, but apart from that there was hardly any more activity than there had been at Pless.

While walking down the corridor I was stopped by an officer and asked, rather peremptorily, who I was ; but, as a rule, I came and went without molestation and seldom had to show my pass, which one of the Kaiser's adjutants had given me and which permitted me to enter and leave Army Headquarters *for the whole year* 1917.

When I was driven through the streets of Homburg, both coming from and going to the railroad station, in the Kaiser's motor-car, and the second-man, or bugler, on the front seat, blew the horn, people came running out of stores and from afar to get a view of the important personage who occupied the Kaiser's own car ! Many of them saluted me or raised their hats, and I thought how angry and disgusted they would have been had they known they were putting themselves to so much trouble to salute an enemy alien.

The ridiculousness of the whole thing impressed me very much. For the moment I was part of the play which was ever being made to impress and awe those whom the Kaiser was pleased to refer to as " my people," but whose approbation means everything—even to a monarch who rules by " divine right."

CHAPTER XVII

THE KAISER AND THINGS AMERICAN

Among the Germans generally there is a surprising degree of ignorance regarding conditions in America. The untravelled German has but the vaguest ideas concerning our people and our institutions. I have had patients of intelligence and education ask me how we are able to cope with the Indians! In view of the extent of German emigration to America and the vast volume of commercial transactions between the two countries, it is almost unbelievable that such erroneous notions should prevail, but they did.

This fact serves partially to explain how easy it has been for the Kaiser and his inspired Press to pull the wool over the people's eyes regarding the alleged unimportance of America's entry into the war. It does not explain at all, however, how completely the Kaiser himself underestimated us and our power, for I doubt whether there lives any foreigner who has never visited America who knows more about our country than does the German Emperor. Indeed, he was more familiar with many of our problems than some of our own countrymen. He frequently revealed to me, in the course of

our conversations, how thoroughly posted he was on American conditions.

Long before the subject of forest conservation was taken up seriously in America the Kaiser pointed out to me what a great mistake we were making in not devoting more attention to it.

"Can you tell me, Davis, why you have so many forest fires in your country?" he asked, after a particularly destructive conflagration in the West had destroyed many acres of timber. "How does it happen?"

I explained to him that most of our forest fires came from sparks from locomotives. Careless lumbermen allowed the branches which they lopped off the trees to remain on the ground, and when they were ignited by sparks the fire sometimes spread to the uncut timber. As the facilities for extinguishing fire in unpopulated regions were practically *nil*, and the climate made the timber particularly inflammable, these fires usually attained serious dimensions.

"That points out again the inefficiency of your form of government," he commented. "You have laws requiring the railways to use appliances to arrest the sparks from their engines, haven't you? Why don't you enforce them? Your people don't seem to realise that it takes years to grow a tree. Because you have more than you need to-day, you make no provision for to-morrow. For every tree cut down another should be planted. If you don't adopt some such measure, the time will surely

come when America will have to turn to Germany for timber ! "

I smiled at the idea of our country having to rely upon German timber, but the Kaiser insisted that at the rate we were using up our lumber resources Germany would soon have a greater supply available than we. I wonder if the Germans have been planting a new tree for every one they have ruthlessly destroyed on the continent of Europe during the past few years of destructive warfare !

It is a fact, however, that the German laws are very stringent in this respect. One is not permitted to cut down a tree *on one's own premises* without first securing the consent of the tree commission, and as the " red tape " involved in an appeal to the German authorities in matters of this kind is most wearying, such applications are not frequently resorted to.

Another illustration of the Kaiser's familiarity with our national problems was afforded in a remark he made at the time of our financial panic of 1907, which he said should never have been possible.

" Poor Miss Farrar, your opera-singer, has been telling me she lost every penny she had in your Knickerbocker Bank failure. The men who caused that panic would go to prison mighty quick if we had them in Germany, I can tell you. I have read that eleven of your bank presidents committed suicide ! Just think of it, eleven bank presidents ! These things should not be, Davis, but you will continue to have these panics from time to time until you

adopt a banking system with a central bank such as we have."

The establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank system in America, one of the most important measures adopted under President Wilson, carried us successfully through the financial stress and strain of the World War; but the Kaiser's comment on the conditions which formerly prevailed will show how keenly he studied the workings and requirements of our national banking arrangements.

Many of the ideas he formed regarding our institutions, however, were by no means so sound, although they were based on intimate knowledge and constant investigation. He never overlooked an opportunity to learn all he could about us.

The Kaiser was a harsh critic of our election system. The idea of a four-year term for the President was naturally repugnant to one who held such exalted notions as to the rights and permanency of rulers. It would be too much to expect the Hohenzollern mind to approve of a constitution providing for the ruler's return to private life after a period of only four years at the head of the Government.

He declared that, with a constant change of administration, it was quite out of the question for America to follow any definite policy. It was bad enough even so far as internal affairs were concerned, he said, but such a system made it impossible, he thought, for America ever to take a prominent part in international politics.

"You can't expect the nations of the world to deal with America as they deal among themselves when the next change of administration may mean the adoption of an entirely new foreign policy," he declared. "There can be nothing stable about the foreign policy of a nation whose leaders change every four years."

No doubt it would have suited the Kaiser's plans better, in his own mind, at any rate, if our Presidents held office for twenty or thirty years at a stretch, or, better still, for life. Then he might have considered it worth while to exert whatever influence he might command in the country—which he believed was considerable—in favour of the candidate whom he thought would best fall in with Germany's plans. It was hardly worth much effort to try to secure the election of a pro-German President who could hold office for but a few years.

American party politics were a constant source of embarrassment to the Kaiser. He always seemed undecided as to just how he should receive an American of prominence. If he happened to be of the same political faith as the administration, the Kaiser was afraid to do him too much honour, for fear of offending the opposing party, which might win the next election, and if he were not of the same party as the administration, the Kaiser feared to honour him lest more immediate resentment be stirred up in America. Thus he refused to receive Bryan on two occasions during the Republican administration.

He criticised very strongly, too, our election methods.

"Instead of discussing principles, your political candidates exchange personalities," he said. "My people would be shocked at the sort of speeches and accusations which figure in all your political campaigns. Over here, nothing of the kind is ever heard."

The Kaiser was very much interested in our negro problem. It seemed to have a great fascination for him and he frequently referred to it. He told me that he understood there were fifteen million negroes in America, but that they were dying off in great numbers through consumption and other diseases to which they offered but poor resistance.

"The negro will always be a great problem in your country, however," he added. "They don't mix socially with the whites, and there will be constant friction. My brother [Prince Henry], when he returned from his visit to America, told me a lot about these negroes. Indeed, one of the most impressive things he heard there was a choir of negro voices. He said they sang some wonderful melodies and their voices were as clear as bells."

After the war started, the Kaiser referred to the negroes again. "Now is your chance to settle your negro problem," he declared, half facetiously, of course. "If America insists upon coming into the war, why doesn't she send her negroes across and let us shoot them down?"

Evidently the Kaiser was unaware of the

value we placed on our coloured troops or of the excellent account they gave of themselves in Cuba and on the Mexican border, and, of course, he was still to learn of the part they were to play on the French front. Shooting negroes down has not proved nearly so simple an operation as the Kaiser imagined it might be.

When a fleet of four of our battleships visited Kiel, in 1912 or 1913, the Kaiser paid them a visit and was very much interested. It was reported at the time that he had even crawled through the coal-bunkers to study the construction of the hold of one of the vessels. That would be quite consistent with his usual practice. He is too vain to imagine that any member of his naval staff could possibly acquire more valuable information in an investigation of that kind than he could himself. Incidentally, a tour of inspection of this character gave him an opportunity to discuss matters with his officers with some degree of accuracy.

When he called to see me shortly afterwards he told me of his experience.

"I went over the ships from top to bottom," he declared. "They are excellent vessels, every one of them, and I was very much impressed with the way they are manned and officered. I have only one criticism—the latticework conning-towers or fighting-masts. The only possible use I can see in them would be to train vines on them and install an elevator inside and serve tea in the afternoon to the ladies on top—the most beautiful place for serving afternoon tea I can imagine!

"But, seriously speaking," he went on, "I can't see that these masts have any practical value. On the contrary, I can see very serious disadvantages in them. No matter what nation you might be fighting, your enemy would always be able to recognise you at a distance before you could identify him, because the war-ships of all other nations look very much alike at a distance.

"They say these conning-towers are armed," he went on, "but you would never get close enough to your enemy to use such small guns. Again, if one of those masts should be hit, it would send a shower of steel about the heads of the men on board and would not only put many of them out of action, but it would be in the way. Suppose, too, the masts were struck down and hung over the side? It would drag through the water and would not only impede the vessel, but cause the ship to list and expose a larger area on one side than would be safe. No, Davis, your fighting-masts, as I have said, might answer first rate for serving tea, but I don't think much of them for active service."

It was quite obvious that the Kaiser was not familiar with the elaborate experiments made by our navy with these fighting-masts before they were adopted. Certainly our naval men, who went into the matter scientifically, could better estimate the value of these masts than the Kaiser, who spoke with but a superficial knowledge of the subject, and if we ever have a chance at the German navy the Kaiser will

learn to his cost that our war-ships will serve warmer things than tea and are not apt to confine their operations to the afternoon!

But if the Kaiser saw much in American ways and customs to condemn, he likewise saw much to commend, and before the war he was liberal in his praise of many of our qualities and achievements.

He was very much interested, for instance, in the experiments and discoveries of Luther Burbank. To make Germany self-supporting as far as food resources were concerned was one of his dearest ambitions. He realised that in the event of a world war his people would probably suffer more from lack of food than they would from hostile bullets, and he was hoping that he would be able to obviate that condition before his country was put to the test. He was constantly preaching simplified diet and the conservation of food reserves, and he had great hopes that much could be done in a scientific way to help to solve general food problems. When attending dinners given him by his army officers, his wishes respecting simple menus were always carefully followed.

A case of extremely large seedless oranges was sent to me from Florida one year; I showed the Kaiser one of them. It was so large he thought it was a grape-fruit, and he expressed his admiration for the attainments of men who could thus coax Nature into excelling herself for the common good.

I told him of the loganberry which had been developed in the West, and he sent a repre-

sentative to me afterwards to ascertain how a plant could be secured for experimental purposes. He said he would plant it in the Royal Experimental Gardens and ascertain whether it was feasible to grow them in Germany. The proprietor of a large delicatessen store told me that the Kaiser had sent a representative to him to purchase some loganberry jelly and that he had been told that I had called the Kaiser's attention to it.

Before the war I suggested to the Kaiser that it might be of mutual advantage to my country and Germany to arrange for an exchange of medical and dental professors, and he was very much taken with the idea. He sent Dr. von Illberg, his private physician and a doctor in the German army, to see me about the project and I was asked to lay out a plan for consideration. At about the same time he asked me to recommend any changes that might occur to me that would add to the efficiency of the wonderful Dental Institute at the University of Berlin. The breaking out of war, however, put an end to these projects of peace. What a power for good the Kaiser might have been in the world but for his accursed thirst for world dominion !

The Kaiser enjoyed American humour. He was very fond of Mark Twain, and he followed one or two of the American monthlies and weeklies more or less regularly. He told me that one evening, while in his sitting-room in the Berlin palace, reading an American magazine, he ran across a story which caused him

to laugh so much and so loud that the ladies of the Court, who heard him in an adjacent room, came running in with their knitting to see what the matter was. I learned then that the ladies of the Court did knitting even in peace-time.

The Kaiser had little respect for our architecture. He thought our sky-scrapers, of which he had seen illustrations, were hideous.

"How terrible to desecrate the landscape with such tall buildings!" he commented. "They hurt the eye. How can people live in them?"

I explained that most of the buildings to which he referred were office buildings, but that we did have fourteen and fifteen storey apartment-houses and hotels, and even higher ones, in which the upper floors were used for living purposes just the same as the lower ones. He could not believe it possible that people would consent to live so far above the ground, and from his own aversion to visit a place that was even one storey above the ground floor I rather got the idea that he was afraid of height. Under the building laws prevailing in Germany no building may be erected of more than five storeys.

Perhaps the quality that he envied most in us was our inventive genius. When Orville Wright was flying at Tempelhofer Feld in Berlin in the early days of aviation the Kaiser could not restrain his admiration.

"I wish I could encourage my people to become great inventors such as America has produced," he declared, rather hopelessly. "I admire your wonderful inventive genius."

If the Germans could not duplicate our inventions, they were quick enough to realise their value and adopt them. Almost as soon as Wright's demonstration was seen to be a success a company was organised in Germany to build them under the Wright patent, and the Germans have continued to push aviation ever since. Just before I left Germany I heard from one of the highest military officials that they had just perfected an aeroplane with six motors that could accomplish more than had ever been dreamed of.

"It will carry twelve passengers," he said, "and it will carry enough fuel to make the trip to New York and back and still have enough left to reach New York again!"

Since my return home I have read that just such a machine was shot down on the French border recently.

The Kaiser told me of an American with both arms cut off nearly to the shoulder who had patented an artificial arm and had come to Germany to demonstrate it. He wanted to sell the patent or manufacture the arms for the German wounded. The Kaiser invited him to Army Headquarters and watched him eat, clothe himself, shake hands, shave, light a cigarette, and, in fact, do almost everything that a man can do with his own arms and hands. Evidently the Kaiser was very much impressed with this American's demonstration, for he spoke to me about it for half an hour and was most enthusiastic.

"It was very wonderful, Davis," he con-

cluded. " Here is one of your countrymen who has made it possible for my armless men to make themselves useful and self-supporting. Your people are always talking about humanity, but this is the only humanity they've displayed in this war. Now that is what I call real humanity. Certainly supplying munitions and supplies to the Allies to enable them to starve my people and shoot down my soldiers isn't humanity ! "

Apparently the Kaiser believed it was our part in the world's economy to provide artificial arms and legs and his to create a demand for them !

The Kaiser's peculiar interest in our red Indians was somewhat surprising. He frequently asked me about them and was particularly interested in their diet. He had an idea that they were for the most part vegetarians. Perhaps the fact that he was not much of a meat-eater himself aroused his interest in the primitive Americans who seemed to thrive on vegetable diet. While the Kaiser eats a certain amount of white meat, he never eats dark or red meat, and at night he makes his meal almost entirely of fruit. He is fond of fish. He declares that it is a fine brain food. He laughingly said to me once :

" It is too bad the majority of the people don't eat fish entirely."

Colonel Wisser, our former Military Attaché, now General, told me that at a State banquet the Kaiser placed his son Prince Eitel Frederick next to him (the colonel), and that the Prince spoke of nothing else during the entire function

but American methods of open fighting, which we long ago learned in our conflicts with the Indians. He said they had heard much of our success in this kind of warfare and were anxious to learn more about our methods.

The Kaiser objected very much to the fact that many of the foreign opera-singers were attracted to New York by reason of the fabulous sums paid them at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"It is ridiculous to pay the sums singers receive in New York," he complained. "It simply spoils them for us. Why, I understand that Caruso and other artists are paid anywhere from two thousand to three thousand dollars per night, while the biggest salary ever paid in Berlin is twenty-five thousand dollars per year. The worst of it is that while the *nouveaux riches* in America have the money to entice the singers away from Europe, they haven't the education to understand what they are singing about! We get even with them, though, by engaging American singers who are glad to come to the Berlin Royal Opera for a moderate salary because of the experience and prestige they get, and their voices are not much inferior to the European singers who command such ridiculous salaries in your country!"

Despite the fact that the Kaiser accused us of spending our money too lavishly, he repeatedly charged the English as well as ourselves with being money-worshippers.

"The Anglo-Saxons worship Mammon and they try to gloss it all over with a show of

religion," he said. "Your rich Americans have so much money, Davis, they really don't know what to do with it. Why, recently one of your millionaires saw my castle at Corfu and sent one of his representatives to the Court with the presumptuous message, 'Please tell the Kaiser that I will buy his castle at Corfu; ask him what's his price!' I had word sent back that the castle was not for sale. The American then told my representative that he wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. The cheek of the man! He said he didn't care how much it cost. I sent word back to that man that there were not enough dollars in the world to buy that castle! There are some things that your American dollars won't buy, Davis, and one of them is my beautiful castle at Corfu!"

Later, when the island of Corfu was seized by the Allies and the Kaiser's castle was converted into a hospital for poor Serbian soldiers —some of the victims of his insatiable ambition —it occurred to me how appropriately his arrogance had been rebuked.

Yes, there are some things that money will not buy, and there are some things that haughty monarchs cannot hold in the face of an outraged world.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE

THE oath of allegiance which every German soldier and public official takes binds him to support first of all the Kaiser with his life and his money, and then the Fatherland.

It was to this that the Kaiser referred when he said in the course of an address to a body of recruits at Potsdam :

> Body and soul, you belong to me. If I command you to shoot your fathers and mothers . . . you must follow my command without a murmur.

The same thought is involved, of course, in the Kaiser's invariable use of the possessive pronoun, first person, in talking of the German people. He always says "*my* people," never "*the* people." The worst feature about it is that not only does the Kaiser proceed upon the assumption that he owns the German people, "body and soul," but the people themselves are willing to admit it. The Germans are the most willing vassals in the world.

Veneration and awe of the Kaiser are bred in the bone of the German. Even among the Socialists, who are not nearly so opposed to the monarchical idea as is commonly supposed,

there is a strong sentiment of loyalty toward the Emperor. True, the Socialists are clamouring constantly for the reform vote and other political changes, but I doubt very much whether—before the war, at any rate—any large percentage of Socialists would have seized an opportunity to dethrone the Kaiser, even had one presented itself. Certainly any such attempt would have been speedily smothered by those who remained loyal, even without the aid of the military.

With the new conditions brought about by the war and the manner in which the war has been conducted, the viewpoint of the people at large is likely to undergo a considerable change. When they ultimately come to realise how their military leadership and the hunger for world dominion have reduced their country to ruin and decimated their man-power, there is no telling what reactions may occur.

If, however, the German people ever decide to pull down the idol they have worshipped slavishly for so long, it will be because of the sudden realisation not that they have been worshipping an idol, but that the idol they have been worshipping is *impotent* and *unsuccessful.*

So long as the Kaiser is able to uphold Germany's place among the nations of the world, so long will his people uphold him. They will stand behind him as long as he goes forward ; they will repudiate him as soon as he turns back. They will acclaim him in triumph, but they will not tolerate him in defeat. *The Kaiser himself realises that his tenure of office*

rests upon victory. The war was started for the sake of world dominion; it has been continued solely to save the Kaiser's throne.

Coming into such intimate and frequent contact with the Kaiser, I had a wonderful opportunity to observe the relations which existed between him and his people.

The conduct of the people since the war affords no safe criterion of their normal views and sentiments. The activity of Government agents and the power of the inspired Press exerted so great an influence upon the feeling of the people that any outward signs of enthusiasm which they displayed must be liberally discounted. The demonstrations in favour of the Kaiser and his leaders since the war have been more or less artificial, the crowd being worked up by Government agents, and the Press accounts have invariably magnified them. Before the war, however, whatever acclaim the Kaiser received from the public came spontaneously, and was, for that reason, of greater significance.

I know that whenever the Kaiser called at my office great crowds gathered outside to catch a glimpse of him when he came out. They waited patiently, sometimes for as long as an hour, for the sake of greeting their Emperor. Their conduct on these occasions showed very plainly that he had a strong hold on their affections. The Kaiser was their idol and they were ready to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of doing him honour.

It was customary for classes of school-

children to be taken to the Tiergarten from time to time to study the groups of statues of the Kaiser's ancestors which line the Sieges Allee. They usually passed my house on their way to their object-lesson in patriotism. Sometimes when the Kaiser was at my house I have seen these children halted in front of the place to await his departure, their teachers presumably feeling that the youngsters would gain greater inspiration from even a fleeting glimpse of the living monarch than they could possibly derive from a prolonged study of the statues of his departed ancestors.

Most of my patients knew that the Kaiser visited me and they never tired of asking questions about him. It was almost impossible for them to believe that they were to have the privilege of sitting in the " very chair " which their Kaiser had occupied.

" Does the Kaiser actually sit *in this very chair?* " they would ask, in incredulous and awe-struck tones. " Does he ever talk about anything ? Please tell me what he said the last time he was here."

Apart from confirming the fact that the Kaiser had been to me for treatment, I made it a rule never to repeat what the Kaiser had discussed with me.

A new German office-girl whom I had engaged attracted the Kaiser's attention and he was gracious enough to shake hands with her. After he had left, the girl held out the hand the Kaiser had grasped and said she wouldn't wash it for a week !

"Just to think! this hand has grasped the Kaiser's hand! When I tell my family about it to-night they won't believe it!"

The fact that the Kaiser condescended to acknowledge the plaudits of his people by a salute or a wave of the hand was cited as proof of his graciousness and kindness. Their god was smiling on them! Their gratification was overwhelming.

To maintain this state of veneration is one of the Kaiser's principal concerns. That is why he never appears in public except in full uniform; why he always rides a white horse while the rest of his staff ride dark-coloured ones; why the pictures of him that are allowed to be circulated always show him to the very best advantage; why every case of *lèse-majesté* is punished with the utmost severity; why, in short, every possible precaution is taken that the exalted ideas which the public hold regarding their Kaiser shall never be undermined.

With this spirit of devotion dominating the people generally, it is only to be expected that they should have stood solidly behind their Emperor when he sought to achieve the one ambition of his life—his dream of world dominion.

There is no doubt that the war was planned and made possible by the militarists and the Junkers and that every effort was made to conceal from the people its real purpose and ultimate goal, but if anyone imagines that the people at large would have held back even if

they had realised the truth, he fails to understand the underlying spirit of the Teutonic race.

The Germans are the most quarrelsome people in the world. It is misleading to speak of the "German militarists." All Germans are militarists.

The records of their civil courts tell the story. In 1913 there were no fewer than five million petty cases tried in the courts, and as every case naturally involved at least two parties, the astonishing fact is disclosed that some ten million Germans, or one-seventh of the entire population, appealed to the courts in a single year!

The bellicose character of the people is evidenced in countless other ways. It is the natural expression of what I believe to be *the most pronounced national shortcoming*—SELFISHNESS. The average German is the most selfish individual in the world. He thinks of himself and his own comfort first, last, and all the time. I have noticed it on the street-cars, in the theatres, on the public highways, in the restaurants and hotels, wherever people congregated. Everyone looked out for himself first and pushed aside those who stood in his way. In civil life, just as in a state of war, the German practised the principle that might makes right. Chivalry, courtesy, magnanimity are as foreign to the German make-up as they are characteristic of the French.

A keen desire *to make something out of nothing* is another national trait of the Germans, if my observation has been accurate. What is com-

monly referred to as " German thrift " is only a polite name for German stinginess, and I have seen so many illustrations of the petty meanness of the German people that it seems idle to specify single instances.

Just by way of example, however, I may mention a particularly atrocious case of this common failing among the Germans. One Christmas I presented my wife with a set of furs and had them sent to the house of a friend, where my wife was staying for the holidays. I afterwards learned that my wife's hostess had ferreted out the name of the furrier from whom I had purchased the furs and had demanded a " commission " on the sale, telling the furrier she had sent me there and through her the sale had been made.

One of the first impressions I received about the German people when I went to live among them fourteen years ago was the *lack of comradeship* among them. Class distinctions are drawn so sharply and there are so many gradations of them that it is almost impossible to find two Germans on the same social plane. One is always the other's superior. After my fourteen years' experience among these people I cannot say that that early impression has been removed—if anything, it has been deepened.

Another early impression that has remained with me was the *prevalence of the military spirit* in civil life. It is evidenced by an atmosphere of oppression which, while perhaps more imaginary than real, is nevertheless most appreciable just the same. Practically every

public official is a soldier. His military bearing and outlook colour his every act, and the civilian always feels more or less at a disadvantage in dealing with him.

This state of affairs has been brought about by the fact that while every male German is supposed to serve two years in the army, unless he passes the higher examination for the one-year service, many serve an additional ten years and thereby become entitled to a position for life in the Civil Service—the police, fire, railroad, telegraph, post-office, tax, customs, or some other similar governmental department. The great majority of these officers are army veterans *and they never allow the civilian to forget that fact.*

Anyone who has lived in Berlin and is familiar with conditions in other European capitals will bear me out that the German policeman is the most arrogant police official in the world. His word is taken in court in preference to that of any six civilians, and his power is such that it might very easily be used oppressively; but, strangely enough, despite the cupidity of the German character, graft and corruption among the German police or other officials were practically unknown before the war.

An illustration of the power of the German police system was afforded in the outrage committed by a German policeman in the course of a strike at Breslau a year or two before the war. To disperse the crowd, the police slashed right and left with their swords. An innocent boy,

endeavouring to get out of harm's way, dashed into his own home and was mounting the stairs, with his hand on the banisters, when one of the policemen, who had followed the lad, brought down his sword on the boy's arm and sliced it off! The brutality of the policeman aroused a storm of indignation throughout the country, and the Press was constrained to make every possible effort to ascertain the identity of the guilty official; but the authorities were so indifferent to public opinion that they declined to reveal the man's name and to this day it has never been disclosed.

Such were the people behind the Kaiser when the Great War started. I shall never forget the sentiments expressed to me by private individuals in every walk of life as the various phases of the war developed.

No measure that was taken by Germany, no matter how atrocious or inconsistent with the world's idea of what is permissible in civilised warfare, ever brought a word of condemnation from the German public as a whole, although, of course, there were some notable exceptions. The great majority of Germans who discussed these matters with me, however, not only defended everything Germany did, but complained because more rigorous measures were not taken.

Merely by way of example and not because her suggestion was any worse than hundreds of others raised by my German patients, I recall the surprising viewpoint expressed by the

Countess Sierstorpff, a relative of von Henckel-Donnersmarck. It was after Italy had joined the Allies and when German resentment against that nation ran very high.

" What we should do at the very first available opportunity," she declared, " is to destroy every single work of art in Italy. *Not a single one of their landmarks or art treasures should be left standing!* Then when the war is over and Italy no longer derives the enormous revenue she has been collecting for years from tourists, she will be sorry for what she has done to Germany ! "

Did the German people countenance the submarine warfare and the slaughter of innocent women and children in defiance of all rules of International Law and the dictates of common humanity ? They had only one criticism to make of it—*it was not comprehensive enough!* It was absolute folly, if not a crime, they said, for Germany to prescribe safety lanes for neutral vessels to use. The *whole world should have been declared a war zone*, that death and destruction might be dealt wherever and whenever the opportunity offered. Every ship that sailed should be sunk and every American who ventured within range of a German gun, on sea or land, should be shot. That was the all but universal sentiment.

The suggestion that a continuation of the submarine warfare would inevitably bring America into the war did not perturb the people in the slightest.

" How can America do us more harm that she is now doing ? " they asked. " American bullets are shooting down our men, American food is sustaining our enemies, American dollars are working against us in every possible way. Let America come into the war and give us a chance to pay her back for what she has done to us. She couldn't harm us any more if she were a belligerent. Why allow her to remain neutral and go unscathed ? "

Baron von Bredow, an officer in the army, came into my office, limping.

I inquired the cause of his injury.

" I have been on the Eastern front and a piece of an American shell hit me," he answered, with a touch of bitterness.

" How do you know it was an American shell, Baron ? "

" We could tell by the sound of the explosion. The shells made in the United States have a different sound when they explode."

I laughed at this suggestion because it sounded preposterous to me ; but I heard the same thing from a number of others.

" I got into a hand-to-hand fight with a big Russian," the Baron went on. " He pulled a sword and swung at me so viciously, that if he had landed he would certainly have taken my head off, but with the American revolver which I carried in my holster I blew the whole top of his head off. That American pistol saved my life."

While the Germans never ceased complaining of their enemies using American firearms and

munitions, every German officer who could lay his hands on an American revolver used it as a side-arm.

Another high military officer who had seen service on the Russian front told me that the Siberian sharpshooters had been so active and so accurate that eleven of his officers had been shot right between the eyes.

" My officers had always laughed at the little ·22 high-power American Savage rifle that I carried as a side-arm," he added. " They thought it was only a toy. Their opinion of the piece changed, however, when I set out with it to get some of those sharpshooters and got three of them. Of course I used the soft-nosed, or dum-dum, bullets, but those Russians deserved anything we could give them."

The jubilation with which the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* was received by the German people was general. It was so significant that I believe America would have declared war immediately had it been known. I have failed to find a single German who did not enthuse over that dastardly crime. The activity of the Zeppelins in their raids on open towns evoked similar demonstrations.

That the views which the people held regarding the conduct of the war were strongly influenced by the public Press, which was absolutely controlled by the Government, was only to be expected. The fact that in peace-time the Press of Germany was perhaps the most reliable in the world made of it a particu-

larly valuable tool in the hands of the Government in time of war.

The German newspaper is gospel to the people. The last word in any argument was always furnished by proof supplied by some newspaper article. "*Es steht in der Zeitung*" —liberally translated, "The paper says so"— was always final and conclusive. Nothing the papers declared was too preposterous to be believed.

The Press was used to excellent advantage to conceal reverses and to make the utmost capital out of successes. Right from the start the newspapers declared that Germany was fighting a defensive war—that the nations of the world had jumped on Germany's neck because they were jealous of her growing power.

It is true that some of the more thoughtful were led to inquire why it was that the Germans were constantly advancing into their enemies' territory if the war was being waged merely to defend the German borders, while occasionally others insisted that if the Kaiser did not actually start the war he might very easily have averted it; but such suggestions were usually advanced in muffled tones and where one was safe in speaking and they received little consideration. Two Germans told me the Kaiser was responsible for the war. If he did not secure a victory it would mean the end of him and his supporters.

How the Press managed to satisfy the people that everything was going well even when the outlook was most dismal can be explained only

by the deep faith which the people have in everything they read.

With the capture of Serbia and Rumania, for instance, the people had been promised that most of their food and raw-material troubles would be effectually disposed of. Rumania, they had been told, had the largest oil-fields in the world, as well as vast food resources, while Serbia was the most productive agricultural section and had the largest copper mines in the world. The realisation that no such relief as had been promised was forthcoming came to the people very gradually, the Press breaking the news most skilfully a little each day.

So, too, when food conditions necessitated a cut in the rations, the Berlin papers sought to prepare the public for it by stating that in Dresden such a measure was contemplated. A day or two later it would be denied that Dresden had any such plan in contemplation, but that Bavaria had already shortened the ration, although it was hoped no such measure would be necessary in Brandenburg. Then, a day or two later, it would be calmly announced that, as the rest of Germany had adopted the shortened ration, Brandenburg could hardly do less than follow suit.

The slogan "*Gott strafe England*" was not officially used, but when the internal discontent became too serious and strikes were too menacing to be ignored, the Goverment caused large picture-posters of "John Bull" to be posted all over the country. Underneath a hideous representation of "John Bull" ap-

peared the line, "This man is responsible for your hunger."

The importance which the Kaiser and his leaders placed in public opinion among the German people is clearly illustrated by the announcements they made and measures they resorted to from time to time for home consumption.

When, in December, 1916, for instance, the Kaiser realised that the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare, which he had determined upon, might bring neutral nations, including the United States, into the war, he felt that it was necessary to do something to uphold the spirit of his people. It took the form of a proposal of peace to the Allies.

This proposal was designed to accomplish two distinct purposes. First, it was to convince the German people that their Kaiser was really the peace-loving monarch he had always professed to be. Secondly, it was to demoralise the Allies by dividing them against themselves.

This much is certain: *the Kaiser never intended the Allies to accept the proposal he made.* He admitted that much to me, as did also the Prince von Pless, his most intimate adviser. It was framed in such a way that the Allies could not possibly accept it, but it served one of the purposes which it was intended to achieve, and nearly accomplished the other.

Some of the Socialists in the belligerent countries and others in neutral countries accepted the Kaiser's proposal at its face value and proposed a peace conference at Stockholm,

but the Allied Governments saw through the Kaiser's plan and refused to allow their delegates to attend.

But if the Kaiser did not succeed in embarrassing the Allies to any great extent, he certainly accomplished his second objective—creating the impression among his own people that he was anxious for peace.

Patients came into my office at the time crying with joy at the prospect of early peace, and showering praise on their Kaiser for having been the first to make peace overtures.

The full extent of the Kaiser's hypocrisy in this connection becomes evident when we compare his admitted object in issuing the proposal with the terms in which it is couched. It was not written for the Powers to whom it was addressed, but for the power at home—the German public.

The following passages are worth re-reading with this fact in mind :

> *The most terrific war experienced in history has been raging for the last two years and a half over a large part of the world—a catastrophe which thousands of years of common civilisation were unable to prevent and which injures the most precious achievements of humanity.*
>
> *Our aims are not to shatter or annihilate our adversaries. In spite of our consciousness of our military and economic strength and our readiness to continue the war (which has been forced upon us) to the bitter end if necessary ; at the same time, prompted by the desire to avoid further bloodshed and make an end to the atrocities of war, the four allied [Central] Powers propose to enter forthwith into peace negotiations.*
>
> * * * * * *
>
> *The four allied Powers have been obliged to take up*

arms to defend justice and the liberty of national evolution. The glorious deeds of our armies have in no way altered their purpose. We always maintained the firm belief that our own rights and justified claims in no way control the rights of these nations.

The spiritual and material progress which was the pride of Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century is threatened with ruin. Germany and her allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, gave proof of their unconquerable strength in this struggle. They gained gigantic advantages over adversaries superior in number and war material. Our lines stand unshaken against ever-repeated attempts by their armies.

The last attack in the Balkans has been rapidly and victoriously overcome. The most recent events have demonstrated that further continuance of the war will not result in breaking the resistance of our forces, and the whole situation with regard to our troops justifies our expectation of further successes.

If, in spite of this offer of peace and reconciliation, the struggle should go on, the four allied Powers are resolved to continue to a victorious end, but they disclaim responsibility for this before humanity and history.

Was ever an offer of "peace and reconciliation" couched in terms more certain to prolong hostilities?

This proposal was given to the world on December 12th, 1916. It was followed within a few days by a Note from President Wilson to the belligerent Powers suggesting that "an early occasion be sought to call out from all the nations now at war such an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded and the arrangements which would be deemed satisfactory as a guarantee against its renewal or the kindling of any similar conflict in the future as would make it possible frankly to compare them."

The Kaiser's answer to this sincere effort of a neutral Power to bring about the peace which he had endeavoured to make his people believe he was so anxious to secure was the resumption of the ruthless submarine campaign !

The German people accepted the Kaiser's protestations at their face value : the rest of the world will judge him by his acts.

CHAPTER XIX

GERMANY IN WAR-TIME

While the German people have always been in thorough accord with the Kaiser's ambitious project so significantly embodied in the popular slogan, "*Deutschland über alles!*" when the Great War, which was to achieve Germany's aims, commenced, it came almost as much of a surprise to the mass of the Germans as to the rest of the world. They had long regarded such a war as inevitable, and they looked forward with a grim kind of eagerness to "*Der Tag*"; but when it arrived the bustle and excitement, not to say panic, which burst forth throughout Germany was so pronounced that in some cases it approached the ludicrous.

Obviously the people had been kept in ignorance of the plans of their war barons, in order that hostilities might come as a complete surprise to them and give colour to the Government's contention that the war was forced upon Germany.

So little thought had we given to the complexities of the political situation that on Friday, July 31st, 1914, my wife and I started off on a motor-trip. We had heard so many rumours of war within the previous ten years

that we saw no reason why an amicable solution should not again be found, as it always had been before.

On our way out on the Charlottenburger Chaussee we passed the Kaiser and the Kaiserin driving along at about sixty miles an hour, and there were other indications of perhaps unusual activity, but we attached little importance to them.

At the Golf Club, where we stopped for our clubs, we were told by the steward that the soldiers in all the barracks in that vicinity had been moved several days before nearer to the borders, to make room for the reserve troops who would be mobilised on the following day. Old Herrmann, the steward, was chronically pessimistic, and we put little credence in what he said.

When we reached Potsdam, however, and saw thousands of tons of coal heaped up between the railroad tracks, which were ordinarily kept clear, we realised that preparations for war were being made in earnest, and we stopped to consider whether it would not be better, after all, to return home. Such was our ignorance of what war actually would mean that we decided that, even though it were not advisable to motor in Belgium and France, where we were bound, we might safely plan a tour in the Black Forest in Germany.

We had left Berlin late in the afternoon. In the evening, when we arrived at Gotha, we found that the younger waiters in the restaurants and hotels had already left and that the

older reserves expected a general call the next day.

The next morning we started for Frankfort. As we passed through village after village, war preparations became more and more evident. Measures were being taken everywhere to arouse enthusiasm—young men gathered on school steps were singing patriotic songs, students were marching, and speeches were being made in the market-places.

At Fulda, where we lunched, we were eyed suspiciously by our fellow-guests, who surmised that we were foreigners and were not quite sure whether we ought to be there. In the middle of the afternoon we were stopped by a middle-aged peasant shouldering an antique rifle. As he was apparently more frightened than we were, we should have ignored him and proceeded but for the fact that he had stretched a rope across the entrance to a small bridge which we had reached. When he heard we were Americans, he asked us whether we knew his cousin Karl, who was in America, and upon our solemn assurance to him that we did he allowed us to proceed without further questioning.

From that time on we could not go more than a few hundred yards at a stretch without being stopped by a similar rope or chain across the thoroughfare. My Kaiserlicher Automobile Club card, driving licence, and a few other papers of an official-looking character usually served to clear the way for us. In one village we noticed posters ordering mobilisation, and

all work was stopped while the people stood around in groups and discussed the situation. We were glad that our English accent was not yet a drawback.

About five o'clock that afternoon we arrived in Frankfort. The whole place was in a fever of excitement over the mobilisation posters, and their resentment against the French was being aroused by " extras," which were handed out without charge, announcing that the French had already dropped bombs on the railroad at Nürnberg and that officers in autos had overridden the borders. The dropping of bombs on Nürnberg was ridiculous, as it was so far from the front. Even since the war, when aeroplanes were better constructed, I think only one machine has visited that spot.

The older people who had lived through the war of 1870 had interested audiences for once while they related past experiences and gave advice as to what preparations to make. A possibility of food shortage seemed to be uppermost in all minds, and the groceries were stormed with eager buyers. Salt suddenly jumped to seventy-five cents a pound, and other things in proportion.

The stores were quickly swept clear of everything edible, and the practical *Hausfrau*, who never before had bought for more than one meal in advance and had never owned more than two pounds of flour at a time, filled her pantry to the topmost shelf and then started to store things away in her trunk-room up under the roof.

Almost everyone in towns of any size in Germany lives in an apartment, and each family has a key to a portion of the attic, which is divided into as many parts as there are apartments in the house. Later, when food really became scarce, robbing these attics became a popular profession and it was necessary to make room for the valued stores elsewhere. They were then moved to the *gute Stube* (good room), the sugar being locked away in the writing-desk and room being made for the butter next to the cherished war bonds in the safe.

On Sunday, August 2nd, all the gasolene in the country was commandeered, and we heard of many American tourists being put out of their cars in the cities and even on country roads, no matter how inaccessible to trains they might be. We accordingly decided to stow our car away in an old wagon-shed attached to a hotel and sought to return to Berlin by train.

At the railway station there was such a tremendous crowd that it was quite impossible to get anywhere near the ticket-office, and, anyway, no promise could be given as to trains to Berlin.

Frankfort had always been a busy railroad centre, but it had never witnessed anything like the rush of German vacationists coming home from Switzerland and from the various German baths—people of all nationalities hastening out of Germany, and the long trainloads of troops being hurried to the frontiers.

Trunks and bags were piled high in every

available space, and it was months before that enormous pile of baggage was finally sorted out.

There seemed no hope of getting away that day, so we decided to defer our effort to reach Berlin until Monday. On Monday morning the streets were filled with excited crowds destroying every sign with a French word on it and looking for spies. The papers had announced that the country was full of French spies, women as well as men. I saw the crowd stop an automobile, take a woman out, and literally tear her clothes to shreds before the police succeeded in rescuing her from the mob and took her to the police station. The general supposition was that all the men spies were masquerading as women, and the first thing the mob did was to pull out hair-pins to see whether the hair was real.

On Monday evening we managed to wedge our way into the last through train to Berlin. We were side-tracked innumerable times to allow troop-trains to pass through, and we were required to keep our windows closed so that if any spies were on board none could drop bombs on the bridges we crossed. It was a hot August night and the lack of ventilation was most oppressive.

Our compartment was crowded with officers on their way to join their regiments. Very grand and important they felt in their new field-grey uniforms which may have long been put away in moth-balls for just this opportunity, surprising as it was to the whole world when it came.

At Naumburg, which is about halfway

between Frankfort and Berlin, a company of soldiers boarded the train and guarded the corridors while a non-commissioned officer questioned the passengers.

My wife, who was asleep in a corner of the coupé, was the only woman in the compartment. Believing that her sleep might be feigned and that she might, in fact, be a man in woman's clothing, the officer yelled at her, "Where are you going?" Her American accent, revealed when she answered him, incensed him the more, and he demanded, angrily: "What right have you to use this train? Where is your passport?"

By that time I had produced all the papers of identification I could find and tried to tell him that my wife and I were returning to our home in Berlin, but he was too excited to listen and would have dragged us off the train had not an officer with whom I had been talking *en route* intervened and said, "I shall make myself personally responsible for these people."

I was glad I had admired his new uniform.

From the coupé next to ours I saw soldiers drag six Russians, throw them down, and kick them in the face, and one was a woman! The train pulled out as the crowd closed in on them, so that I was unable to ascertain the fate of those innocent but helpless passengers.

When we finally reached Berlin, about five the next morning, it seemed like a dead city. There was not a *droschke*, a taxi, or a train in sight. Every available means of locomotion had been mobilised for the time being.

As we had heavy bags, we simply *had* to find something to take us home, and after half an hour's search, far from the station, I found an old cabdriver who thought he could take us for the liberal bonus I agreed to pay him. We had hardly got seated when an officer tried to force us out, and only my wife's quick plea of illness saved him a black eye and me iron bars or a large fine.

We found that the Berliners had been seized with the same desire to store up food as we had observed elsewhere, and the stores were closed for lack of merchandise to sell. The banks were filled with long lines of people trying to draw as much money as they could in gold. Even though the papers and all the officers were quite confident that the war would be of but short duration, still there were many who remembered previous wars when only gold would buy food, and there were many who were preparing for that emergency.

After England declared war the efforts to capture spies were doubled and the mob had a new lot of signs to tear down. We were forbidden to talk English on the telephone or on the street. We kept to our homes rather closely. Most of the 'buses, taxicabs, and horses had been commandeered, and the only signs of life in Berlin were furnished by soldiers marching through the streets and officers driving madly about in high-powered cars which exceeded all speed limits and ignored other traffic regulations.

After a few days things began to return to

normal again. The food-supply seemed ample, and the headlines in the newspapers were so encouraging, and the reports of victories upon victories so convincing, that everyone expected the war to be over within a very short time, and everybody began to eat up the stores that had been so excitedly collected.

Of course, there were no private motors, few taxis, and almost no trains, but there was apparently an abundance of the necessities of life. Gifts of chocolate, woollens, and tobacco were showered upon the soldiers at the Front, and it was not until the spring of 1915 that Herr Reventlow aroused the people to the danger of the coming food shortage which England's blockade had made inevitable.

Bread cards were initiated, it is true, but the amount allowed was more than adequate for all except, perhaps, the very poor, who depend almost entirely upon bread.

The Press began advising the people to conserve food, but at the same time told them that if care was taken there was no danger of there not being enough for all. School-teachers gave daily talks to the children to eat everything on their plates. One went so far as to announce :

" I always lick my plate, children, and you should do the same ! "

The result of these warnings was merely to increase hoarding and buying from food speculators. I never knew of a single German who voluntarily deprived himself of a single article of food because of patriotic motives. The only

sacrifice a German is willing to make for his country is the one he cannot escape.

As time went on and England's blockade became increasingly effective the internal condition of Germany went from bad to worse, and long before I left Berlin, on January 22nd, 1918, it had become well-nigh unbearable.

CHAPTER XX

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION IN GERMANY

By the spring of 1916 butter and meat had become extremely scarce in Berlin. My wife had remained in America, where she had accompanied me in the summer of 1915, and during her absence I dined at hotels and restaurants, where the food was still rather good. In June, 1916, I left for America again, and, just as I was leaving, meat cards were issued for the first time.

I returned to Berlin with my family in October, 1916. Conditions had changed considerably for the worse during the summer. I found that everyone who had the money had bought up every available pound of food and soap which had not already been commandeered by the Government. Butter, potatoes, eggs, milk, flour, sugar, soap, bread, and meat and dry groceries were all rationed, and it was now no longer necessary for women to stand in line in front of the shops, sometimes all night, to await the morning opening.

Shopping by card system was very complicated, and the quantities permitted by the ration cards so small that a well-balanced meal was an impossibility. To dine in a restaurant

it was necessary to take a whole pocketful of cards and make a careful analysis of them before ordering the meagre meal which the law allowed.

Empty boxes were used to decorate the depleted show-windows of the shops. The fact that they were empty was not known to the public, and very often the windows would be broken by hungry mobs who could not resist the sight of what appeared to be so much food. This led the Government to order the shopkeepers to label the boxes, " Empty Boxes," in order to avert such disturbances and riots.

There was simply nothing to buy in the food line except substitutes, and of these there were hundreds, each worse than the last. The remark, " If things get much worse we shall soon be eating rats, as the Parisians did in 1870," brought the rejoinder, " Well, that wouldn't be so bad ; what I'm dreading is the time when we shall have to be content with rat-substitute ! "

When we finally had cards for coffee-substitute and had to have them stamped to buy a quarter of a pound of candy-substitute per month—and both were so wretched we could not eat them—I gave up my interest in substitutes and commenced to patronise the speculators, figuring that it was better to risk the penalties imposed by the law for such violations of the food regulations than to ruin our health through under-nourishment.

For a time long we were permitted to receive " presents " of bacon, ham, sausages, eggs, and butter from Denmark, but this was finally pro-

hibited through the influence of the *Central Einkaufs Gesellschaft*—"The central society for buying food from other countries"—which found that it was interfering with their graft.

This society was formed by a company of clever Jewish business men to buy food from foreign countries and sell it to the people, a small percentage of the profits going to the Government. It not only developed into a most successful enterprise from the point of view of profit, its prosperity being augmented by graft, but it provided a haven for the slacker sons of the proprietors and stockholders. Just before I left Berlin this company, to hide their war profits, bought a building for three million marks, which they claimed was needed for the business.

One of the subterfuges resorted to by some of the war profiteers to conceal the extent of their gains and escape taxation was to invest their surplus earnings in works of art and other expensive luxuries. As the tax assessments were based principally upon the individual's bank deposits and the tax-collecting machinery was very much out of gear, it was comparatively easy to evade the law by careful manipulation of one's bank account, and by disbursing profits received without having them go through the bank. A German whom I knew told me that he had disposed of an oil-painting which had cost him $300 for no less than $85,000, the price of works of art and antiques having increased to a remarkable extent because of the demand for them from tax-dodgers.

Under the stress of the changed food conditions the hungry German soon replaced the honest German. Germans had always had a reputation for honesty, but their claims to such distinction disappeared with the food-supply. Necessity soon brought out all that was worst in the German character.

Although the Government decreed a high fine and imprisonment as punishment for buying or selling anything which had been commandeered, speculators sprang up on every side and people bragged openly of what they had stored away.

An officer on a train was overheard to say, " One half of the women in this town should be in the insane-asylum and the other half in jail." When asked the reason for his cryptic remark, he explained, " Well, half the women ought to be in jail for *hamstering* (hoarding), and the rest of them, who are not hoarding, must certainly be crazy ! " I think the officer must have been wrong in his calculations, for I, at any rate, never ran across a single German at this time who might be included in the insane half. Every patient who came into my office bragged about some forbidden article of food which he or she had purchased and complained of the awful price exacted for it.

One speculator used to telephone my wife regularly, identifying himself by the password : " This is your good friend. Are you going to be at home this morning ? " Needless to say, my wife usually managed to be in, as it meant food. This speculator looked like a cut-throat, but we

used to treat him with the greatest consideration, offering him the best chair in the house and a good cigar. After he made sure that no one was listening at the door, he would reveal what it was he had for sale. Sometimes he had fifty pounds of butter at five dollars per pound. Another time it might be two hundred pounds of dried peas at seventy-five cents a pound. Whatever it was, we usually took all he had to sell, as it was a simple matter to share it with our friends.

From one man we bought two hundred pounds of flour and the same quantity of sugar, each at one dollar per pound. The huge sacks were brought to us through the streets by men disguised as soldiers, their military garb protecting them against molestation by the police, who believed that it was being carried from one barracks to another. The men who brought the sacks to us declared that the stuff had been stolen from a soldiers' hospital.

I know of a German doctor at the head of a big field hospital at the Front who sent an American friend in Berlin fifty pounds of beans. There is no question but that the officers were sending food to their families from the supplies intended for their men at the Front.

One man who was in a hospital at Berlin, but well enough to visit his family occasionally, was always asked by the officer commanding the hospital to deliver to the officer's wife a large bundle of what was apparently soiled laundry. One day, his suspicions aroused by the weight of the package, he opened it and found that

instead of laundry it contained a supply of all the delicacies which the recuperating soldiers needed and were not getting. Things had changed—the soldiers at the Front were sending food home instead of receiving the gifts which were showered upon them in the opening months of the war.

Many of my patients lived in the country, and there, of course, it was much easier to evade the food-control regulations than in the cities. There they had practically everything they needed, and they used often to bring me presents of butter or delicacies—which I carefully locked away before beginning the consultation.

Some of the so-called delicacies appear to me in a very different light now. One patient from Dresden brought me, for instance, some sausage made from an elephant that had died in the Zoo ! Another offered to sell me a very cheap ham—twenty dollars. When it arrived it turned out to be half of a pig's head, smoked, with the teeth, an eye, and an ear very much in evidence.

As a rare treat I was able to buy some Polish sausage, which I remember I ate with great relish. Later on I heard that in the town where my sausage was made the people were fallin dead of starvation on the streets, which set me to wondering whether I had been exactly prudent in eating it.

I bought a leg of lamb which turned out to be goat, and a quantity of butter that I bought from a speculator melted into an ill-smelling, brown liquid. One was afraid not to take

advantage of the offers made by speculators, but nine times out of ten the stuff purchased was inedible or, at any rate, different from what it had been held out to be.

As time went on there seemed to be almost no real food to be had, and I feel that I possibly owe the life of my child to Mrs. Gerard, who so kindly left us a large supply of her good American stores when she left Berlin, and to the manager of the Quaker Oats Company at Hamburg, who sent me a large box of Quaker oats.

Even the things which the Germans had been able to buy from Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland had a way of disappearing in transit. Batocki, when he was Food Controller, told a friend of mine that six carloads of oranges which the Government had bought were stolen, the cars arriving empty ; and two cars of cheese from Holland evidently met a similar fate, for the cars arrived loaded with stone !

The people felt that there was plenty of food in Germany, but that the controllers were limiting its distribution. How could they believe otherwise when they read daily of the wonderful crops and the large stores of food taken in Rumania and of the inefficiency of the English blockade ? The only way the diminishing food supplies could be reconciled with the constant reports of victories which were published in the inspired Press was on the basis of restrictions imposed by the authorities.

Everyone I knew, rich and poor, had some little scheme of getting something " under the

hand," but it was constantly growing more difficult, and the quality of everything was so poor that there was very little nourishment even in what was available. People were always hungry, and the result was that they ate too much of bad food—when they had the money or the influence to procure it.

The worst deprivation was in the lack of fats. The people showed it very plainly. One seldom saw a fat man or a fat woman, although before the war fatness was almost characteristic of the German physique. Indeed, I saw a rather stout woman being followed by at least twenty boys who were jeering at her and making slurring remarks about the manner in which she had retained her avoirdupois. A fat person in Germany to-day is regarded with suspicion.

How long the young people will be able to exist in the state of under-nourishment which is becoming more serious in Germany every day I will not venture to guess, but I know that before I left conditions were so bad that the older people were dying off rapidly, and the future of the race must be seriously jeopardised by the limited nourishment which the children are receiving.

Naturally, the weakened condition of the people makes them all easily susceptible to disease. Epidemics spread rapidly, and I am inclined to believe that little care was taken by the authorities to protect the older people from infection. I know that my secretary's mother fell and broke both her legs last summer (1917) and was taken to the accident

ward of a hospital, where her fellow-patients were all crippled. Ten of the inmates of that ward died in a single day from dysentery, and the following day the death list was increased by twelve, the old lady with the broken legs being one of them. Twenty-two more bread cards saved at the expense of twenty-two useless women in one hospital alone—a fair record for two days ! I have no proof that these unfortunate victims of disease were deliberately infected by the hospital authorities, but the mere fact that twenty-two patients in an accident ward died from dysentery in two days is certainly evidence of gross carelessness, if nothing worse.

If the clothing problem had not been so difficult and the Germans had been able to secure clothes to fit their now slender figures, they would be to-day a far better-looking race than they ever were before in the days of food plenty.

Unfortunately for their appearance, however, many are still wearing the clothes which were made for them when their figures were less attenuated, and some of them made very ludicrous pictures. Imagine a man who had once boasted of a well-defined corporation still wearing the same clothes although his contour had changed from convex to concave ! Their collars fasten on their chests, like horse-collars ; their clothes hang like sacks ; and even their hats have become too large since the rolls back of their necks have dwindled.

To buy new clothes it is necessary to secure

a certificate from the Government to the effect that you are absolutely in need of clothing, and even then you are compelled to give up the suit you are discarding.

Branch offices for investigating the necessity of replenishing one's wardrobe have been established all over the cities, and they are always crowded. Women are in charge, and they seem thoroughly to enjoy their authority and their power to deny an application for new clothing.

When I left Berlin the law permitted a man just two shirts, two collars, two pairs of socks, etc., a year. Since soap had disappeared from the market, so many inadequate substitutes were tried that one's laundry invariably came home full of holes.

When my white office coats got into such bad condition that they were no longer wearable I made an effort to obtain permission to buy new ones.

After wedging my way into the ill-smelling, crowded room where I had to make the necessary application, I was given a large paper to fill out—a printed form asking for my life-history and a full explanation of just what I wanted to do with the articles in question. I had to submit my income-tax receipts to prove that I was accustomed to such luxuries as office coats.

While my application was being prepared I had an opportunity of overhearing some rather ludicrous conversations between applicants and officials.

One woman, who had said she was "Frau Major ——," was asked whether her husband had been an officer before the war or had been promoted from the ranks since the war. It seemed that the original army officers had greater privileges than those of more recent creation.

Another woman was trying to obtain permission to buy her governess some underwear for a Christmas present. There was a great hubbub in the room and the girl who was examining the record of the governess had to scream to make herself heard, but that did not deter her from calling out in a stentorious voice, "How many pairs of drawers has the *Kinderfräulein* (governess)?"

A soldier on furlough was trying to get a *Bezugschein* (certificate of covering) for his wife, who was a mail-carrier, to buy her a pair of stockings.

"My wife's shoes are bad and she gets her feet wet," he explained. "She must have stockings to change or she will be sick and my children will starve!"

"Your wife got a pair of stockings last week," came the answer. "That is enough!" The fact that, as the soldier explained, his wife had only that one pair of stockings availed him nothing, and he had to go away without the permit.

The outcome of my application was that they allowed me one cotton coat. I told them that the Kaiser was my patient and they then increased my allowance to four. Usually they

send someone to your home to examine your wardrobe and inquire into your scale of living, but apparently my income-tax receipt sufficed in this instance.

Even when one has obtained a *Bezugschein* the problem is not over, for there is very little left in the shops to buy. Very often one gave up his *Bezugschein* and paid a ridiculous price for an article of clothing which had no durability at all, and it was necessary to go through all the rigmarole of securing another *Bezugschein.* My porter's wife, for instance, paid four dollars for some underclothing, she told my wife, and the first time she washed it all she had left was a wad of paper !

In November, 1917, I paid one hundred dollars for a suit of clothes which, if it had been made out of cloth of good quality, would have been worth about thirty-five dollars. As it was, the tailor frankly admitted that the goods were made of re-worked yarn, and, because of the lack of cotton thread, the seams were worked with a material which looked like paper string.

This paper string was in general use at that time, the department stores all displaying notices warning customers not to carry their parcels by the string. Many purchases were no longer wrapped, to save paper, and no purchase amounting to less than five dollars was delivered.

Before I left Berlin artificial silk was the principal fabric obtainable for ladies' wearing apparel. Almost every woman in the land,

princess or maid, was attired in art taffeta. It sold for ten dollars a yard. In normal times it would have been worth from seventy-five cents to one dollar. In the autumn of 1917 a cloth suit was unobtainable for less than three hundred dollars. It would have been worth twenty-five dollars in normal times. All fur skins were needed for soldiers' wear, and the few that were still obtainable for home use in the form of fur sets sold for from one thousand dollars up.

Through speculators we obtain some imitation soft soap at four dollars per pound. People said it was made from human corpses, but it was the only thing available outside the substitutes which were soap only in name. A small cake of toilet soap easily brought three dollars. A servant's plain wooden wardrobe, formerly costing five dollars, was unobtainable for less than fifty dollars. We paid as high as eight dollars a pound for butter, from a speculator, and my last Christmas dinner in Berlin consisted of a small goose, just enough for one meal for three persons, for which I paid twenty-five dollars.

How could the poor people exist with such a scale of prices prevailing? To a great extent wages had increased, and this partially met the problem. As far as official employees went, however, their wages remained pretty much the same as in peace-times, and they were compelled to resort to bribery and extortion to make both ends meet. The ammunition workers and other wage-earners whose labour was essential

to the carrying on of the war were allowed double rations, and their increased earnings enabled them to live fairly comfortably. For the rest, under-nourishment and disease told the story. The city of Berlin was feeding about five hundred thousand when I left, but, great Heavens ! what food !

One of the things the people missed most, of course, was their beer. While it was put on sale at 8 p.m. every night, only a limited amount was available, and as soon as it was disposed of only coffee or tea substitutes, without sugar or milk or lemons, could be had.

The scarcity of metals required for munitions was evidenced early in the war, when the interiors and exteriors of houses throughout the country were thoroughly ransacked and everything in the way of copper, brass, or aluminium fixtures or cooking utensils that was not absolutely necessary was seized.

To secure gold for my work was most difficult. The Government had taken charge of the gold refineries and allowed only a small amount to be distributed each week. Representatives of the various arts and professions using gold had to stand in line in the hope of being allotted a small share, and very often only those who were fortunate enough to be in the front part of the line got what they wanted ; the others, after remaining in line, perhaps for hours, had to leave with nothing to show for their pains.

I found a simpler method. I sent some large cakes of chocolate—at seven dollars per pound—every week to the girl who had charge of the

gold-counter, and every week she set aside a certain amount of gold for me, and afterwards sent it to me by registered post. This was not a particularly safe method, as even the registered post was being constantly robbed, and one considered himself lucky if twenty-five per cent. of the packages posted to him arrived.

Horses were gradually disappearing from sight when I left, early this year. One saw them lying about the streets, where they had dropped from exhaustion, and what disposition was made of their corpses can well be imagined. It is quite certain that no part was wasted. The fire department was constantly called upon to help fallen horses to their feet.

I hired a *droschke*, one of the few remaining, to take me for a short ride. The horse refused to move and the cabby started to beat him. I asked him what the trouble was, and he explained that as the animal was limited to three pounds of offal food, simply straw, per day, he could not get much work out of him without beating him. Rather than see the animal maltreated I got out and walked.

Dogs, too, nearly vanished from city life. A man I knew, who had kept a fine Newfoundland dog, told me that it had disappeared one night, and the next day its skin was found hanging on the fence, with a sign running, " Died for the Fatherland."

One of the principal articles of fresh meat to be seen in the butchers' shops consisted of black crows. They were selling at seventy-five cents apiece. There was something ludicrous

in the thought of the Germans being compelled to "eat crow," but there was little to laugh at in eating it oneself.

To obtain oil, prizes were offered to the school-children to collect fruit seeds from which it could be extracted, and veritable mountains of the seeds were thus obtained.

The staple item of the diet of the poorer classes in Germany had always been the potato, and the scarcity of that article resulted in much suffering. When, in the early months of 1917, potatoes were absolutely unobtainable, hysterical rumours became current among the hunger-crazed workers. It was reported, for instance, that one of the German U-boats had captured a German ship bound from Stettin, on the Baltic, to England, and that its cargo consisted entirely of potatoes—the inference being that the German agrarians were such traitors that they were allowing their fellow-countrymen to starve for the sake of the profit they could make from dealing with the enemy.

The last meal I had in Berlin was on January 21st, 1918, when I dined at the Hotel Adlon. It consisted of one sardine, three thin slices of cold smoked salmon, soup which was hardly more than hot salt water, two small boiled potatoes, and a substitute for corn-starch pudding. No butter and no sauces of any kind were served. Black bread I took in my pocket. The check for this elaborate *table d'hôte* meal amounted to four dollars and fifty cents. The following day, when I left for Copenhagen, my lunch for the trip, which I carried in my

pocket, consisted of four pieces of awful black bread smeared with goose grease.

My journey to Copenhagen *via* the railroads of Germany was not without its dangers. The fact was that the rolling-stock was in a terribly dilapidated condition. There had been no replacements to speak of since the beginning of the war, repairs were neglected, and there was no adequate inspection of the roads. A car without at least two flat wheels was a very great exception. Constant wrecks were the result of these conditions, and one constantly read of terrible accidents to troop trains and passenger trains because of faulty equipment or inefficient handling. Most of the street cars were run by women, and their inexperience and nervousness increased the dangers of street travel.

To sum up the situation as I was able to observe it, living conditions in Germany in January of this year were rapidly becoming absolutely unbearable. How much worse they can become without bringing on internal troubles which will bring about the collapse of the German Empire can be only a matter of conjecture.

CHAPTER XXI

WILL THERE BE A GERMAN REVOLUTION ?

PROPHESYING is a rash undertaking at best ; in these cataclysmic times it approaches rank presumption.

Nevertheless, the danger of attempting to penetrate the curtain of the future lies principally, I imagine, in the difficulty of understanding the present. The more accurate our knowledge of prevailing conditions, at any rate, the easier it becomes to estimate their probable consequences. Certainly it is folly to prophesy, on the basis of erroneous ideas, as to the facts of the present. This is especially true of prophecies about what may happen in Germany.

To foresee the Germany of to-morrow, then, we must first understand the Germany of to-day, and although I may not be able to offer much of value in the way of prophecy, I feel that I ought to be able to describe with some degree of accuracy the conditions which prevailed there up to the time I left, early in 1918.

The twentieth century has seen such radical changes in world conditions, views, and aspirations that I am afraid history will prove but a poor guide to the future. In the past few

centuries Germany has experienced several more or less serious social revolutions, but it would be dangerous to predicate very much upon those abortive uprisings.

History does furnish us, however, with many illustrations of the long-suffering character of the German people. The dull record of their servility is relieved only here and there by a flash of that spirit of independence and love of freedom which have ever been the glory and distinguishing traits of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We get a glimpse of this spirit in the uprising of the peasants of Germany in the sixteenth century, when their privations brought on, as it did in other parts of Europe, what was known as " The Peasants' War." With pitchforks and scythes they warred on the military and nobility, and their desperation and sense of injustice so augmented the power of their crude weapons that it was only after the bloodiest fighting that they were vanquished in the unequal conflict.

Very little was accomplished in the way of social progress throughout the seventeenth century, because of the long series of wars which devastated the Continent at that period. It was estimated that by 1650 no less than 70 per cent. of the German people had perished through the ravages of war, pestilence, and famine.

The principles of republicanism brought to the fore by the French Revolution took root in Germany and bore fruit in 1832 in the shape of

a rather formidable uprising. No fewer than 30,000 men gathered at Hambach to demand emancipation, but Bavarian troops quelled the rebellion, and similar uprisings in Frankfort, Bremen, Cassel, and Saxony were likewise suppressed.

Perhaps the most ambitious revolution in the annals of Germany was that of 1848, when the spirit of democracy was rife throughout Europe. Berlin and Vienna fell to the populace, but the triumph was short-lived. General Wrangel subdued the uprising, and Prussian troops soon disposed of other rebellions throughout the Empire. One of the effects of the demonstration was to secure a Constitution for Prussia, but no sooner was the menace of the revolution allayed than the Constitution was withdrawn—which, of course, was typical of Prussian statecraft.

But even this comparatively recent indication of a spirit of independence in the German people is of little significance in connection with a consideration of present probabilities, because of the fact that such ideas have not gained ground since.

When the war broke out in 1914 the Kaiser had behind him a united people who gloried in his power and were prepared to follow wherever his ambitions might lead. I do not mean for a moment to intimate that there were not many in Germany who were and are as keen for democracy as any individuals in the world, but I am talking now of the people as a whole—royalty, nobility, aristocracy, Junkers, middle

classes, workers, and farmers—98 per cent. of the population of the country revered their Kaiser and were proud to regard themselves as " his people."

I shall never forget the scene in Berlin when it was announced in the papers that Austria had handed her Ultimatum to Serbia. That evening I walked up Unter den Linden and saw thousands of young men from eighteen to thirty marching along with their hats off, clamouring for war. Mounted police were on hand, but made no effort to disperse the gathering, although no such demonstration is ever allowed in Germany unless it is in keeping with the policy of the Government to permit it.

I turned to a grey-haired porter standing in front of a building, and asked him what it all meant.

" They want war ! " he answered. " There's ten thousand of them, and they're on their way to the Russian Embassy. Poor fools ! I've been through two wars—against Austria in 'sixty-six and against France in 'seventy—and I know what it means. These young men will learn, too, to their sorrow, before it's over. There was a time when the hand of Germany was extended to the world downward as a sign of friendship, but now it is stretched out upward to grab all it can get ! "

This old porter was wise enough, apparently, to realise the dangers which those higher up ignored.

On every hand there was evidence of elation among the people at the early prospect of going

to war, and their enthusiasm continued long after hostilities began.

The Germans had been told by the newspapers that the war upon which they were embarking was forced upon them and that the rest of the world had jumped upon Germany's neck and was seeking to dismember the Empire because it was jealous of German commercial supremacy. They were likewise promised that the outcome of the war would secure the " freedom of the seas " and give Germany an opportunity to meet England in the markets of the world on an equal commercial basis.

To what extent the people believed the official explanation of the purpose of the war I am not in a position to say. Many undoubtedly accepted it at its face value and gloried in the prospect of Germany's triumph. The better informed, knowing that every port in the world was open to German boats, and that, in fact, 80 per cent. of the German foreign trade was with Anglo-Saxon nations, must have been at a loss to understand what was meant by this " freedom of the seas " which Germany was so clamorous to secure.

But whether they saw through their Government's pretences or not, practically every German in the country went into the war with a will, determined to uphold German might and establish the national principle of " *Deutschland über alles !* "

It was confidently expected by all that the war would be over within ninety days at the utmost, and there can be no doubt that if the

German programme had been carried out to a successful conclusion the position of the Hohenzollerns would have been secure for many generations to come. Victory would have so reinforced the foundations of the Empire that it would have been proof against political agitators, I believe, for a very long time. Democracy would be crushed the world over, and all that has been accomplished in the past two thousand years would go for naught.

But the German plan did not succeed. It went wrong right from the start. Belgium proved an unexpected obstacle, the English came in, Paris refused to fall, the French held their own, the Russian hordes proved a real menace, and after the great, lumbering German machine had travelled a certain distance on its original impetus it was brought to an unforeseen halt. It was very awkward for the Government, because it was all so different from what the people had been promised, and it would not do to shake their confidence.

To keep the facts from the public, the Press was put under rigorous supervision and none of the reverses which the Germans encountered, none of the political mistakes which they were constantly making, none of the unforeseen difficulties which were developing, were ever published until the people had been gradually and skilfully prepared to receive the bad news, while general information concerning some of the misfortunes was suppressed entirely.

In this way the second year of the war found the German people with their faith in their

leaders comparatively unshaken. Disasters had been so skilfully concealed or minimised, and victories had been so widely advertised and magnified, that the people were, if possible, more solidly behind the war and keener for its vigorous prosecution in 1916 than they were when it started two years before.

On May Day, 1916, the Socialist Liebknecht addressed a crowd in the Potsdamer Platz, and his diatribes against the Kaiser were so distasteful even to his own supporters that when he was arrested they unanimously turned against him. The criticism was made that, as he was a member of the Reichstag, it was undignified for him to speak openly against the Government from a barrel on the public square, and many Socialists with whom I afterwards talked said his arrest served him right.

Then Scheidemann became the most conspicuous Socialist in the public eye, but he has developed into a most conservative advocate of Socialistic principles, and, indeed, the whole party has been torn to pieces by dissensions and internal differences. The Socialists were never less of a problem to the Government than during the early years of the war.

When, however, the food shortage began to assume serious proportions and the people were put on such meagre rations that the pangs of hunger and the ravages of disease became a constant reminder of the war and its consequences, a spirit of unrest became noticeable. No one seemed to care very much that the war which was to be over by Christmas, 1914,

was still very far from over by Christmas, 1916, so long as everyone had plenty to eat and the German cause was everywhere triumphant. But when the ordinary mode of life was being constantly changed by one military restriction after another and the pinch of hunger and deprivation began to be felt throughout the Empire, then the people began to ask questions.

Why had not the U-boats subjugated the English fleet and opened the German ports and, together with the Zeppelins, brought England to her knees ? Why does the war, which was to be over in three months, now enter its third year ? Why are we pressing into Russian and French territory if our only object is to defend our borders ? Why are we suffering for lack of food and clothing if we are winning in the field ?

By the time America came into the war, in April, 1917, conditions had become very bad from an economic point of view, and the murmuring of the people was becoming more pronounced. People were now not only asking questions ; they were beginning to insist upon answers. Strikes were breaking out all over the country. Robbery and bribery were never so rampant in the history of the nation. The birth-rate had declined at an alarming rate and the death-rate among civilians was rapidly climbing.

Poor food and insufficient nourishment were beginning to make themselves felt and seen. The nation was being slowly but surely starved to death, and the people were beginning to realise it. *Ersatz* (substitute) foods were not

enough to satisfy physical requirements. They might deceive the eye, but they could not deceive the blood.

The suffering that the people had to endure began to undermine their faith in their rulers. I heard murmuring on the streets and in the street cars, and patients who came into my office were not hesitant in expressing themselves freely about the outlook.

In October, 1917, through the influence of a prominent German officer who was a patient of mine, I secured permission to accompany my wife to Warnemunde, from which port she was to sail for Copenhagen.

On the way back to Berlin, all the available seats in the first and second class compartments were taken and I had to occupy a third class compartment in the train. Although this was somewhat less comfortable, I was rather glad of the experience because it enabled me to overhear an extremely enlightening conversation among the seven or eight passengers who shared the compartment with me. They were of the common people—the backbone of the Empire—and their point of view was well worth consideration.

As soon as I realised the drift of their remarks I sank down in my corner seat and pretended to be asleep, for fear they would be more guarded in their utterances if they realised or suspected that a foreigner was listening to them.

One of the group was a soldier returning to the front after a furlough which had been

granted to him for the purpose of burying his daughter. When he had arrived home he found that his daughter had died from the effects of under-nourishment.

"You may know how I feel," he declared bitterly, "to have to go back to fight for a Government which allowed my daughter to starve while I was away; and my wife had aged so much from anxiety and under-nourishment that I didn't recognise her!"

"The Government is trying to belittle America's part in this war," spoke up another. "They are trying to make us believe that we won't be harmed any more with America fighting than we were when she was neutral. I tell you I don't believe it. I've got a brother in America. He's been there for ten years. He has written to me many times and has told me much about the American people. I believe that when the American people go into anything they go into it with all their hearts. How long are we going to allow the Government to deceive us this way?"

"I have a friend at the University of Heidelberg," said another. "He is a professor, one of the brainiest men in the country. His salary is five thousand marks a year. He had a wife and six children when the war started. The cost of living has steadily gone up, as we all know, but that professor's salary hasn't advanced one penny. To make both ends meet he has been taking on extra work, and he has almost ruined his health through the strain of overwork, combined with insufficient nourish-

ment, for both he and his wife had been skimping themselves on food that their children might get enough.

" Some months ago this professor told me that his eldest boy was within a few months of military age, but he was so under-nourished that if he were pulled into the army he would never be able to stand the strain of active training. They took him, just the same, and two months later he died. A few months after that the youngest child became sick from under-nourishment, and he died too. Then the mother collapsed from grief and starvation, and when she was taken to the hospital the professor had to assume entire care of the remaining children besides fulfilling his regular duties.

" And now, friends," the speaker went on, " that poor professor has collapsed too, and the children are in the hands of the authorities. I tell you, men, that there are thousands of other families whose cases are no better than this one. We and our children are starving while the landowners and the profiteers are making twenty times what they got in peace-time and can buy all the food they want. How long are we going to stand it ? How long ? "

There was not a single member in that group —and they were apparently all strangers to one another—who hesitated to say exactly what he felt, and not a single word was uttered in favour of the Government.

After the Russian Revolution had resulted in the overthrow of the Tsar I heard two work-

men at the railroad station discussing conditions.

"If we had any sense and weren't such fools, we'd start the same thing over here," I overheard one declare. "Our Government is treating us worse than the Russian Government."

I have mentioned before that the German police, although the most arrogant in the world, were always free from corruption in time of peace, but with the changed living conditions brought about by the war the police yielded to temptation and not only exacted tribute and accepted bribes, but brazenly appropriated the loot which they recovered from thieves and robbers.

One of the police officers of Berlin frankly acknowledged to me that it was no longer possible for him to exist on his one hundred and fifty marks a month, in view of the increased prices of food and clothing, and that he was forced to eke out a livelihood by resorting to corruption. The food regulations, which it was the duty of the police to enforce, provided an excellent opportunity for bribery. In return for allowing civilians to purchase or otherwise obtain more than the allotted quantities of food the police were able to extort liberal bonuses.

On August 1st, 1917, three robbers entered my house. They stole about five hundred dollars' worth of gold, platinum, and silver, besides a typewriter, some celluloid brushes, and other articles of less value.

An idea of the lawless condition of the city may be gathered from the fact that the band of burglars who had entered my place had no sooner reached the street than they were set upon by another band of burglars and relieved of their booty. The first group of robbers turned out to be lads of seventeen and eighteen. They were so incensed at being robbed themselves that they made a clean breast of the affair to the first policeman they came to, and the whole lot of them were arrested. The second group of robbers proved to be soldiers on furlough.

I applied to the local police station for the return of my property. They exhibited some of it to me, but told me that I would have to obtain it through police headquarters, in another part of the city. A few days later I called there, accordingly, and was given the celluloid toilet articles and other things of nominal value, but the gold, platinum, and silver were retained by the police, and I was made to sign a paper to the effect that I was satisfied with the work they had done in apprehending the burglars and with the property that had been returned to me !

The same night the house of von Bleichroeder, the banker, a few doors from mine, was broken into by soldier burglars and a large quantity of silver removed. The police said they captured the burglars, but restored only a trifling part of the booty to the banker. The fact that they had captured the criminals ought to be enough, the police believed, to satisfy the most exacting

civilian, but they made it a custom to restore some of the cheaper articles to the victim of the robbery, figuring that, as he probably expected to lose all, he would be well satisfied if he regained part.

These and other similar cases suggested the possibility that the police were working as accomplices of the criminal classes. They were certainly becoming as much of a menace as the lawbreaking class they were supposed to suppress.

The dissastisfaction of the workers in the factories was becoming greater every day. The director of one of the larger arms factories, employing more than sixty thousand operatives, told me that conditions were becoming unbearable.

" It's just living in a lunatic asylum," he explained to me. " An explosion the other day in the vicinity of our plant blew out fifteen thousand marks' worth of window-panes and the strikers are demanding seven and one-half cents an hour increase. What with explosions blowing our plants to pieces and our hands constantly on strike, the lot of an employer is not a very happy one these days, and it looks as if it is going to be worse ! "

The fact that these employers were making vast profits and that the landowners, mine-owners, and agrarians were using prisoners of war to furnish labour at minimum cost was embittering the wage-earners to the breaking point. The longer the war lasted the worse their lot was becoming. Servants were taxed

not only on their wages, but on an amount which was supposed to be equivalent to the value of their board and the presents they received at Christmas, while the aristocrats, living in plenty, went comparatively tax free !

Civilian patients in the interior hospitals, especially the older ones, died in such alarming numbers that foul play was beginning to be hinted at. Less mouths to feed meant less of a burden on the nation as a whole, and it was quite in accord with the German idea that the weak should be sacrificed for the sake of the strong.

How much worse internal conditions might get without bringing about a serious conflict between the hunger-crazed, war-suffering civilians and the authorities it is impossible definitely to say, but it was quite evident then that no disturbance could ever accomplish anything for the liberation of the people from the yoke of militarism while the army remained loyal. Underfed and unequipped, what could the civilian population, made up as it is now of the aged, the infirm, and the immature youth of the land, accomplish against the veterans of the German army ? A successful revolt against the organised military forces would be out of the question.

Another factor that must be taken into consideration in connection with the suffering and privation which were so general in Germany at the time of which I speak is that there was a strong undercurrent of patriotism still working against the tide of discontent that was developing. There was a feeling that the Government

was doing all that it could to alleviate conditions, and that civilians ought to be as willing to suffer for the Fatherland as the soldiers at the Front.

The weak point in the foundation upon which the German Empire rests to-day lies, in my opinion, in the fact that the loyalty of the people has been retained by deception and misrepresentation. Ever since the war started, the Government has been feeding lies to the people, and the people have accepted them at their face value. What will happen when the Germans realise that their own Government has wickedly deceived them ?

With the soldiers returning from the Front on furlough, and the propaganda of the Allies slowly but surely beginning to circulate among the people, the task of concealing the truth from the German people becomes increasingly difficult. Already the people are becoming restless. Is it possible that they are about to wake up ?

What will the people do when it begins to dawn on them that the war was started, not by the European Powers to strangle Germany, but by the Kaiser and his war lords, to dominate the world ?

What will they do when they realise that the success of the U-boat campaign has been woefully exaggerated right from the start ?

What will they do when they realise that America came into the war out of the purest motives that ever inspired a nation ?

What will they do when they learn that America's power, growing every day, will eventually be great enough, in combination with the Allies, to smash the German Empire ?

What will happen when the German people realise that they have been the pitiful victims of the insatiable thirst of the Kaiser and his supporters for world-power, and that the sacrifices they have been compelled to make must inevitably prove futile ?

What will they do when they begin to understand that four-fifths of the world is arrayed against Germany—not to destroy the German people, but to emancipate them ?

The Kaiser and his supporters have used very effective tools in their efforts to keep the truth from the people, and up till now they have been remarkably successful.

How cleverly they have used Maximilian Harden, the ostensible champion of republicanism, to fool the people has perhaps never occurred to the outside world, but I am firmly of the opinion that this vaunted pillar of democracy is to a great extent a lion in sheep's clothing.

His fearless criticism of the Government from time to time has naturally stamped him in the eyes of the world as the most outspoken of German Socialists and the bitterest of enemies to the Hohenzollern *régime.* Unless I am very much mistaken, however, this able writer has been one of the most valued tools of the Government and has been used to accom-

plish the Kaiser's ends while ostensibly working to frustrate them.

Has it never occurred to the German people that, unless the Government wanted Harden to talk in the way he does, they would very quickly shut him up? Has it been forgotten that the Government did suppress *Die Zukunft*, his weekly organ, "for the duration of the war," but that it is now appearing again?

When, only a short time ago, the "people's champion" wrote in *Die Zukunft*—which the Government had previously suppressed—

> *International law forbids Germany to retain even one pebble of Belgian streets, and commands Germany to restore Belgium to the conditions before invasion. Is Belgium, as a Chancellor, a State Secretary, and an Ambassador have confessed, an innocent victim of German self-defence? Then we have to ask its forgiveness and not force conditions upon it. This is a question of the decency, morality, and honour of a nation—*

what did it signify?

To me its meaning was instantly obvious. It confirmed an idea that I had long held—that Harden was being used by the Government to fool the people. If the Government had had any serious hope of being able to retain Belgium, it would certainly never have allowed Harden, in his "suppressed" journal, to advocate its release. Realising, however, that, in view of the turn things have taken, Germany will have to give up Belgium, it was necessary to begin to reconcile the German people to that untoward development. How could it accomplish that purpose better than

by making the suggestion through the lips of Harden? When the time comes for Germany to offer to restore Belgium as part of the peace terms, it will be able to say that it was Maximilian Harden, one of the spokesmen for the people, who advocated it.

Compare this recent utterance of Harden's in relation to Belgium with a paragraph he wrote in December, 1914:

> *Now we know what the war is for. It is to hoist the storm flag of the Empire on the narrow Channel that opens and locks the road into the ocean. . . . We shall remain in the Belgian Netherlands, to which we shall add the thin strip of coast up to the rear of Calais. . . . From Calais to Antwerp, Flanders, Limburg, Brabant, to behind the lines of the French forts—Prussian. The southern triangle with Alsace-Lorraine and Luxemburg. We need land for our industries, a road into the ocean. . . . Never was there a war more just; it will conquer new provinces for the majesty of the noble German spirit.*

Is it not a notable and significant fact that when the German cause was triumphant and Hohenzollernism at the height of its arrogance we found Harden advocating the retention of Belgium, but when the power of America and the growing strength of the Allies have turned the scale in the fourth year of the war, and the future of Germany never looked so dismal, we find this same people's spokesman demanding that Belgium be returned? Can there be any doubt at all that Harden is speaking *to* the people *for* the Government—rather than *from* the people *to* the Government?

As another slight indication of the connection

between Harden and the throne I recall that one of my colleagues in Berlin, an American, was the only one who did not have to remain in his home at night, and no restrictions were placed upon his movements. He simply had to register at police headquarters once a week. I asked him how it was that he was so favoured, and he told me that Harden, who was a patient of his, had written a letter to the *Kommandantur* asking them to release this American from the requirements in question, and that the request had been granted immediately.

For a man who is apparently such an enemy to Hohenzollernism, this editor certainly seems to wield considerable influence among the military authorities.

The German people are long-suffering, but they will not stand imposition. When they learn the truth, I fully believe they will turn upon the leaders who have so wickedly and so consistently deceived them.

But how will they be able to prevail against the German mailed fist? If their emancipation depended upon their overthrowing the army, I should view their future with the utmost apprehension, but *I believe the end will come with the co-operation of the army.*

The part that the army plays in a revolution depends entirely upon the attitude of the officers. So long as the officers remain loyal the populace would be helpless, because the rank and file, as a general rule, will follow their officers like sheep.

One of the soldiers who had been fighting on the Carpathian front came back on a furlough, and what he told me illustrates very clearly the iron discipline which prevails in the German ranks.

" One night we were told we were to go ' over the top ' early in the morning," he said. " All we had had to eat that day was a small piece of black bread. We told our officers that we would refuse to budge out of the trenches unless we received decent food. Our threats were ignored, but that night we were given another small piece of black bread. Still we grumbled and insisted that we would refuse to fight unless we were properly fed. The hour arrived for the advance, and when the signal was given, hungry and angry as we were, we clambered over the top like a flock of sheep and went forward at the command of our officers—as we had always done ! "

So long as the officers remain stanch to the Kaiser, therefore, little may be expected in the way of a successful revolution, no matter how discontented and rebellious the people at large may grow, but I believe that the time will surely come when the officers themselves will turn against their Government.

There may be two revolutions. The civilians, consisting of women, old men, and youths and others who have not been called into the army, may rise up, but their effort will be in vain. The defeat of such an uprising, however, may be the signal for a greater one in which a portion of the army itself will take part, and then a

civil war will result which will have no counterpart in the world's history.

The basis for this belief lies in the fact that the officers of the German army realise the extent of the distress prevailing throughout the country. Their families, as well as those of the rank and file, are suffering from under-nourishment and privations, and they know, even better than their inferiors, the extent of the reverses which the German army has suffered and will continue to suffer and how the Government has misrepresented actual conditions.

If the German officers consisted entirely of men of the old school—men who were willing to fight for fighting's sake and who would rather continue the war until the last German had dropped than give in—we could not look for much in this direction.

But the ravages of war have disposed of a large percentage of these bred-in-the-bone officers, and their places have been taken by civilians who have been raised from the ranks. Therein lies the hope of a successful revolution.

When these civilian officers, who at heart are still civilians, and, despite their exalted positions, are no different essentially from the men they lead, become convinced that the German cause is not only wrong, but hopeless, they are apt to listen to the grumblings of their men and side with them. Then the break will come.

I will not venture a guess as to when that will be, but I feel sure that it will certainly come about. Fortified by a large portion of the army, the German people will at last turn on their

rulers and destroy the throne and the whole Hohenzollern *régime.*

In this connection, I recall a prophecy made early in the war by an honoured colleague of mine, an American dentist who had lived and practised in Germany for forty years and understood the German people and their rulers as well, perhaps, as any man alive. He was a leader of his profession and a man whose judgment on all things was most accurate. He was in close contact with many leading figures of the German nobility.

"Germany will lose the war because her cause is wrong," he declared. "She will fight it through to the bitter end until the foundations of the Empire are absolutely destroyed!"

The foundations of Hohenzollernism will be destroyed, no doubt, but when the German people realise what dupes they have been and reveal a desire to embrace the blessings of democracy, it is possible that the world at large may be willing to accept Germany again into the family of nations.

Germany's deliverance lies in the hands of the people. "The truth shall make them free."

THE END

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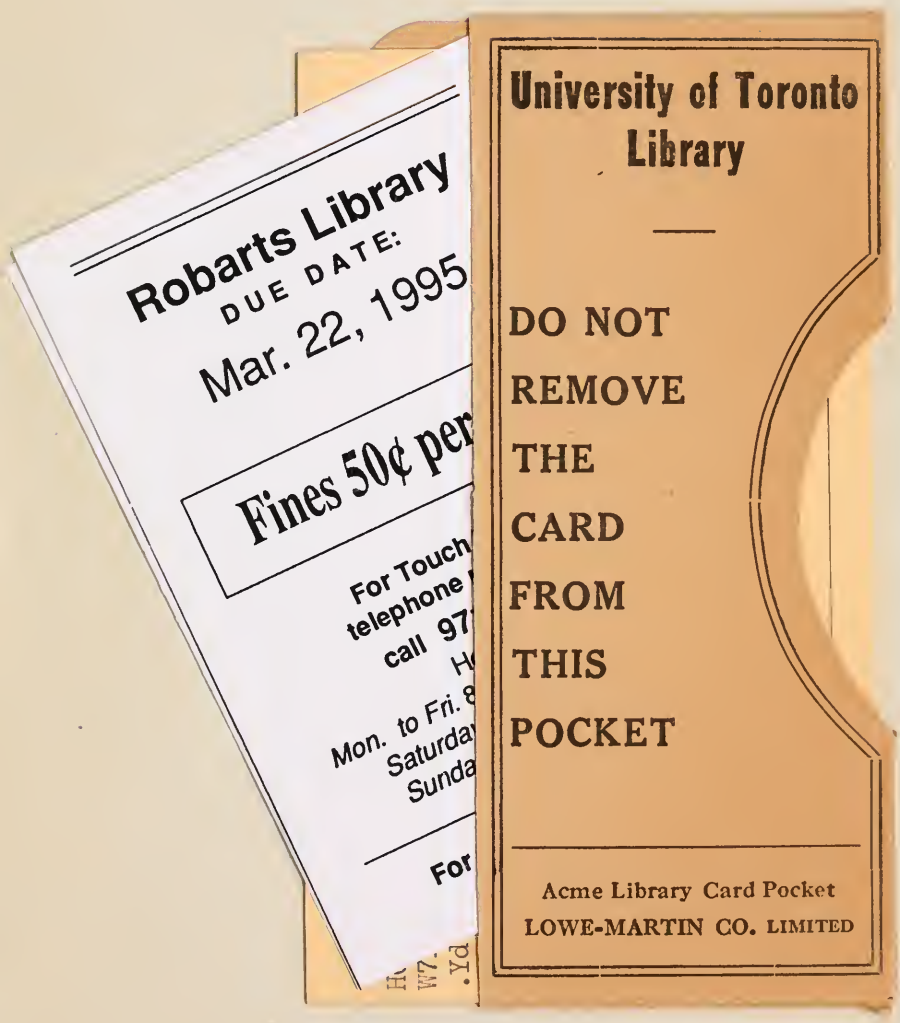
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